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The Atlantic

STANLEY HOFFMANN ON FOREIGN-POLICY REALISM / JOHN KEEGAN ON AFGHANISTAN

Punishment Vs. Discipline

By Bruno Bettelheim

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One day a man counting his blessings counted how lucky he was to be in this country.

So he got out the Constitution of the United States to see what made it tick.

Being an artist, he was inspired to inscribe and illustrate it.

A publisher saw it and said we must publish this book.

James Michener saw it and said I must write a foreword to this book.

Lands' End saw it and said we must tell every American to buy this book.

Here is Mr. Michener's foreword.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century the American colonies in North America won two stunning victories. In 1783 on the battlefield at Yorktown they sealed a military victory which ensured their freedom, and during the summer of 1787 in the debating halls of Philadelphia they won a political struggle which enabled them to survive triumphantly until today.

The writing of the Constitution of the United States is an act of such genius that philosophers still wonder at its accomplishment and envy its results. Fifty-five typical American citizens met and argued for 127 days during a ferociously hot Philadelphia summer and produced one of the magisterial documents of world history.

Almost without being aware of their great achievement, they fashioned a nearly perfect instrument of government, and I have studied it for nearly seventy years with growing admiration for its utility and astonishment at its capacity to change with a changing world. It is a testament to what a collection of typical free men can achieve.

I think this is the salient fact about our Constitution. All other nations which were in existence in 1787 have had to alter their form of government in the intervening years. France, Russia and China have undergone momentous revolutions. Stable nations like Sweden and Switzerland have had to change their forms radically. Even Great Britain, most stalwart of nations, has limited sharply the power of its monarch and its House of Lords.

Only the United States, adhering to the precepts of its Constitution, has continued with its same form of government. We are not of the younger nations of the world: we are the oldest when it comes to having found the government which suits its best.

It is instructive to remember the fifty-five men who framed the document. Elder statesmen like



George Washington and Benjamin Franklin contributed little to the debate but greatly to the stability and inspiration of the convention. Thomas Jefferson, perhaps the most brilliant American of those days, missed the meetings entirely; he was on diplomatic duty in France.

The hard central work of determining the form of government seems to have been done by a handful of truly great men: James Madison and George Mason of Virginia, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, James Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania. Alexander Hamilton of New York did not speak much but did exert considerable influence.

The fifty-five contained a college president, a banker, a merchant, a great teacher of law, a judge, a mayor, a clergyman, a state governor and a surgeon. One-sixth of the members were foreign born. Two were graduates of Oxford University, one of St. Andrews in Scotland. But the group also contained some real nonentities, including a military man who had been court-martialed for cowardice during the Revolution, some who contributed nothing to the debate, and some who

were not quite able to follow what was being debated.

What this mix of men did was create a miracle in which every American should take pride. Their decision to divide the power of the government into three parts—Legislative, Executive, Judicial—was a master stroke, as was the clever way in which they protected the interest of small states by giving each state two senators, regardless of population, and the interests of large states

by apportioning the House of Representatives according to population.

But I think they should be praised mostly because they attended to those profound principles by which free men have through the centuries endeavored to govern themselves. The accumulated wisdom of mankind speaks in this Constitution.

In this book the document on which our liberties as citizens and our continued existence as a nation depend is presented in a manner that invites the reader to wonder at its inspiration, its clarity and its permanence. The foundation document of our nation is thus made accessible to all.

James A. Michener
Sitka, Alaska

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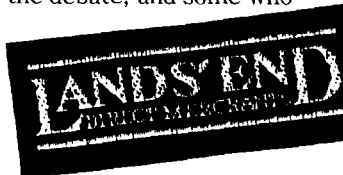
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FISCAL CRISES

In "Washington: Three Fiscal Crises" (September *Atlantic*) James Fallows asserts that "the deficit for 1983, the largest in American history in both relative and absolute terms, equaled 6.4 percent of the GNP." The facts are that Second World War deficits were 14.9 percent in 1942, 31.0 percent in 1943, 27.3 percent in 1944, and 21.9 percent in 1945. In constant dollars those deficits dwarf deficits of recent years.

Fallows may have intended to refer only to *peacetime* deficits. At best, then, his assertion is very misleading, especially since current military spending exceeds the current deficit by 50 percent. If high deficits are incurred because of military spending, it is economically irrelevant to distinguish between peacetime and wartime deficits.

Most economists dislike references to Second World War deficits, because in-depth analysis refutes the conventional wisdom that high deficits cause economic disaster. Those deficits ushered in prosperity after a long depression, and it is quite likely that if Japan, Germany, France, England, and the United States had incurred such deficits for peaceful purposes in the 1930s (infrastructure, for example), the Second World War might not have occurred. Slavish adherence to economic principles now threatens to set the stage for another big war.

FREDERICK C. THAYER
Professor, University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

James Fallows is a lucid and effective writer. But he states: "The federal budget is showing signs of being squeezed by interest payments—and, of course, by defense and Social Security."

Social Security, as we understand it, is funded from payroll taxes on employees and employers, and the monies collected are held in a separate trust fund, available only for Social Security payments. Further, since 1983 the Social Security trust fund has operated in surplus, and receipts to the fund are expected to exceed payments from the fund well into the twenty-first century. If this is the case, the allegation that Social Security payments from the separate trust fund threaten the balance of pay-

ments from the general fund is incorrect. However, the commitment to payment for congressional, civil-service, and military retirements does threaten the balance of payments from the general fund and undoubtedly "squeezes" the budget, as Mr. Fallows reports.

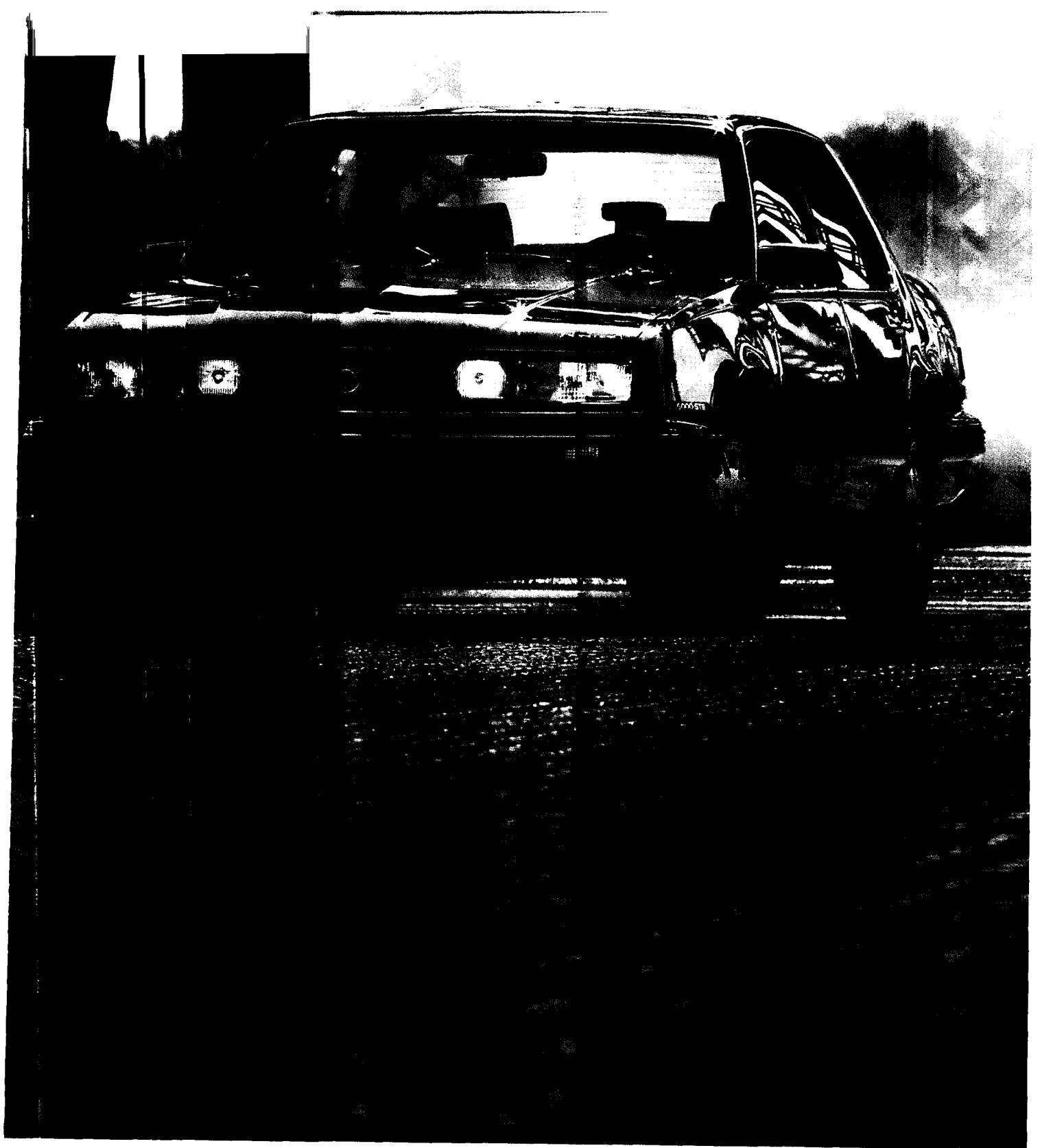
ALBERT J. CARR
Eureka Springs, Ark.

James Fallows replies:

Professor Thayer is right: I was referring to peacetime deficits—really, any deficits except those incurred during the Second World War. I am puzzled by the remainder of his first point. During the late 1950s and early 1960s military spending was much higher (as a proportion of GNP) than it is now, and the deficits were much lower. In those years current military spending exceeded the current deficit not by a mere 50 percent but by several hundred. Today's high military spending is one cause of enormous deficits; lowered federal tax rates and increased spending on non-military programs are the others.

To his second point my reaction is Yes, but . . . Yes: the war deficits finally ended the Depression and preceded twenty years of Western prosperity. *But:* a lot of things were different then. For one, wartime borrowing followed ten years of worldwide deflation, during which few governments had tried deficit spending as a means of generating employment (this is precisely why John Maynard Keynes could make a name for himself). For another thing, during the war the U.S. government imposed price controls, rationing, and enforced savings. When price controls were removed after the war, inflation shot up. For still another, the next generation of prosperity occurred while the total federal debt was *shrinking* as a proportion of GNP. By 1981—the year of Ronald Reagan's inauguration, and the last year in which total debt shrank—the accumulated federal deficit was smaller as a proportion of GNP than it had been at the start of the war.

Therefore: the tonic effects of the war deficits might console us about today's spending *if* the current large deficits would last only four or five years, they were accompanied by price controls and mandatory measures to reduce con-



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sumption and increase savings, and they were followed by forty years of a falling relative debt burden. So far, we've got the big deficits without the mitigating forces.

As for Mr. Carr, I am glad for another chance to explain why Social Security affects the deficit. Technically, as Mr. Carr points out, the program is separately funded, and by law it is required to cover its own costs. But all the projections about the program's solvency depend on hopeful economic forecasts of uninterrupted growth—and on very sizable tax increases through the rest of the century. Before 1960 Social Security's expenditures were covered by a total payroll tax of less than five percent. Beginning in 1990, the total tax will be more than 15 percent, and unless the economy (or the taxpaying population) grows much faster than is now generally foreseen, the rate will have to be raised higher still. Even though this payroll tax is theoretically different from federal income tax, politically and economically they amount to the same thing. Each time one of the taxes goes up, it is harder to raise—or more necessary to cut—the other. That is why the steady rise in Social Security expenditures, requiring ever higher Social Security taxes, “squeezes” the budget in the manner I described.

HOUSE WARMING

I thoroughly enjoyed “House,” by Tracy Kidder (September *Atlantic*), but I wonder if Bill Rawn or Jim Locke saw the cover before you went to press.

Hand tools are rarely employed in modern building today, except for some finish work. Even more inappropriate, though, is the inclusion of the mechanic's ball peen hammer instead of the carpenter's claw.

And what, in one of the inside illustrations, is a shoemaker's hammer doing with a handful of finish nails?

LEW WEEKS
Potsdam, N.Y.

Tracy Kidder replies:

Neither I nor any of the people I wrote about saw the illustrations before they were published. They are factually inaccurate, but I, for one, think they are pretty.

Although it is interesting to read as a short story, I assume that Tracy Kidder's article “House” is based on a true

incident. How cruel of you not to have ended the piece with a picture of the finished product. A final illustration by Ralph Giguere would have been lovely.

LINDA EMERY
Boise, Idaho

What a story! What writing! I too cried when Jonathan called Jim the day the house was finished.

God, I'd love to see that house.

BETTY LYTLE
Coventry, R.I.

ATOMIC TOURISM

What's going on? A character in Jim Shepard's “Atomic Tourism” (September *Atlantic*), one Rick Bozack, has the same name, home town (Indianapolis), occupation, and level of awareness as the protagonist of Ron Hansen's “Can I Just Sit Here for a While?” (*Atlantic*, December, 1978).

Is this a new literary development—one writer further resolving (or further fuddling) another writer's fictional character?

JAMES GRINNELL
DeKalb, Ill.

Jim Shepard replies:

I plead guilty to, as Mr. Grinnell puts it, “fuddling,” although I can hardly claim it's a new literary development. The endearing and forlorn Mr. Bozack—who would no doubt be distressed to hear that he has not made any progress vis-à-vis his level of awareness—was given a nuclear future with Mr. Hansen's blessing.

LITERATURE BY WOMEN

While I agree wholeheartedly with Phyllis Rose that *The Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* has been rendered “covertly polemical” by its editors, I found Ms. Rose's obsessive attention to the editors' flaws equally heavy-handed (“Women Writers and Feminist Critics,” August *Atlantic*).

Perhaps Ms. Rose has not shared the experience of most aspiring women writers: being force-fed anthologies of poetry and literature that suggest that 98 percent of writers since Sir Philip Sidney have been male.

In 1973, at an Ivy League women's college, I thought it preposterous and distressing to be instructed to learn how

to write on the basis of exposure to an almost entirely patriarchal list of role models. I say “almost entirely” because of the occasional hint that a few women had produced works of genius. A hapless and brief list gave us the names of Woolf, Sexton, and Plath—suggesting but one alternative to the male role model: the suicidal female writer.

Gilbert and Gubar's separatist bias is unfortunate—separatism usually is—but the time has come for serious students of literature, regardless of age or gender, to place their hands on an anthology that admits that women have always been half of the literary tradition.

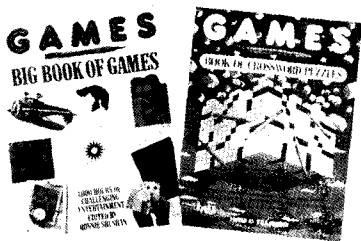
CATHERINE A. HENNINGSEN
Rye, N.Y.

I'd like to answer Phyllis Rose's question “Who . . . could take seriously a *Norton Anthology of Literature by Men*?” The question implies that the two-volume *Norton Anthology of English Literature* is not devoted almost exclusively to literature by men. However, even a quick glance at the table of contents suggests otherwise. Out of more than 300 authors, nine are women; only one woman appears in the first volume; only 7.5 percent of the 4,000 pages are devoted to women; several of the women mentioned are discussed more in terms of their male relatives' work than of their own work. Major authors such as Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë are entirely omitted, while others are treated as if they were insignificant. Emily Brontë's poetry is dismissed as second-rate but is treated more seriously than her prose. Virginia Woolf, an accomplished essayist, critic, and novelist, is discussed primarily as a madwoman, and the only sample of her work is a second-rate, non-representative short story. And one introductory critical biography/commentary even goes so far as to say that women have never been able to write poetry in English successfully!

CAROL E. JACKSON
Miami, Fla.

MORE ON SWEETENERS

I read Ellen Ruppel Shell's “Nutrition: Sweetness and Health” (August *Atlantic*) with particular interest, since I am a diabetic and consume considerable quantities of artificial sweeteners. I will yield to Ms. Shell's expert testimony on the potential hazards of consumption of aspartame, and her statistical evidence



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on the increased American appetite for sweets cannot be gainsaid. I must, however, raise objection to her apparent desire either to ban or to severely restrict artificial sweeteners.

First, for a diabetic virtually any sucrose-sweetened food represents at least some degree of health hazard. Concentrated sources of sugar, such as soft drinks, candy, and cookies, are particularly dangerous. The alternative to complete abstention is to consume "artificially" sweetened soft drinks, candies, and so forth.

Also, very little of the sugar Americans eat is "natural" in the sense that it is integral to the foods consumed. While sugar added to ready-to-eat breakfast cereals may not be significant in a per-serving sense, the sugar is nevertheless added by the manufacturer to make the product taste better and appeal to our well-developed national sweet tooth. And why is corn syrup, high-fructose or otherwise, any more "natural" than saccharin? Both are the products of modern technology and food chemistry, and were unknown to our less-sophisticated ancestors.

DAVID L. BONGARD
Greenbelt, Md.

Your recent article about sweeteners propagates misinformation about the ingredients of NutraSweet. Like advertising claims of the manufacturer, the article says that NutraSweet is composed of two amino acids, aspartic acid and phenylalanine. Actually, as examination of the molecule's structural formula shows, and as the manufacturer's own professional literature about its synthesis admits, each molecule of NutraSweet is composed of one molecule of aspartic acid, one molecule of phenylalanine — and one molecule of methanol, which is not usually considered a wholesome food ingredient.

RICHARD KIMMEL
Chicago, Ill.

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

I am not advocating a ban on all artificial sweeteners, only that consumers understand and weigh the risks they take when using them. Diabetics no longer have to eliminate sucrose from their diets but can, with the help of a qualified dietician or physician, design an eating plan that includes a measured amount of natural sweeteners. Recent studies published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* and elsewhere have

shown that sucrose-sweetened foods do not raise blood-sugar levels as high as once thought. Controlling diabetes requires the careful monitoring of the intake of all foods, including complex carbohydrates, some of which have been shown to raise blood-sugar levels higher than sucrose does.

It is true that methanol is a component of aspartame; however, scientists appear to be satisfied that the amount of methanol in products containing aspartame is too small to pose a health risk.

WISCONSIN STEEL

In his article "America's Changing Economic Landscape" (March *Atlantic*) James Fallows points to the bankruptcy of Wisconsin Steel Works, in South Chicago, and to the substantial curtailment of operations at United States Steel Corporation's South Chicago Works as somehow chargeable to callous and even dishonest management.

At Wisconsin Steel the culprit charged is International Harvester. At our South Chicago plant, Fallows charges, U.S. Steel defaulted for no good reason on a commitment to invest \$225 million in a new rail mill for the plant. He then quotes someone named R. C. Longworth as reporting that "U.S. Steel lied to the workers, to the state of Illinois, and to the South Side neighborhood where South Works stands."

Fallows appears to base these judgments on a dinner with a union organizer formerly employed at Wisconsin Steel and on a tour of the South Chicago terrain hosted by the United Steelworker dissident staff representative Ed Sadlowski.

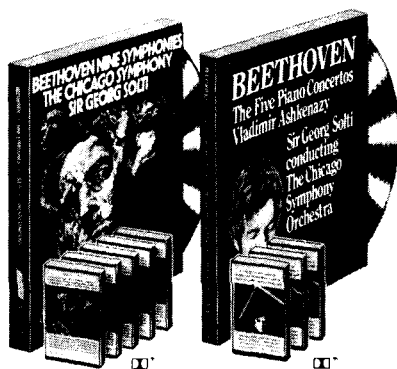
Ed Sadlowski lost out in his campaign to be a force in the union ten years ago, because most of his members decided that his class-struggle rhetoric did not square with facts, everyday problems, contractual commitments, negotiating reliability, and the real world. A union dissident with no significant training or objective information by an author seeking to understand industrial change.

I have no firsthand knowledge of, nor do I represent, Wisconsin Steel, but any halfway objective analyst can see that the company was forced into bankruptcy by the requirement to pay unconscionably high, above-market wages to its mill employees, an obligation that placed the

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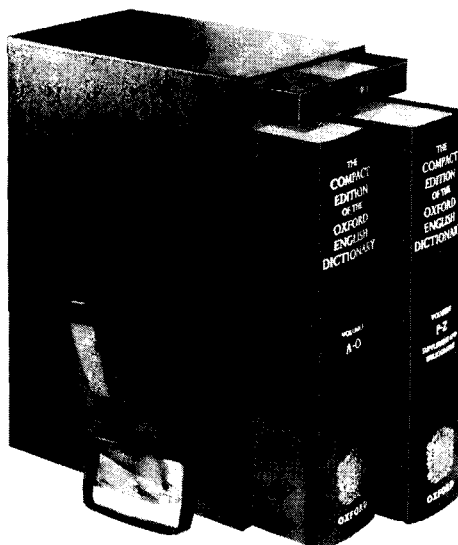
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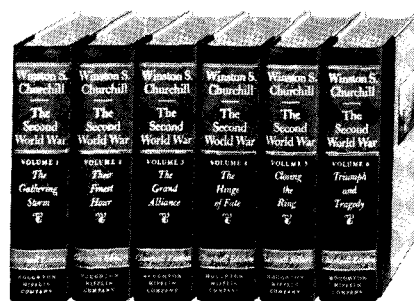
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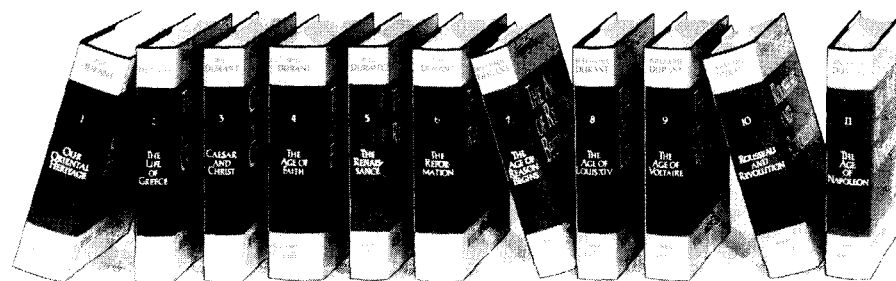
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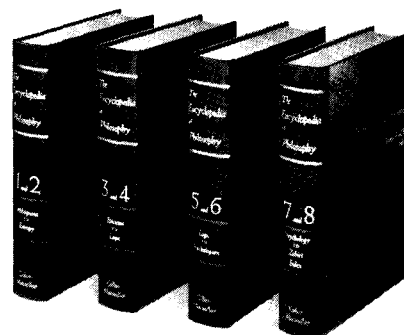


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company in a loss position from the mid-1970s on. (The article described one nonskilled employee of Wisconsin Steel as making \$650 a week—on top of an enormous array of expensive fringe benefits required by steel labor contracts.)

Wisconsin Steel was finally pushed over the brink in 1979, when the United Auto Workers struck International Harvester, Wisconsin Steel's principal customer and benefactor. That shutdown of International Harvester sealed the fate of Wisconsin Steel. How can any credible reviewer lay all that to management?

The strike at International Harvester by the Auto Workers stemmed from a determined and courageous attempt by Archie McArdle, the chairman of International Harvester, to moderate non-competitive labor conditions in its truck-and-farm-implements operations. Unfortunately, he could not constrain the UAW's monopoly grip on his labor supply. Mr. McArdle ultimately became one of thousands of unfortunate managers who also lost their jobs because of UAW-USW monopoly wage scales in a marketplace that will no longer support them.

Was U.S. Steel duplicitous in its decisions regarding the rail mill at South Works? Contrary to the conclusions of the Fallows article, U.S. Steel fully intended to build a new rail mill at the South Chicago plant. However, based on the changing realities of the marketplace (especially for rails), U.S. Steel concluded that such a major investment could succeed, and thereby provide long-term employment, only if the old labor-cost structure at the South Chicago plant were revised. Toward that objective U.S. Steel engaged in extensive discussions, and made extensive communications, to persuade both local and international steelworker leaders that such changes were essential.

That these changes were essential even Fallows himself acknowledges, recognizing that the steel market now dictates new competitive norms. During the final meetings with the local union Mr. Sadlowski absolutely and totally refused, as the Steelworkers' district representative, to even consider any changed labor conditions at existing South Works facilities.

Had Fallows inquired, he might have learned that in recent months, on three distinct occasions, major credibility issues between U.S. Steel and the Steel-

workers have been placed at issue in arbitration before three nationally known and distinguished arbitrators. The first instance involved credibility disputes about the 1983 Basic Steel Settlement Agreement. The second case involved questions as to which party had acted properly and in accord with the labor agreement when the company closed its Atlantic City ore operations. The third case involved issues relating to the shutdown decisions made by the company for the very South Chicago plant covered by your article. In all three of these cases arbitrators resolved disputed issues, including required credibility resolutions, totally in favor of the company. Contested hearings, of course, require dates, times, commitments, properly qualified exhibits, sworn witnesses, and cross-examination. In the hearing involving the South Works shutdown Mr. Sadlowski was not even produced as a witness.

South Chicago's problems trace directly to the discipline of the marketplace. Steel competition has changed radically during the past five years, without a corresponding willingness by United Steelworker representatives to adapt their outsize employment package to these new realities.

JARED H. MEYER
General Manager, Labor Relations
United States Steel Corporation
Pittsburgh, Pa.

James Fallows replies:

On my trips to Chicago I repeatedly attempted to get official statements from Mr. Meyer's company and from International Harvester. Probably because the threat of litigation clouded the plant closing I was writing about, no one wanted to talk while I was there.

I tried to describe in my article the climate of bitterness between companies and their workers in South Chicago. To me it seemed that the ill will between the two sides made it harder for them jointly to undertake the measures that might have helped the plants survive. I suggest that Mr. Meyer's letter when paired with the steelworkers' comments about the company illustrates my point.

SOCIAL SECURITY

Phillip Longman ("Justice Between Generations," June *Atlantic*) has chosen to ignore the fact that while well-to-do people can and do provide for their

own retirement, those not so fortunate may have been unable to indulge in this luxury during their working lifetime, having been too busy trying to provide for the present and future welfare of their children, who will one day constitute the current generation whose burdens concern Mr. Longman so greatly.

Would he suggest that these people provide first for their own retirement and let their families pick up any small crumbs that may be left? If Mr. Longman were to have his way, these burdens would increase, not decrease, when they had to provide the Social Security in effect for all from their own pockets. Mr. Longman's way out would, I presume, be euthanasia for people without their own retirement "plan" when their retirement approached.

J. F. T. SPENCER
London, England

Ronald Berkwerk ("Letters to the Editor," September *Atlantic*) echoes Phillip Longman's argument that Social Security recipients view their benefits "as earned, rather than as welfare, which is probably a more accurate characterization." Starting from a false assumption he reaches an unacceptable conclusion—namely, that the system should evolve into a means-tested welfare program.

Contrary to the Berkwerk thesis, recipients were told in 1935 and have been endlessly reminded since then that this is a social-insurance system, different from private actuarial-based insurance. The basic idea for the program has been around since the 1870s, when Prince Otto von Bismarck introduced it in Germany. The idea, then as now, has been to provide some stability in the lives of people when they become old or unemployed or suffer poor health.

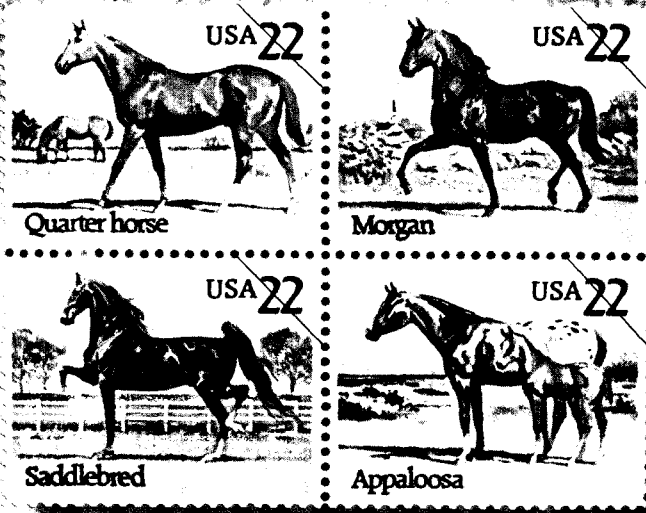
The entitlement concept is a compact between the people and their representatives to deal with specific societal problems. The members of each generation contribute to the system according to the perceived needs of Social Security during their working lives. Those now over sixty-five did what was required of them. They also bore the financial burdens of world wars and depression, as well as federal deficits.

The ignorance and meanness of the Longman-Berkwerk thesis is all the more appalling when it comes from men whose highest public ethic seems to be to enrich themselves through lower taxes.

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FATIGUE IN TEXAS

Your editor must have been too exhausted to reject William C. Gruben's "Last History Ever of Fatigue in Texas" (September *Atlantic*). I don't know what effect it will have on today's readers in Texas, but it sure made me tired.

WILLIAM H. GORDON
Phoenix, Ariz.

The Very Best in American Humor Award should go to William C. Gruben.

ALLAN E. BARRON
Wyandotte, Mich

Bill Gruben is mad as a hatter. I like that in a writer.

CHARLES E. ELMORE
Tryon, N.C.

William C. Gruben replies:

While I appreciate the comments of Messrs. Gordon, Barron, and Elmore, I wish to remind them that their remarks are in direct violation of the very Texas statutes I mentioned in "The Last History Ever of Fatigue in Texas." Specifically, those statutes now outlaw "any and all discussions of the history of fatigue in Texas, whether written in hardback or softcover publications, or upon jewelry (costume or otherwise), letters ('open' or otherwise), articles of clothing, neon or other illuminated signs, or upon aircraft fuselages, or in the form of tattoos to be attached to human or other organisms, whether living or dead."

Really, gentlemen, I don't see how the law could be any clearer.

ADVICE & CONSENT

After reading Kenneth Brower's strangely captivating description of the havoc wreaked on the Hawaiian ecology by introduced feral pigs, goats, and mongooses ("The Pig War," August *Atlantic*), I got to thinking. What will happen when expansionist mankind takes to the skies and we end up wandering to some other planet? What types of bacteria and viruses will we introduce to an entire alien ecology? What kind of damage will the space-age "Mongoose" Forbes be responsible for? Then again, what if "Mongoose" lands here?

TIM KAMINSKI
Dallas, Texas

The article by Robert McNamara and Hans Bethe ("Reducing the Risk of Nuclear War," July *Atlantic*) did not provide clear, concise goals that would enhance arms control. Rather it bought into part of Strategic Defense Initiative propaganda by claiming some role for "Star Wars II" (as envisioned by Paul Nitze) in the future, while advancing a rather utopian vision. I would suggest that the United States adopt four unilateral positions to bring about more-enlightened policy alternatives: make the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency the single voice for policy; remove some inter- and intra-service military rivalry by adopting a system in which procurement of nuclear weapons comes from a single agency (namely ACDA); publicly say that first-strike options are no longer part of our single integrated operational plan; and forswear the D-5 missile.

These changes, along with real weapons changes such as moving to single-warhead missiles, and an announced policy to upgrade command control, will enhance the policy of deterrence. Embracing "defense" in a time when future defense is likely to be nuclear does not make sense.

JOEL KURITSKY
Rockville, Md.

I have read with some amusement the letters from various readers who claim to have solved every *Atlantic* Puzzler. One soul was pleased to report he does his in ink, while another requires only a cursory glance at the clues before solving a Puzzler blindfolded.

I have held back from tooting my own horn, but my friends tell me that this is just false modesty. Up until a year ago I regularly solved each month's Puzzler *without bothering* to look at the clues. And since September of 1984 I have been solving each one *before it appears in print*. Indeed, just last week I finished the Puzzler that will appear in the February, 1986, issue.

PAUL J. NAHIN
Durham, N.H.

Congratulations on publishing the Acrostics of Dorothy Osborne! Not since the days of Miss Laura on the old *Saturday Review* have we had such elegant construction and such a nice wit. I hope Ms. Osborne proves to be as durable, too.

CARLETTA S. MCKEE
Boulder, Colo.

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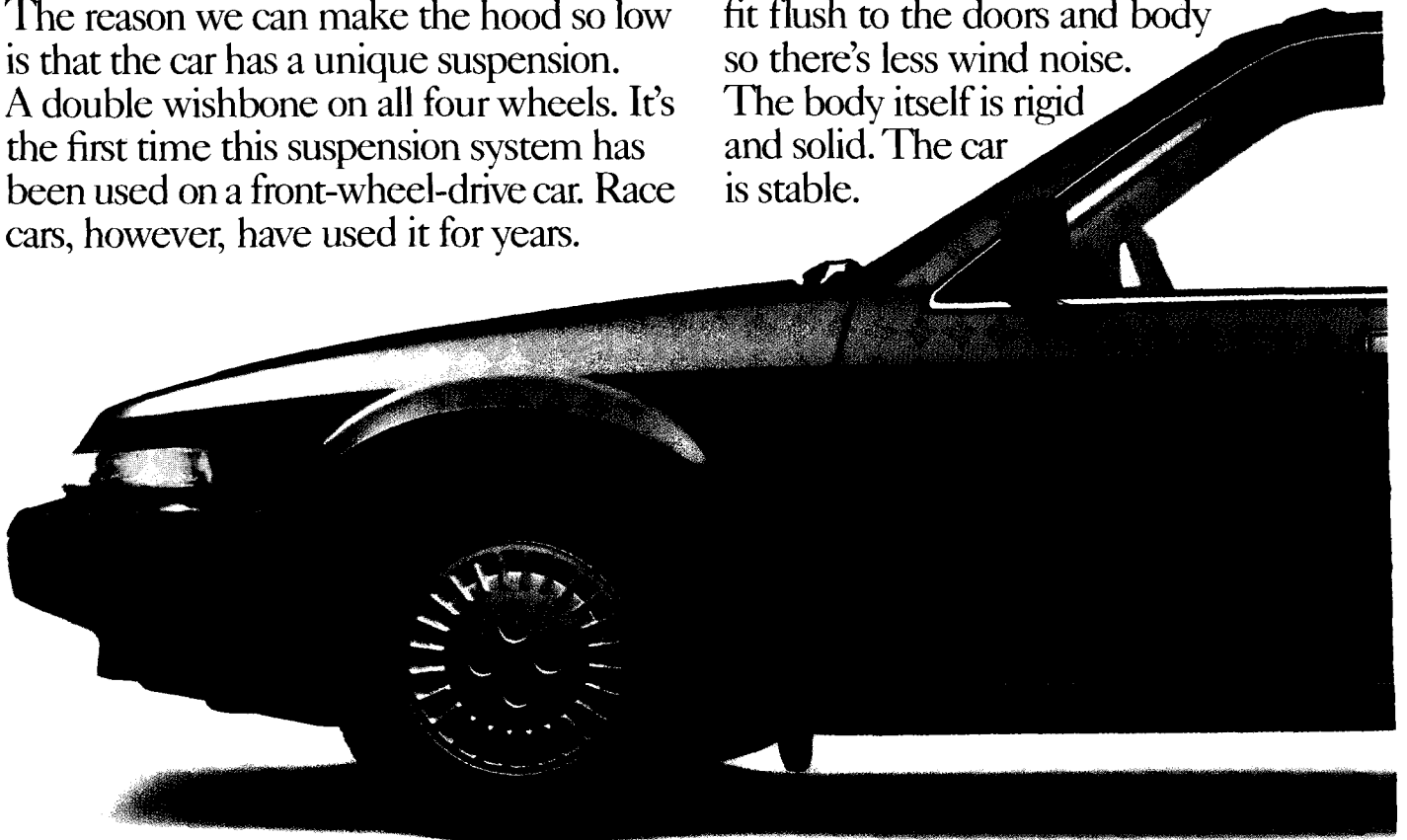
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You'll also be very comfortable. There is more headroom even though the roofline is lower. The car is also wider.

You'll also see through a lot more glass because the windows are larger. They all fit flush to the doors and body so there's less wind noise. The body itself is rigid and solid. The car is stable.



ons haven't ade yet.

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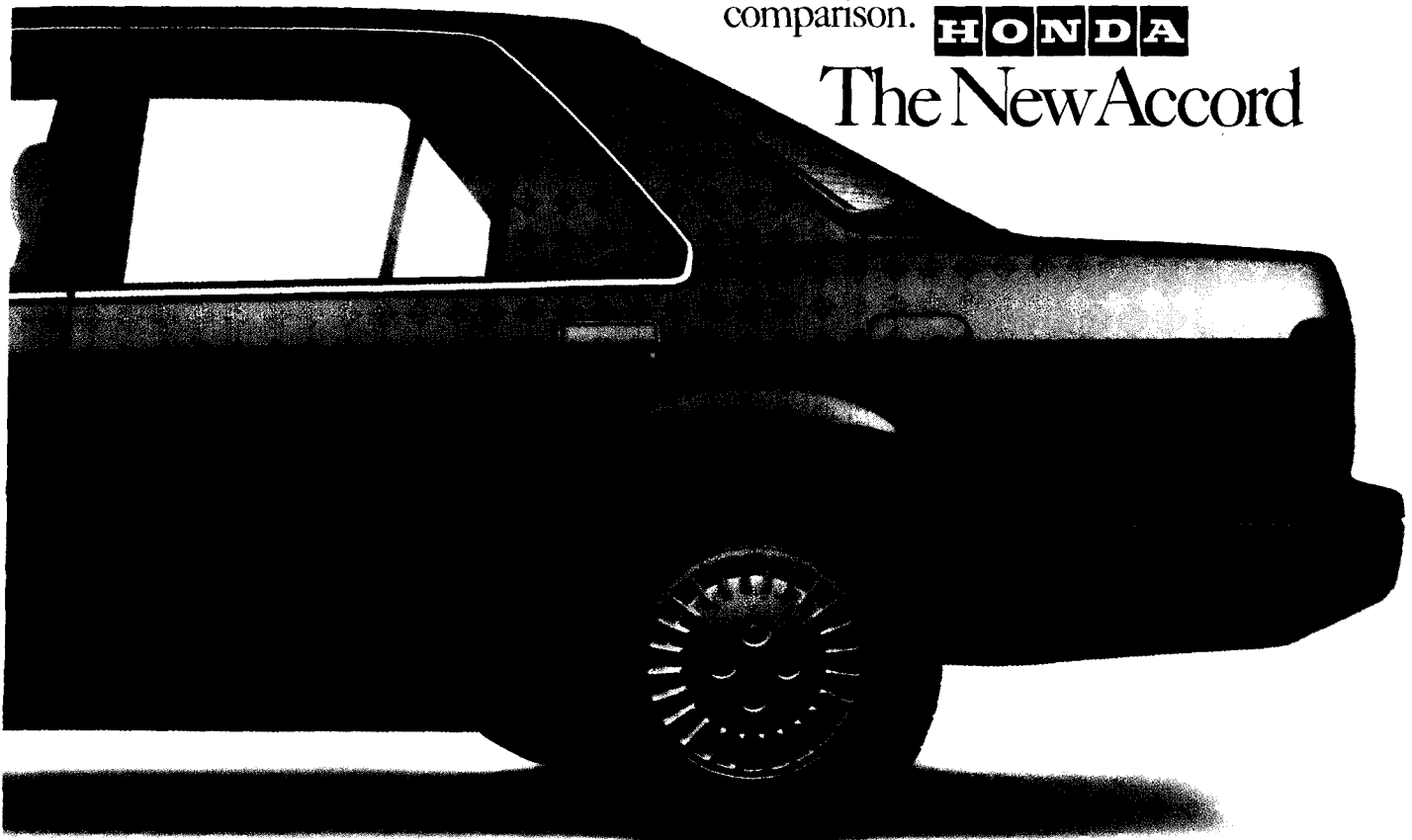
redesigned to absorb vibrations. It's smooth.

Variable-assist power steering takes the rough work out of parking. Cruise control makes long trips even more relaxing. And the trunk is substantially larger so you can carry more luggage.

While these extras might be available as optional equipment on other cars, they come standard on this car. We invite your comparison.

HONDA

The New Accord



CONTRIBUTORS

BRUNO BETTELHEIM ("Punishment Versus Discipline") was born in Austria and studied psychology and philosophy at the University of Vienna, from which he received a Ph.D. in 1938. He came to the United States in 1939. After teaching psychology for several years at Rockford College, in Illinois, Bettelheim joined the faculty of the University of Chicago, at the same time becoming the director of the University's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School, a residential laboratory school for emotionally disturbed children of normal or above-normal intelligence. In 1963 he became the Stella M. Rowley Distinguished Service Professor of Education, in addition to being a professor of psychology and psychiatry. Bettelheim is the author of many books, including *A Home for the Heart* (1974), *The Uses of Enchantment* (1976), *On Learning to Read* (with Karen Zelan, 1982), and *Freud and Man's Soul* (1983). His essay in *The Atlantic* will appear in substantially different form in a book on child-rearing to be published next year by Alfred A. Knopf.

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EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON ("The Puzzler") create crossword puzzles for several publications.



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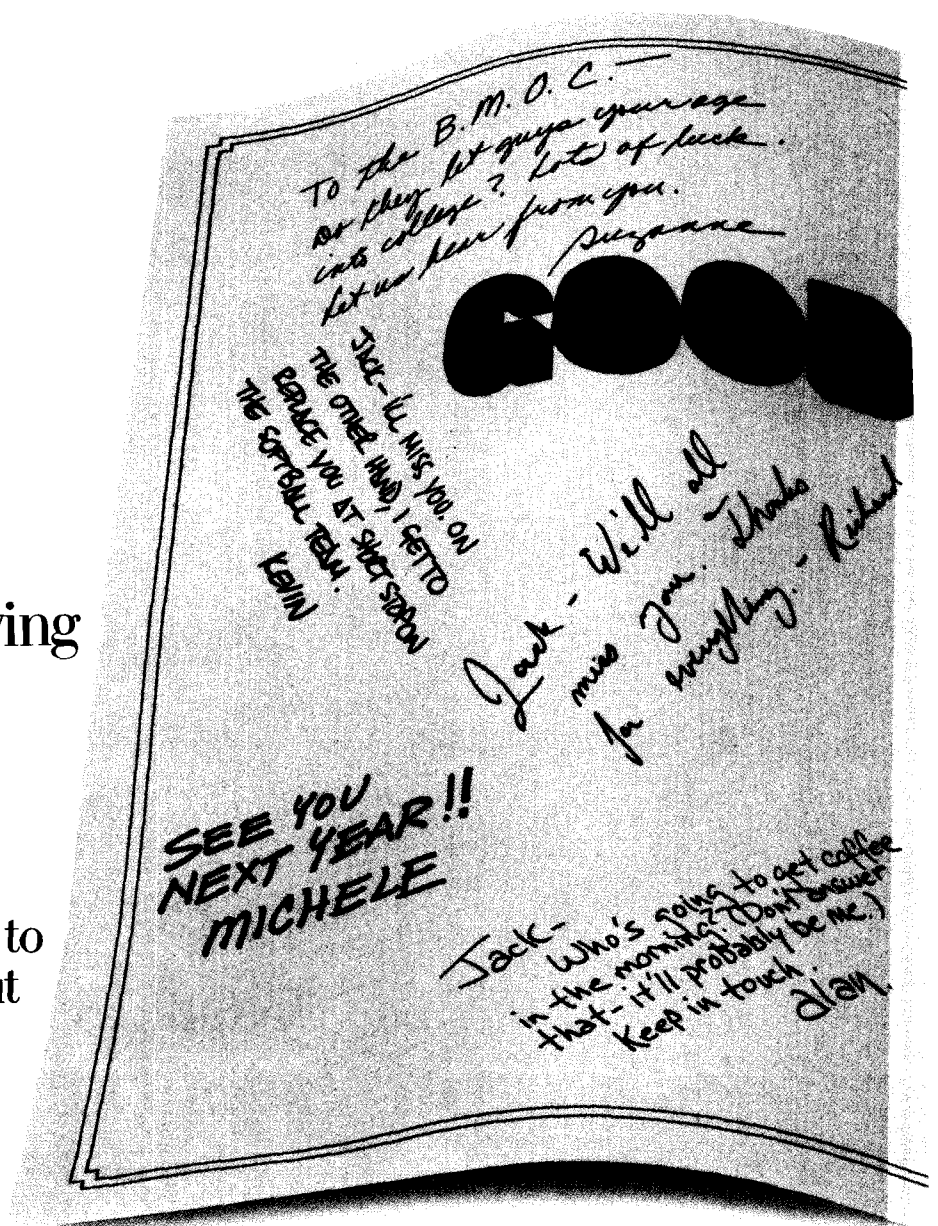
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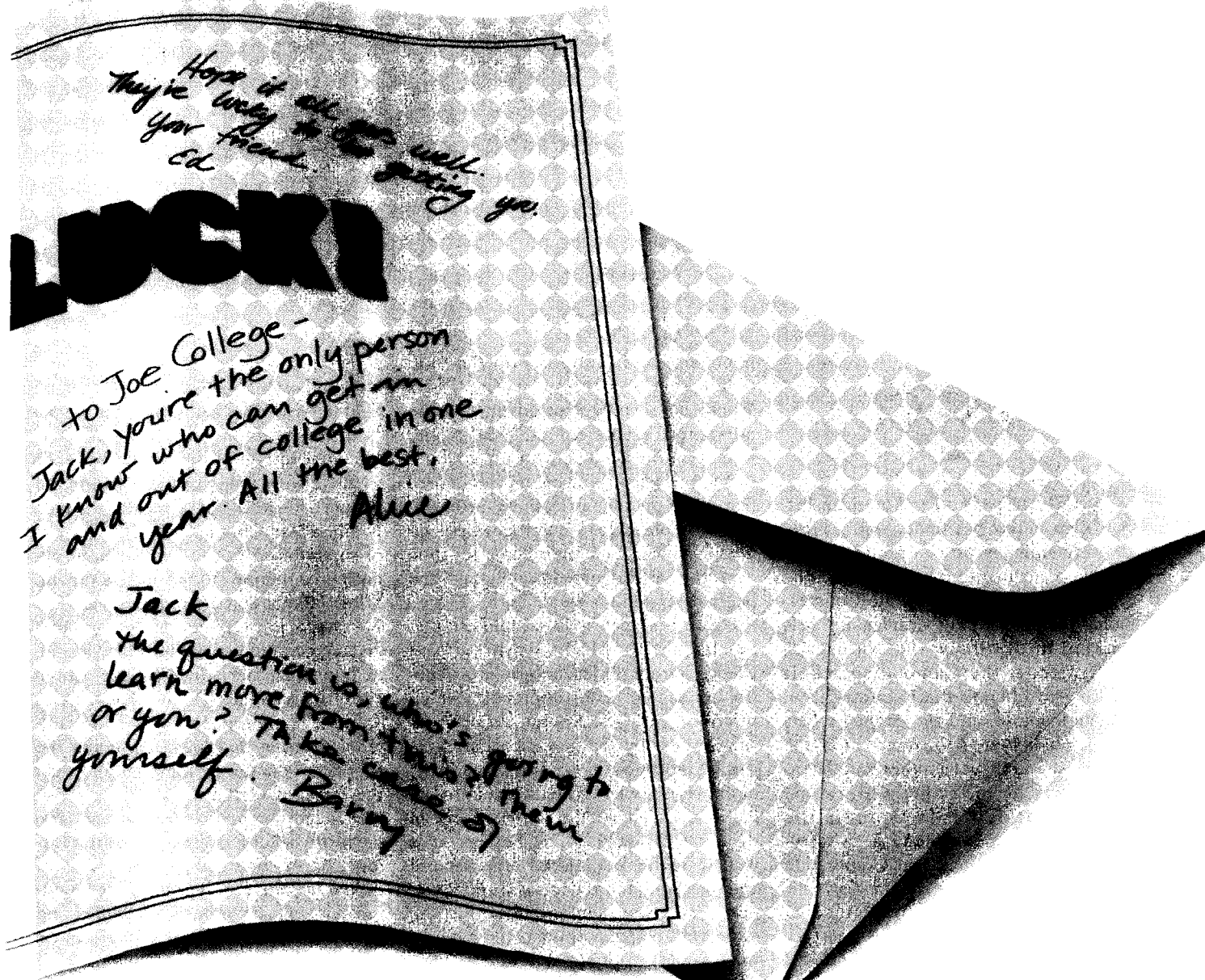
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES MNLICI

OVER THE PAST year American foreign policy has undergone a little-debated shift toward confrontation with communism in the Third World. The shift was signaled by separate Congressional votes to aid the Nicaraguan rebels seeking to overthrow the Nicaraguan government, the Cambodian rebels seeking to liberate their country from the Vietnamese, and the Afghan rebels seeking to liberate *their* country from the Russians, and by yet another vote opening the way for the United States to aid the Angolan rebels in toppling the Marxist government in Angola. A scholar employed by the Rand Corporation has suggested that we should view this new shift or emphasis as a counter-doctrine to the Soviet's heralded support for "wars of national liberation," and that it should be our official policy openly to back what he calls "Movements of National Liberation from Communist Imperialism (MNLICI)." Support for MNLICI, in fact if not yet as declared policy, has taken its place beside containment and détente as one of the postulates of our foreign policy.

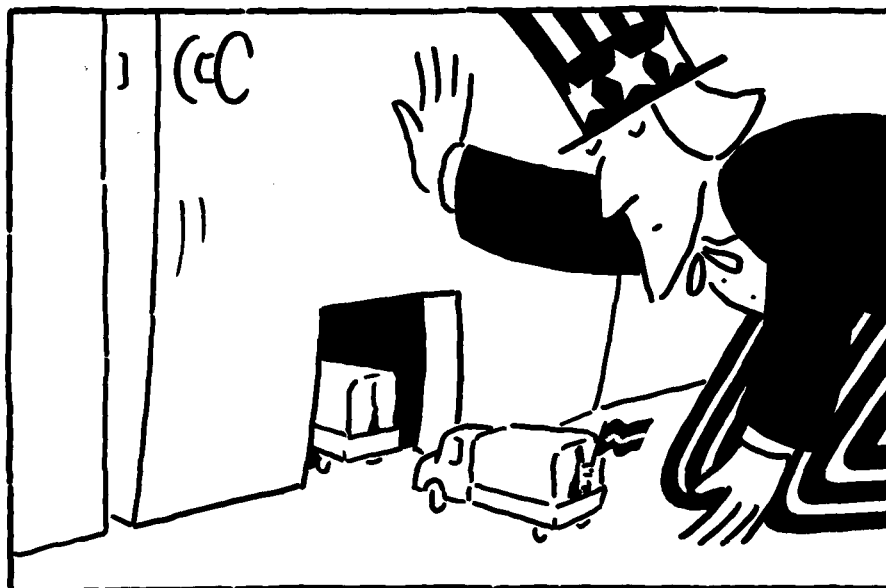
Support for MNLICI is at the other pole of policy from détente; yet, to judge by their actions, the Soviets do not think so. It was, after all, while Soviet-American relations were in their brief season of détente that communism found lodgment in Nicaragua, Cambodia, Afghanistan, and Angola. Détente, in the Soviet understanding of the matter, evidently was meant to apply only in the realm of bilateral superpower relations. It was thought to be entirely consistent with support for "wars of national

liberation" and, indeed, with the most naked sort of mischief in the Third World. For a country so driven by paranoia over "encirclement," the Soviet Union could not seem to understand that as the seventies wore on and the red flag went up in one country after another, we ourselves would become paranoid—if not over encirclement, then over the spread of communism—and begin to respond in kind.

Given this history, it is unlikely that our support for MNLICI will hurt our chances either for reaching an arms-control agreement or for improving overall relations with the Soviet Union—assuming, of course, that President Reagan is interested in signing agreements or improving relations with a country he has denounced as "the source of evil in the modern world." The Soviets, it is well to remember, talked arms control and toasted détente with us while President Nixon was bombing Hanoi. In the same cold-blooded spirit of realpolitik, they would no doubt talk about these

things again if we, or our surrogates, were to bomb Managua.

Still, besides the fact that the new policy is one of confrontation by proxy, there is a consequential difference between what we were doing in Vietnam and our support for MNLICI. President Nixon bombed Hanoi not to rid North Vietnam of communism but to keep it from imposing communism on South Vietnam. While talking détente to the Soviets, he was practicing a policy of containment vis à vis communism in the Third World. As promulgated by George F. Kennan in 1947 (in his famous "X" article in *Foreign Affairs*), containment was a Euro-centered doctrine that meant stopping the Russians from taking more ground than the fortunes of the Second World War had already brought them—which is to say nearly all of Eastern and Central Europe. At the time, containment was attacked by John Foster Dulles, then a private citizen, as "immoral"; Dulles and the 1952 Republican Party platform he helped to shape called instead for a "roll-





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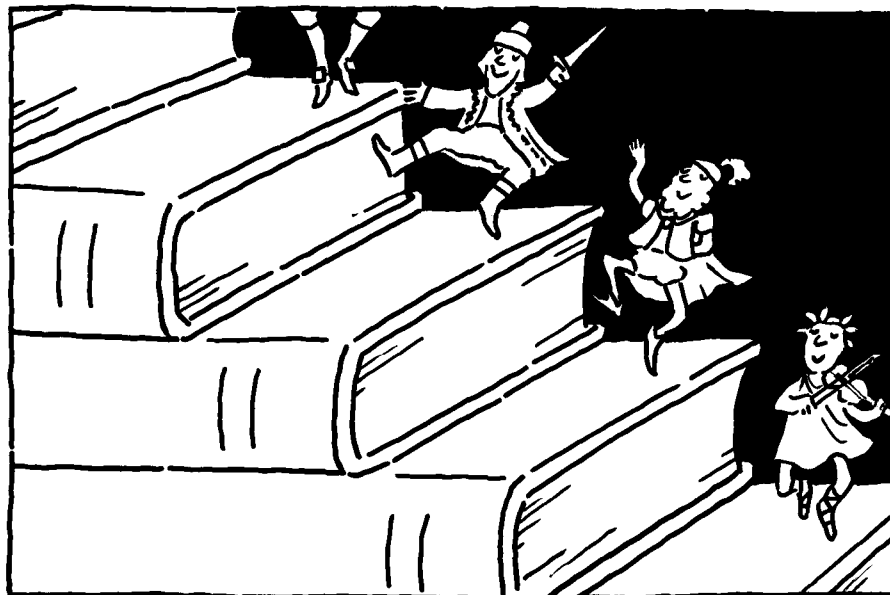
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back" of Soviet forces in Eastern Europe. Nevertheless, once Dwight Eisenhower, the Republican candidate in 1952, became President, he conducted foreign policy by the logic of containment, not rollback—and did so even though his secretary of state was John Foster Dulles.

Support for MNLCI clearly goes beyond containment. In its appeal to both moral and macho sentiments it is strongly redolent of rollback. Like contain-

ment and détente in their heydays, the new policy has won a solid following among Republicans and Democrats alike. Because it has strong bipartisan support, the shift to it—except in the case of Nicaragua—has been almost invisible to the press and the public. It is as if we went to sleep one day in a world caught between détente and containment and woke up the next in the brave new world of MNLCI.

—Jack Beatty



THE VENERABLE WILL

THE CENTENARY of Will Durant's birth falls on November 5, 1985. If celebrations are planned, I am not aware of them, but, in all decency, the executives of Simon and Schuster and the Book-of-the-Month Club ought to raise a glass to the memory of one whose *Story of Civilization*, in eleven fat volumes, has long sustained both establishments. The series has never been out of print. For a quarter of a century *The Story of Civilization* has served the Book-of-the-Month Club as a choice premium in newspaper and magazine advertisements: new members, taking advantage of an introductory offer, can buy all eleven volumes for \$29.95, which works out to roughly one penny for every 1,500 words. Through the offices of the Book-of-the-Month Club alone, at least 500,000 complete editions of the work

are extant in the land. Many occupy places of prominence in the nation's living rooms and dens, where they are visible affirmations that civilization itself is no stranger to the neighborhood.

Has anyone actually read *The Story of Civilization*—gone the whole yard from *Our Oriental Heritage* (1935) to *The Age of Napoleon* (1973)? Has anyone, for that matter, even finished a single volume? The fraternity of such folk must be a very small one, which is a pity. *The Story of Civilization* repays careful study. Like Las Vegas, it is a truly monumental piece of work—so deficient in conception, so dreadful in execution, as to achieve a stunning grandeur.

Vowing to "gather up our heritage, and offer it to our children," Will Durant set to work in 1927, the success of his *Story of Philosophy*—a finger exercise for what was to come—having afforded him a measure of financial independence. Durant was a Catholic ex-seminarian with a Ph.D. from Columbia, a sometime high school teacher in Manhattan, a vegetarian, and a frequent lecturer at laborite-leftist uplift gatherings. He took to wife one of his students, a girl of

fifteen named Ida Appel Kaufman, and though he called her Puck for a spell, he finally settled on Ariel. Ariel Durant became Will's researcher and collaborator. Six decades into their marriage the pair published a joint autobiography. It is an ingenuously revealing account, in which the authors wax in celebrity and ripen in love despite personal setbacks and unfriendly reviews.

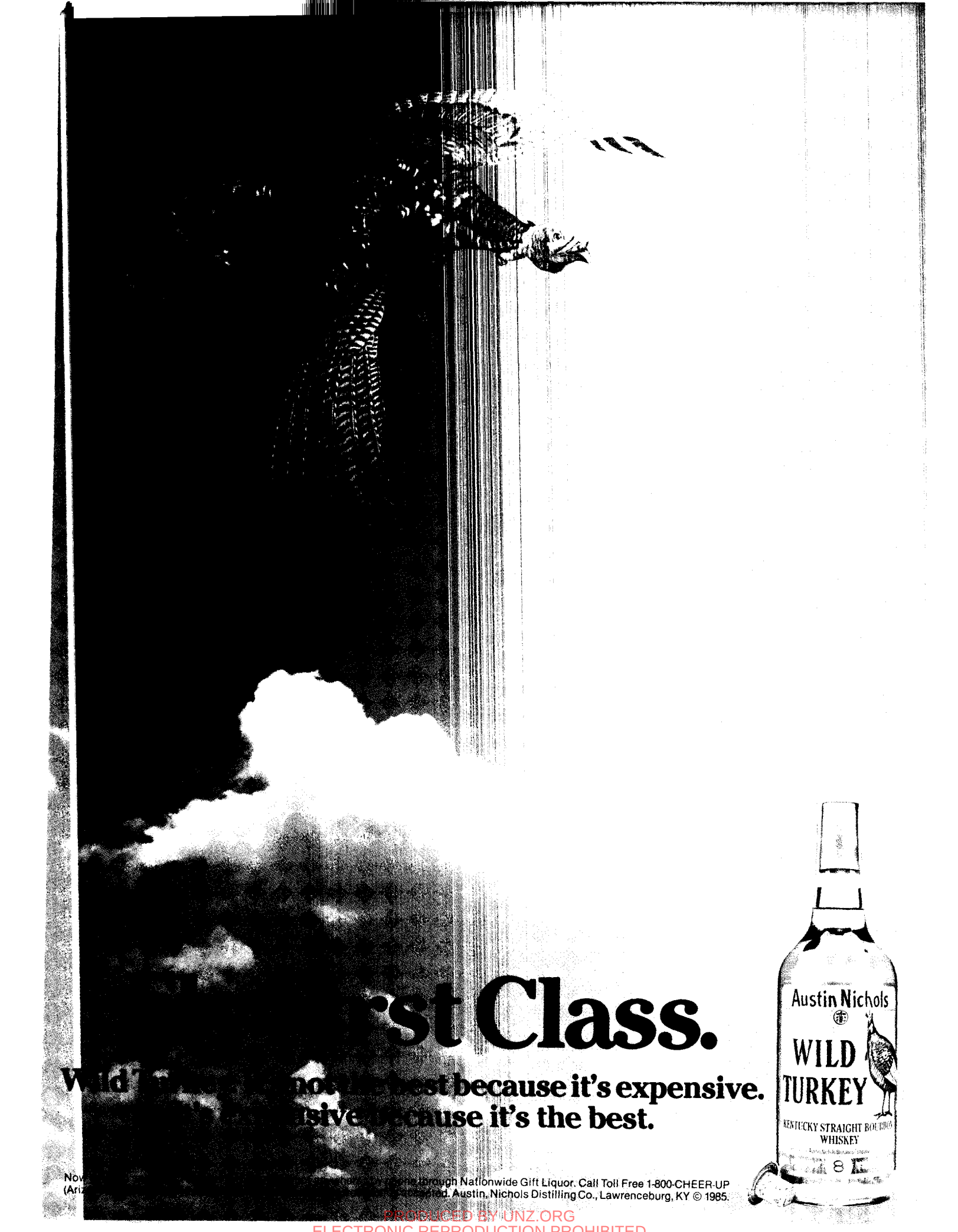
In a way, the story of their marriage echoes the story (as the Durants tell it) of civilization: Bad things happen, but the human spirit is indomitable. Men are slaughtered, cities plundered, morals compromised, and yet, "among the ruins, men and women continued to write books." Somehow the ascent of man inexorably proceeds, at a steady inclination of perhaps six degrees. The first amphibians creep out of the primal soup. Soon they are making tools. Then along comes Spinoza.

Reverses are momentary, obstacles fleeting. The Babylonians fade from the pages of history, but that's all right, because "meanwhile, three hundred miles north of Babylon, another civilization had appeared." Imperial China is wracked by political strife. No matter: "The life of the Chinese people flowed evenly on." Despite poverty and oppression under the Raj, nineteenth-century India "continued to create science, literature, and art."

Few events seem unexpected; everything is in its place. In an instant problems are solved. ("Caligula eased the situation by dying.") In an instant problems are created. ("It seemed a propitious time to begin the Hundred Years' War.") History unfolds according to orderly rules, distilled into maxims. "A nation is born stoic and dies epicurean." "The philosophy of one age is the literature of the next." "Men lie most when they govern states."

No human being is totally vile. "What sort of man was this ogre of a king?" Henry VIII, it turns out, was kind and generous to his friends, "jovially amiable, and capable of winning affection and devotion." Louis XV was "sometimes cruel but more often humane." Even Ivan the Terrible, who Durant frankly admits should never have been born, "had a sense of humor and could roar with Jovian laughter."

Ariel's name joined that of her husband on *The Story's* later volumes, but Will was always the dominant partner. He perfected a glib, equable, didactic style of exposition that is virtually with-



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out peer in the modern hardcover trade. (Imagine *Time* magazine as a 2,000-page book.) Occasionally Durant confessed ignorance, but always wearily, as if what he couldn't establish was in any case irrelevant. "We do not know which of the many roads to decay Crete chose," he allowed; "perhaps she took them all." He donned humility in a way that left all but himself decked in its raiments. "The past would be startled," he wrote, "if it could see itself in the pages of historians." From time to time he slyly asserted his authority by casting the reader abruptly overboard—"Recall the situation of Italy in 1494"—and then throwing him a life preserver.

Durant flavored his prose with canned emotion. He was censorious, but never for long. He was sometimes tolerant of human folly, sometimes merely resigned to it. He grew impatient with men but remained a lover of mankind. And when the species came through for him, Durant waxed rhapsodic. "Has there ever been elsewhere such depth and intensity of Yea-saying life?" he wondered at the conclusion of *The Renaissance* (1953). "To this day we feel the lifting breath of that afflatus, and our museums overflow with the spared surplus of that inspired and frenzied age." In the corpus of English literature these two sentences may have no rival.

EVERY VOLUME OF *The Story of Civilization*, within weeks of its appearance, was reviled by professional historians. Cambridge University's J. H. Plumb greeted *The Age of Louis XIV* (1963) with a memorable blast in *The New York Times Book Review*, likening its content to cheese spread: "good color, little taste, easy to use, boring in bulk, and infinitely remote from the true product." The Durants, who presumed a certain kinship with their "colleagues" in academe, were devastated by such reviews. And yet, among the ruins, they continued to write books. One of these (*Rousseau and Revolution*, 1967) received a Pulitzer Prize. Gerald Ford in 1977 bestowed on the Durants a Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest honor this country awards to civilians.

Will and Ariel Durant died in the fall of 1981, within two weeks of each other, shortly before their sixty-eighth wedding anniversary. They went to the grave confident that they had done mankind a service. Maybe they had. Will Durant criticized the chronicles of the Venerable Bede for being "innocently credu-

lous" and "too heavy with miracles," but he was grateful that they had survived. Chances are that *The Story of Civilization*, with its millions of volumes strewn from Bangor to Big Sur, will also survive. Once, on a term paper, a teacher scorned a reference of mine with the remark "Durant is hardly adequate." Millennia hence Durant may be all we have, and scholars perforce will sift his chronicles for bias and meaning. As the Venerable Will once observed, "History is the greatest humorist."

—Cullen Murphy



POSSIBILITIES

FOR MORE THAN fourteen years I have been a husband and for nearly nine a father, but for several months this year I was a bachelor again. My wife took our children to visit her relatives, who live in distant parts of the world. I was supposed to use the time to finish writing a book.

Much of my bachelor life went as expected. I stayed up too late at night, and in the morning I groggily read the papers in bed. I ate dinner with a book open on the table while watching the TV news. I didn't get as much done as I had hoped. I dwelt on something Bogart said in *The African Queen*: A man lives alone, he gets to living like a hog.

But one thing happened that I had not expected. I started to feel young.

It was not a question of years. I was thirty-five and middle-aged when I took my family to the airport, and thirty-five

and youthful when they returned. The difference was my sense of the possibilities left open to me.

For more than eight years my wife and I had obeyed instinct and concentrated on introducing our children to the world. First they had to learn how to eat, then to walk, then to talk—then to throw balls and read books and keep themselves alive in a swimming pool. They saw airports and they saw farms; they confronted such esoterica as the multiplication tables. Our efforts could hardly be considered a crusade to produce wonder-children, as the neighbors who shudder when our boys play pirates or gladiators will too readily confirm. We spent our time teaching the children because they were the ones with a future; our role as parents, it seemed, was to draw on the capital we had previously built up.

I was already aware of one way in which being a parent made me feel old—apart from the chronic fatigue. Almost every day, the children grew and changed, forcing me to realize that I too must be changing, and in a less desirable direction. But until they went away, I hadn't understood the deeper reason for my weariness: compared with the children, I had no potential anymore. In my work I must regularly learn about new subjects, but I don't really develop new skills—at least not obvious ones. What I'm best at doing, and most enjoy, I learned long ago—before I had children, when I was "young." I could teach my sons things that I'd learned as a child, but I couldn't help them with, say, fly-tying or Spanish, neither of which I'd mastered. As many skills as I would ever possess, I seemed already to have.

After a week or two on my own I crossed a divide: no longer responsible for teaching someone else, I began to think I had potential once again. I learned how to ice skate. That may not seem such a big thing (unless, like me, you grew up in the desert), but it was the first new skill I had acquired in at least eight years. For the first time since high school I spent time at the piano—not coaxing my son through "Frère Jacques" but entertaining the thought that my own playing might actually improve. I read for reasons other than meeting the next deadline. I understood why Yuppies are called "young," even though many of them are as old as I am—and why so many factory workers in their early twenties, already parents, had told me they felt old. Without children, life's

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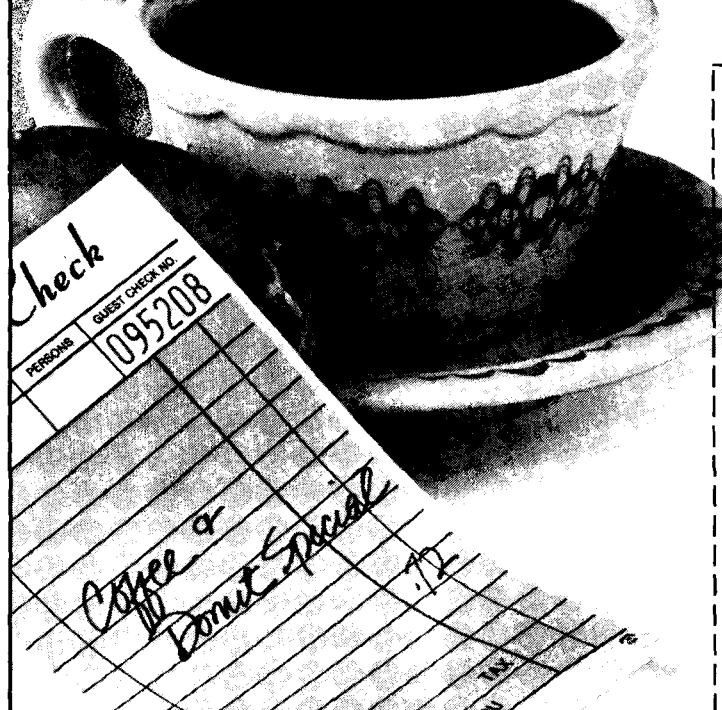
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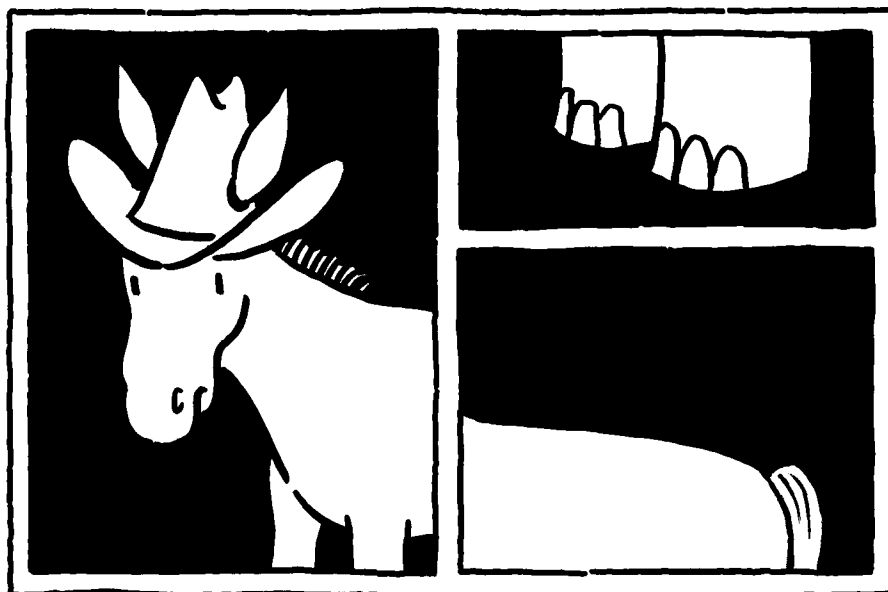


possibilities are still open. With children, they seem closed—at least for a time.

I cried when my wife and children came back—and I was crying out of happiness, not regret. Not even my briefly regained youth made up for how much I missed them. I still believe that the relative selflessness demanded by parenthood makes the world better than it would otherwise be. But my time alone

left me with a small comfort against the knowledge that soon my children really will be gone. Maybe I feel older now than I will when I am fifty. Maybe it is just a matter of time until I have possibilities again. Maybe this is what my father understood when, his children grown and gone, he astonished us all by buying spurs and a hat and joyously learning to ride.

—James Fallows



TEXAS

A CHOICE WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE

The Republicans in the state are giving the Democrats a fight at the polls, but there the contentiousness of national politics ends

IN THE FEDERALIST Number Ten, James Madison's famous rumination on the dangers of political factions, Madison consoled himself with the thought that the sheer size and variety of national politics would be sufficient to override the contentiousness of politics in the states. "The influence of factious leaders may kindle a flame within their particular States, but will be unable to spread a general conflagration through the other States," he wrote. Exactly the opposite is happening in Texas today. The ideological intensity in national politics is bringing to an end the biggest one-party state political system in the

country, but within the state there's an unusually high degree of consensus on local issues.

As recently as ten years ago the Texas legislature was a battleground where the political and cultural arguments of the sixties were still being settled. Now, when the state government feels called upon to do more with less money, Texas politics have changed remarkably. In 1983 the new Democratic governor of Texas, Mark White, appointed the computer magnate H. Ross Perot, a Republican with a reputation as an ultra-conservative, to study public education in the state. Perot recommended raising taxes to pay for higher teacher salaries, equalizing the finances of rich and poor school districts, and de-emphasizing football—an agenda that might have been considered liberal if it had come from another source. In a special session last year the Texas legislature passed Perot's program substantially intact. Then, this year, the legislature cut state spending, raised university tuition and other state fees, created a new high-tech research program in the universities, and passed two new state social programs (to combat hunger and provide health care to the in-

digent) and some new environmental protections for the bays along the Gulf Coast.

There was not a lot of argument about these measures; both the arch-liberal magazine *The Texas Observer* and the arch-conservative newspaper *The Dallas Morning News* supported most of them. When Congress, its resources constrained by President Reagan's tax cuts, seems unable either to make significant cutbacks or to enact new programs, Texas's recent experience qualifies as political harmony.

Paradoxically, the last legislature was by far the most divided by party—that is, by far the most Republican—in Texas since Reconstruction. Out of 150 members of the house, fifty-four are Republican, up from thirty-seven last year and one in 1965. The 1984 elections were a triumph for Texas Republicans, not just because the national Republican ticket won big—that had happened before—but because legislative seats, county judgeships, and even a couple of rural county sheriff's offices turned over too. Three incumbent Democratic congressmen lost to Republicans. Some Republicans who had been considered purely token opponents of popular Democrats running for statewide offices got better than 45 percent of the vote. Since the election the Republicans have been working vigorously to get Texas realigned. This year a Republican came very close to winning a congressional race in the almost genetically Democratic First District, in the northeast corner of Texas. Next year, for the first time in memory, the Republican gubernatorial primary will have several big-league contenders (in the past there would have been one or two semi-unknowns). Texas may well hold its first Republican runoff—and this so that somebody can have the chance to take on a Democratic incumbent who has decent ratings in the polls.

The main agent of consensus on how to run the state, besides an us-against-the-world feeling that has always been strong in Texas, is the oil bust. The state comptroller says that for every dollar by which the price of a barrel of oil falls, the state government loses \$100 million a year in revenue (including \$40 million from the proceeds of a tax on oil as it comes out of the ground). It's not just the state government but the whole economy that is losing its engine of plenty. As the feeling that there will never be another sustained oil boom spreads,

Texas politics is passing out of its Gilded Age and into a Progressive Era. Strong state government—an unpopular idea in the late seventies—seems appealing now as a way to manage a transition to a more orderly, less spectacular kind of prosperity.

THE PERSON MOST responsible for the current flurry of Republican efforts to make Texas a two-party state is the state's new Republican U.S. senator, Phil Gramm. In 1978 Gramm, an economics professor at Texas A&M University, was elected to Congress as a Democrat. Though in some years he ran up Americans for Democratic Action ratings of zero, the Democratic leadership in the House gave him a seat on the Budget Committee. There he became a mole, providing Republicans with valuable information about the House leadership's plans, and in 1981 he was the Democratic sponsor of the Reagan Administration's big round of budget cuts. When the next Congress convened, the leadership kicked Gramm off the Budget Committee. He switched to the Republican Party, resigned his seat in Congress, and won it back in a special election. In 1984 Gramm capitalized on Senator John Tower's surprise decision not to run for re-election and won Tower's seat by a wide margin.

Tower, also a former college professor, got to the Senate in 1961 in a fluke election and for seventeen years was Texas's only statewide Republican officeholder. At home he aggressively took on only those Democrats who ran against him, and left the rest alone. In 1978 a rich Republican entrepreneur named William Clements won the governorship, but his success was seen as largely a product of his wealth (he spent \$7 million of his own money to get elected) and of the reaction in Texas against President Jimmy Carter. Clements lost his re-election campaign in 1982 to Mark White. Gramm was different: he won big, he's a proselytizer by nature, and he was convinced that he could bring home to Texas the national ideological strife in which he came of age as a politician.

Gramm's most public coup so far has been persuading Kent Hance, his fellow Boll Weevil in 1981 (Hance co-sponsored the Reagan tax cut), to switch parties. Hance left Congress to run for the Senate in 1984, but he lost the Democratic primary by a hair to a liberal state senator, Lloyd Doggett. Becoming a Republican put him in a position to run

against White for the governorship next year. (His most likely opponents in the Republican primary are a vengeful Clements, who not only doesn't like White but also resents Gramm, for trying to take over the party, and Tom Loeffler, a respected young Republican congressman.)

Gramm has become active in state politics, too, on a level that would have seemed insufficiently lofty to Tower or, for that matter, to most U.S. senators. In May, just as the indigent-health-care bill was about to be passed after long and difficult negotiations, Gramm, in his words, "called select members of the legislature to see what kind of cost analysis had been done," a breach of etiquette that moved the preternaturally impassive lieutenant governor, Bill Hobby, to criticize him publicly. Gramm was heavily involved in the First District campaign. He arranged for the Democratic incumbent to be appointed to a federal judgeship, and then he helped to find and campaigned ardently for the Republican candidate, a former Texas A&M quarterback. He frequently visits county-level Democratic officials to ask them to switch parties. "My objective is to be sure people know the door is open," Gramm says sweetly, but others say that when they've heard him deliver that line, the kicker is, "There comes a time when the last chopper leaves 'Nam.'" When a Democratic officeholder's district votes heavily Republican in other races, officials of the Republican Party of Texas call on him, armed with statistics, and suggest that it might be safer to run as a Republican.

Although Gramm's stated enemy is liberalism, the big losers in a wave of party-switching would be the conservative Democrats, who see not only their party but a whole precious tradition slipping away from them. They discuss the problem more or less sub rosa, because what they believe would not sit well with voters: that a benign, closed-door, businessmen's oligarchy is the best way to govern a state. That may not sound very noble, but to give the conservative Democrats their due, don't we envy Japan for being run by just such a big-business-big-government oligarchy?

IT'S DIFFICULT TO convey to non-Texans what Texans see in the conservative Democratic tradition that makes them misty-eyed. The tradition is nationalistic and bellicose to a degree that makes the rest of the country uncon-

LORD BYRON'S DILEMMA

*(or, the lady or
the Sambuca Romana)*

Once a reputation reaches legendary proportions, fact and fiction tend to blur. In the case of George Gordon Noel Byron, a great deal is known but details are shadowy. He did move to Venice permanently in 1817. He was young and lame and handsome, and already notorious. The details of his infatuation with Sambuca Romana are harder to pin down.

It is said he first encountered this suave and elegant liqueur on an earlier visit to Rome, where it was, and still is, concocted from the berries of the wild elderbush. Smooth and mellow, with a fiery heart and an undercurrent of wildness, it soon became a passion. A passion equal to or surpassing an earlier love for coffee. If these things are so, we can be certain he indulged both pleasures while in Venice. The opportunities were there.

The story is told that it was in a Venetian cafe, early for a rendezvous, that he first ordered the two drinks at one time. His coffee arrived and, just as he saw his contessa stepping from her gondola, the liqueur. As he started to his feet, somehow jostling the waiter, the Sambuca Romana spilled, into the coffee. There was time for only one sip. He sipped, considered a moment, then sat down to finish the cup at his leisure.

It was plain the lady would have to wait. The attraction of this sensuous new taste was greater even than hers.

For the rest, we know Byron left Italy soon afterwards for Greece and his ultimate destiny. As for Sambuca Romana and coffee, the taste is history.

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fortable. It draws emotional force from the spirit of independence dating back to the Texas Republic, the hatred of federal power engendered by Reconstruction, the little-guy militance of populism, the fear of poverty left by the Depression, and the need to be a sharp trader learned during the New Deal, when Texas was put on its feet by big federal building programs. Its lineal descent can be traced at least as far back as the thirties, when the conservative but Democratic Houston businessman Jesse Jones was the head of Roosevelt's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. A good date for the start of its palmiest days would be 1952, when Governor Allan Shivers, a Democrat, endorsed the Republican candidate for President. Shivers showed that the Texas Democratic Party could be decoupled at will from the national party and remain Democratic; there didn't have to be two parties within the state. Shivers's reason for breaking with the national party was telling: while the rest of the old Confederate states were rebelling over race, Texas was rebelling over money—specifically the federal government's claims to ownership of offshore oil fields. The South could fight the lost cause. Texas's cause would be business. (The best-known conservative Democratic governor of Mississippi, the arch-segregationist Ross Barnett, ended his days as a bank teller; Shivers ended his as a bank owner.)

In the 1950s Lyndon B. Johnson was the Senate majority leader, Sam Rayburn was Speaker of the House, and Texas congressmen were well along in their steady rise to important committee chairmanships: Banking, Appropriations, Agriculture, Government Operations, Veterans' Affairs. As the story is told today, these men had their differences but they were united by a commitment to *deliver for Texas*, to work quietly, to avoid posturing, and to keep the amateurs (in other words, the liberals) out of the deliberations. Military bases, big public-works projects, universities, and highways were lavished on the state, and the sacred oil-depletion allowance was protected. Inside the state a balanced budget was required by the constitution, and there was (and still is, with the finality of holy writ) no state income tax.

The Texas business establishment and the political establishment operated hand in hand, their intimacy entirely in keeping with the conservative Democratic view of government. To a conser-

vative Democrat the idea that the purpose of a state government is to look out for the welfare of the citizens is crazy (conservative Democrats do vote for welfare programs, but often only on the grounds that the ruling elite has to deal with messy social problems in order to maintain control). The purpose of government is to help business. The term "priming the pump," as used by conservative Democrats, does not mean putting more money into the pockets of ordinary people. It means giving the construction boys some big public-works projects.

People without connections in the Texas establishment have supported conservative Democratic rule because it expresses their own values. Texans in general, like Americans in general, seethe with populist resentments, but these they direct outside the state, and especially at New York. Even today the big shot in Texas elicits more admiration than his brethren elsewhere do. The classic Texas populist politicians, like Rayburn, had their quarrels with Wall Street financiers, not Texas tycoons. For years populist state laws—which kept out Yankee insurance companies and helped local oilmen but also protected the little man—created fortunes in Texas, and nobody minded. So rule by the few was okay as long as the few were Texans with chips on their shoulders. Conservative Democrats love to reminisce about one or another legislative victory of the fifties or sixties that was "bad for the nation but good for Texas."

Texas is even now a first-generation urban state, and the people running things get legitimacy by creating the impression—sometimes correct, sometimes not—that they sprang from the same humble, small-town stock as everyone else. I asked one possible candidate for governor, a self-made man with a big business, how he'd reply if White accused him of being a corporate fat cat looking down on the world from his penthouse suite. He looked stunned and said, "White can't say that about me! He went to Lamar High School!" (Lamar is a public school in Houston with a silk-stocking image.)

Higher education at low tuition is the favorite social program of conservative Texas Democrats, in part because it's good for business (there are more business students than liberal-arts students at the University of Texas) but also because it's crucial to the dream of a state

that works like a Horatio Alger novel. Country boys and girls can come to the University of Texas for \$544 a semester, join the right fraternity, get involved in student government, and become the business and political leaders of the future. (The two most admired conservative Democratic governors, Shivers and John Connally, were both UT student-body presidents.) Conveniently, university construction projects were an essential element of the patronage system that held the state Democratic Party together in the sixties and seventies.

THE CONSERVATIVE Democratic style of governing is, or was, seigniorial. Connally, for example, expanded government in concert with business during the years of his governorship (1963 to 1969), cultivated a regal manner, and didn't truck with the masses. An oft-cited example of the advantages of one-party rule is Connally's decision in the 1960s to abolish the state law against selling liquor by the drink. He didn't have to pander to outmoded prejudices that hurt business, and Texas's image, because he knew that the holders of those prejudices couldn't punish him by voting for a Republican. Jess Hay, a Dallas mortgage banker and the state's leading conservative Democratic fundraiser, gave me this classic argument for the way things used to work: "The one-party system was productive of consistently good government. There were a few scandals but not many. It wasn't a boss system. It was a broad-based coalition, doing what was perceived as right for Texas, and with less ideological posturing than today."

Republicans, in the conservative Democratic view, are suspect because they are ideologues. They don't know how to negotiate, don't realize how good the right kind of big government can be, and don't truly believe in putting farmers' kids right up at the same starting line with the kids of city lawyers. ("The Republicans want to invade Nicaragua!" one conservative Democrat told me. "We say, 'Get United Fruit back in there! Go in and cut a deal!'") Liberals, whom the conservative Democrats fought bitterly in the fifties and sixties and have kept at bay more easily since then, are seen as nice but ineffectual and dangerously soft-headed. A good liberal is one who's willing to horse-trade. These days conservative Democrats confide proudly that Ernest Cortez, a prominent minority-group activist, is se-

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cretly on their side on certain issues, such as making sure there will never be a state income tax, because he knows that in their bone-crushing way they'll tend to the public good.

The real villains in the conservative-Democratic cosmology are "national Democrats," who have by now completely assumed the position, once occupied by Wall Street, of official object of Texas xenophobia. Almost everything about the national Democrats offends the conservative Democrats in Texas: their rejection of the back-room style, their enshrinement of interest groups, their ties to labor rather than business—indeed, their whole benign, optimistic view of government and human nature. If conservative Democrats see New York as the evil foreign power, they see Massachusetts—land of Tip O'Neill, Ted Kennedy, and Harvard—as nut headquarters. Texas was founded not by religious utopians but by people willing to become Mexican citizens and nominal Catholics in order to get farmland. The mythic side of its history is full of the idea of conquest. Nothing in the Thanksgiving story of Indians and white settlers peacefully breaking bread together speaks to Texans. They feel that for a government to deal with its citizens and with the outside world, toughness must be the rule.

When Connally switched parties, in 1973, it was because he didn't think that he could get the nomination of the party of the national Democrats. Some twelve years later Republicans like Gramm are suggesting that the same thing has happened within the borders of Texas—that a conservative Democrat can't win the Democratic gubernatorial primary. In 1978 Dolph Briscoe, a conservative Democrat and the incumbent governor, lost his primary to a more liberal candidate, who then lost to Clements. In 1982 Mark White, a protégé of Briscoe's, beat two more-liberal Democrats in his primary, but further down the ticket most of the conservative Democrats fell to liberals. To the Republicans, Doggett's beating Hance—a folksy, rural, very conservative figure, and a minor national presence—in the 1984 Senate primary is conclusive proof that the state's politics have changed. In the registration drives and redistricting that followed the 1964 Voting Rights Act, the Democratic-primary electorate shifted from about 15 percent to about 30 percent black and Hispanic. Meanwhile, millions of new voters coming into the state, many of

them conservative, brought with them the alien idea that only general elections are important, so they sit out the Democratic primaries.

The tremendous popularity of Reagan in Texas, dating back to his big win in the Republican presidential primary in 1976, is scary to conservative Democrats, but they know that Reagan won't be heading any more tickets. What scares conservative Democrats more is the possibility that they'll be shut out by liberals in the primaries and miss the chance even to face the Republicans.

TODAY TWO IMPORTANT Texas politicians who conform to the conservative-Democratic *beau idéal* remain: Lloyd Bentsen, a U.S. senator, and Hobby, the lieutenant governor. (The lieutenant governorship is a much bigger job in Texas than elsewhere, because it includes running the state senate.) White's roots are in the tradition, but not his style. Whereas Bentsen and Hobby are impeccably quiet, White plays to the galleries. (In part this difference in style comes from a difference in background. Hobby and Bentsen were born into rich, powerful families; White wasn't, and hasn't had their resources to draw on, even if he *did* go to Lamar High School.) During his campaign he promised to name a housewife to the state Public Utility Commission, violating the conservative-Democratic creed of ruthlessly keeping amateurs out of government. This year, trailed by reporters, he took a fact-finding trip to Honduras, which was seen as pure posturing. Unlike his predecessors, he tends to make almost all the many appointments to state boards which are within his power on a strictly partisan basis—with the exception of Perot and a few others, responsible business leaders who are Republicans are not allowed.

White is inept at the delicate touches of insider politics. He vetoes bills without personally calling the sponsor beforehand, and in one case failed to veto a bill even when its sponsor asked him to do so. He capably refused to say publicly in advance of the passage of the indigent-health bill how he wanted the program to be funded—he didn't want to do the legislature the favor of drawing the fire for a tax increase—and this left the legislators quietly seething at him. When he appointed the mayor of San Antonio, Henry Cisneros, to the Texas A&M Board of Regents, he first made the obligatory courtesy call to a San An-

tonio state senator—but not to the senator from the district where Cisneros lives. He doesn't work the sheriff-and-district-attorney circuit, as Gramm does. Voters have never cared about these rituals, but they used to be life and death to politicians running the state out of back rooms. One of White's aides told me recently, "When we passed the tax bill for education, we had to convince the public. We ran *paid TV advertising*. Back in the fifties, when Shivers decided something had to be done about mental health he called in twenty-five people to his office, and when they left he had a tax bill."

In reaction against similar differences of style, conservative Democrats in Houston are running a slate against Mayor Kathy Whitmire and her allies on the city council. Last year Houston overwhelmingly voted in a referendum against a gay-rights proposal, which infuriated the conservative Democrats—not because they're passionate about gay rights (it's an issue they regard as unimportant) but because they don't believe in settling anything by referendum. Whitmire should have called in the players, gay and straight, and said, "Boys, let's take care of this quietly." That would have left gay rights in fine shape. Instead, she let the public passions become inflamed, and Houston was made to look like a red-neck town.

White is so obviously a master of electoral politics that he won't draw Democratic opposition. And since Hance switched, the Democrats have circled their wagons, to White's benefit. The Republicans think they can beat White by tying him to the national Democrats, even though there won't be a presidential or Senate candidate on the ballot to make the connection obvious. If this ploy works, it will be the first time it has in Texas, and a watershed.

A WHITE VICTORY shouldn't be interpreted as a sign of new life for the conservative Democrats, however. They know that demographic trends doom them in the long run. The state is inexorably becoming more suburban, more affluent, better educated, younger, less native-Texan, less blue-collar. One day even the agriculture commissioner and the justices of the state supreme court may be Republicans. Ah, say the conservative Democrats, and then people will begin to miss us. In this scenario, the Republicans, having intro-



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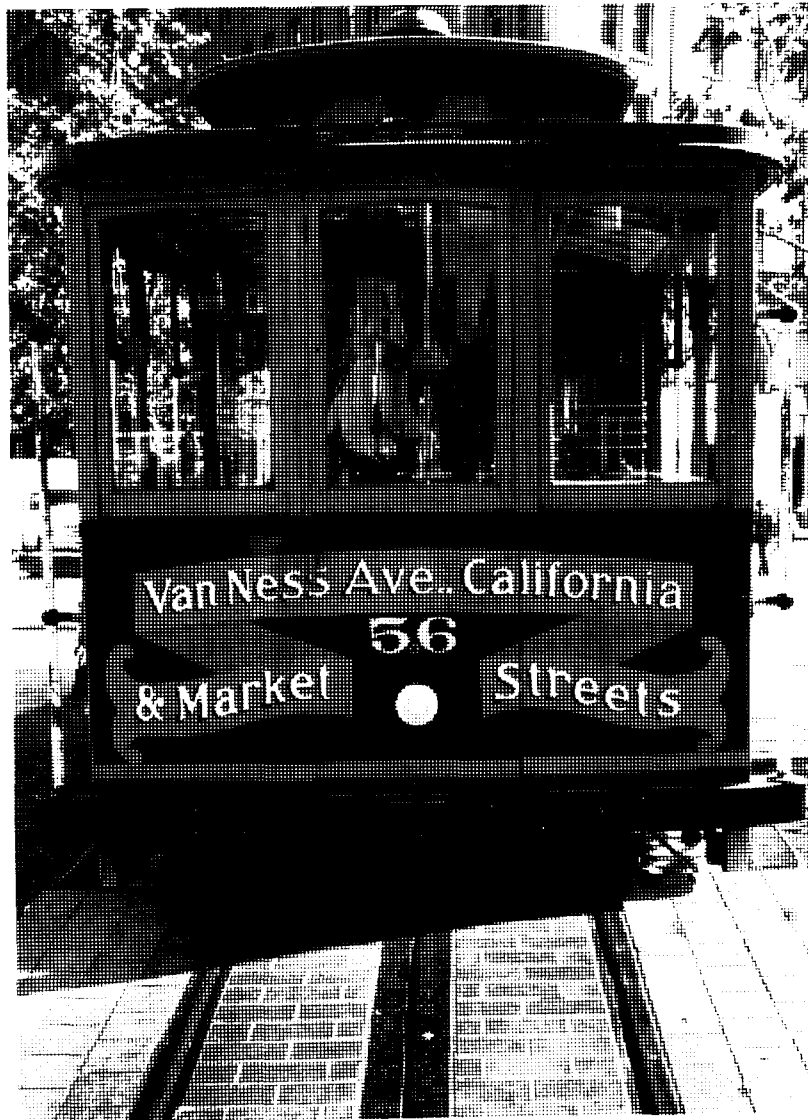
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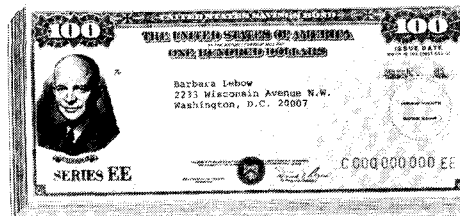
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duced into state politics national issues that are irrelevant to running Texas, will have to introduce them into state government as well. The legislature will waste time and embarrass the state by debating silly, hot-air, mass-politics issues like abortion and creationism. If taxes need to be raised, as they probably will when the price of oil falls more, the Republicans won't be able to raise them, because they'll have campaigned as die-hard tax-haters. Republican state legislators will have to treat every vote as a test of ideological purity. Pretty soon the highways will develop potholes and the universities will deteriorate. Other states will get the new dams and deep-water ports.

Conservative Democrats like to point out that as a congressman Gramm sometimes voted, for ideological reasons, *against Texas*—for instance, against funding for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, whose Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center is outside Houston. During his campaign big business nevertheless trusted him enough to make him the biggest recipient of political-action-committee funds in the country. And now that he's a senator, Gramm appears to have changed. When the Navy decided, this past summer, that the new home port for the refurbished Second World War battleship *Wisconsin* would be Corpus Christi, Gramm announced it at a press conference. (As a matter of fact, so did Bentsen, just a few hours later. Ever since Gramm ran against Bentsen in 1976, calling him a liberal big spender, they haven't been close.) A few days later Gramm told me, "I just announced the biggest government expenditure since Lyndon announced the Space Center in Houston. You can be ideological and still get the job done in Texas. With a Republican, you can have both."

In state government, the Republicans say, it was the conservative Democrats who couldn't stand up to their constituency groups when the oil money was rolling in—that's why the government expanded and the revenue base didn't. There are seven state-supported medical schools, which is at least one too many, a couple of sparsely attended branches of Texas A&M and the University of Texas that happen to be in the districts of influential state senators, and two state-supported universities in Houston a quarter mile apart. Who believes that the conservative Democrats will get rid of such boondoggles when

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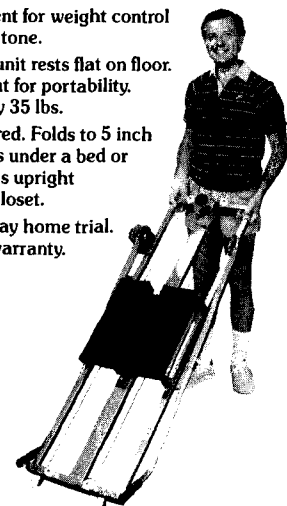


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the conservative Democrats created them?

In fact, as the Republicans describe their future reign in state government, it will be different only in style from the reign of the Democrats in the past: the Republicans, with their suburban base, will be less folksy. As a truly statewide party, with many campaigns to finance and voters to please, they would be fools to offer as their vision a state government whose main activities of road building and educating would be radically reduced.

So for the moment Texas has parties but not "factions" in Madison's sense of the word. The state is in harmony on substantive issues in large part because of the residual good effects of the ten-year oil boom. It is still flush with new people and new institutions, and they

make the squabbles that once mesmerized the legislature seem irrelevant. There hasn't been time for a new generation of squabblers to become entrenched. As the economist Mancur Olson has pointed out, when societies become economically and politically ossified, well-established interest groups are usually to blame, not ideology. Certainly in Washington the interest groups, not the Republican ideological tide, are keeping the U.S. Congress at a standstill on issues like trade, tax reform, and cutting the deficit. For Texas, then, the most important question is whether the state can somehow get through a long period of economic stasis without becoming paralyzed politically. If it can't, its politics are going to get tangled up no matter which party is in charge.

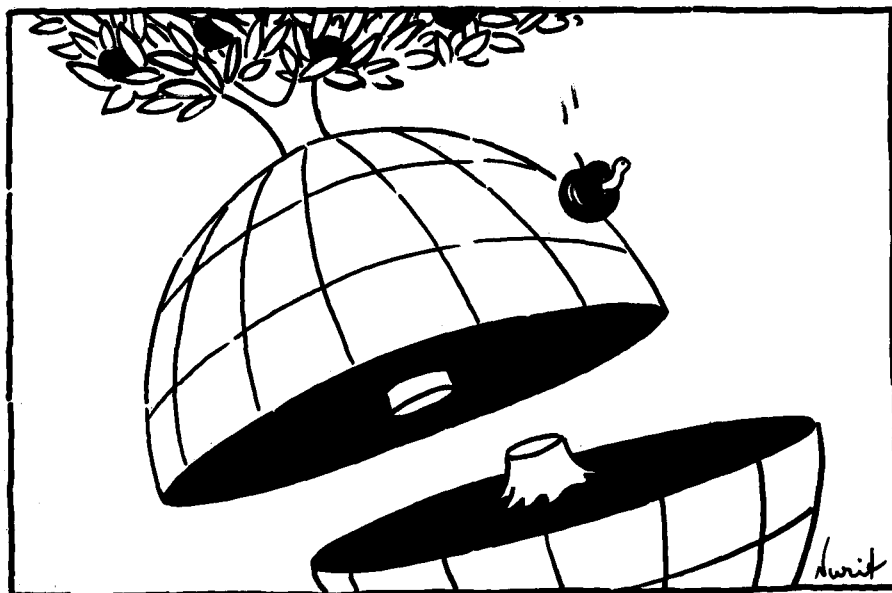
—Nicholas Lemann

and whole groves were burned to the ground. Within weeks 160 state and federal agents were assigned to the effort. The Florida Department of Corrections volunteered a hundred prisoners to tend the fires. By last April some seven million trees had been destroyed.

That a handful of ailing seedlings in one forty-acre plot could jeopardize an enterprise the size of the Florida citrus industry reveals much about the fragility of modern agriculture. To date no one knows where the canker bacteria originated or how they found their way to Polk County, but the reason to fear their proliferation is easily identified. The problem is genetic uniformity. Eighty-six percent of Florida's commercial orange harvest in 1983 consisted of just three varieties: Hamlin, Pineapple, and Valencia. A single strain, Marsh, accounted for nearly two thirds of the state's grapefruit crop. As citrus breeders have selected ever more exclusively for a few commercially desirable characteristics, they have whittled away the genetic underpinnings of their industry. If canker could establish a beachhead in Avon Park, authorities realized, it could conquer the whole state.

In a sense, genetic uniformity is the logical consequence of successful "production" agriculture. Subsistence farmers can raise relatively small quantities of a broad spectrum of crops; market growers must specialize. Production agriculture requires a focus on a limited number of marketable crops, and within that narrow range, increasingly, on only those varieties of given crop that satisfy commercial demand. From this perspective, especially in the agriculture of the developed world, traditional "cultural" plant-breeding virtues such as hardiness, disease resistance, and adaptation to local climate decline in importance. Generally, the lack of one or another of these attributes can be compensated for by a manipulation of growing conditions. More important are market factors, as illustrated by the infamous square tomato and the Florida juice orange, which processors want pulpy and comparatively dry.

As ever more of our fields and orchards are committed to ever fewer varieties, we forfeit diversity, agriculture's traditional first line of defense. When most farmers grew many different crops, and most crops comprised many different varieties, the effects of a pest or a disease tended to be localized. The progress of an outbreak was arrested as



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*The Third World asks for a share of gene
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ON A BRIGHT Thursday morning in August of 1984 a foreman at Franklyn Ward's citrus nursery, near Avon Park, Florida, stopped into the office for a word with his boss. Several dozen orange and grapefruit seedlings in one section of the nursery seemed to have taken sick inexplicably, and he wanted Ward to have a look. The immature trees were

afflicted with scabrous yellow-green lesions, and the nurserymen suspected fungicide burn. The truth was a good bit more alarming. Routine laboratory analysis of the diseased tissue revealed that citrus canker, thought to have been eliminated in Florida, had resurfaced in a virulent and previously unknown form. The presence of canker, a bacterial infection transmitted with alarming facility by water, wind, or contact, imperiled Florida's entire \$2.5 billion citrus industry. Citrus canker is impervious to known pesticides. The only remedy is to eradicate contaminated trees. Franklyn Ward's nursery was burned. So were portions of nurseries to which he had sold stock, and orchards where that stock had been planted. Throughout the Florida citrus belt individual specimens

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the agent encountered plant varieties naturally resistant to its spread. And with numerous varieties under cultivation, that encounter typically occurred quickly. Where such diversity was lacking, calamity reigned. In the mid-nineteenth century the Irish potato blight decimated a genetically uniform staple crop, leaving two million people dead in the aftermath. Modern agriculture, aware of the perils of uniformity but compelled by the power of the marketplace, guards against catastrophe by planting varieties resistant to common pests and by using pesticides and other prophylactic measures. These tactics by and large work, but the uniformity remains, and when something like citrus canker comes along, to which the dominant varieties are not resistant and for which we have no chemical antidote, it can sweep unimpeded through a crop. The U.S. corn crop in 1970 was stricken with southern corn leaf blight, reducing the total harvest nationwide by nearly 15 percent. Losses in some areas topped 50 percent. At the time, roughly three quarters of the nation's corn acreage was devoted to six hybrid varieties. "The key lesson of 1970 . . .," a National Academy of Sciences report warned, "is that genetic uniformity is the basis of vulnerability to epidemics. The major question the Committee on Genetic Vulnerability of Major Crops asked was, 'How uniform genetically are other crops upon which the nation depends, and how vulnerable, therefore, are they to epidemics?' The answer is that most crops are impressively uniform genetically and impressively vulnerable."

When an epidemic looms, or, more typically, soon after one strikes, plant breeders get busy hunting for varieties resistant to the malady in question, the genes from which they can then breed into commercially desirable strains until they come up with one that combines desirability and resistance. Genetic material extracted from primitive corn varieties native to Latin America, the ancestral birthplace of all the world's corn, helped rescue the U.S. crop after 1970. Citrus canker is endemic to south China, where innumerable wild and cultivated citrus varieties still grow, and in whose jungles, somewhere, there presumably exists a strain immune to the Florida bacteria. We have only to find it.

Which brings us to the geopolitics of seeds. However much U.S. breeders might wish to get their hands on Chinese genes, for the time being they

can't. In late 1983 American and Chinese citrus specialists met in Orlando to compare notes and to review each other's breeding programs and research needs. The meeting was mutually beneficial, so a second session was planned for the following November, in the People's Republic. A collecting expedition was scheduled to take place along with that colloquy, giving Western scientists their first opportunity since the revolution to gather specimens in the wild in south China. Before they could do so, however, the United States suspended agricultural exchange programs with China. Washington explained that the move came in retaliation for China's failure to honor the terms of a wheat-purchase agreement. Peking replied that its action was a response to U.S. limits on Chinese textile imports. The standoff that ensued left Florida citrus breeders with nothing to do but wait.

AT THE 23RD Conference of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), convening this month in Rome, incidents of that sort will be much on the delegates' minds. Over the past decade or so questions about the preservation and the control of the world's seeds have risen to prominence on the FAO agenda. (Actually, *seeds* is too narrow a term. Most experts instead say *germplasm*, which refers to the genetic material encoded not only in seeds but in rootstocks and plant tissue of all kinds, or *plant genetic resources*, which covers everything from microscopic cell samples to growing trees—anything that might be instrumental in the development of new or improved plant varieties.) The debate over plant genetic resources is no longer the sole province of technocrats and scientists. Like so many UN struggles, this one pits the underdeveloped and developing nations of the Southern tier against the developed nations of the North. And as is so often the case, the argument centers on resources: how and where plant genetic resources are being collected, and by whom, and how and where they are preserved, and for whom. At the past two FAO biennials, in 1981 and 1983, Third World representatives sought to redress what they regard as fundamental inequities in the stewardship of our global genetic treasury. Battle lines stratified along familiar UN lines, but some strange alliances emerged. This may be the only conflict in which Nicaragua and El Salvador find themselves on the same side.

A map of the globe overlaid to show the origins and subsequent peregrinations of major crops challenges comfortable illusions about agricultural independence. The now ubiquitous potato, for instance, is native to the high Andes. The Central American coffee industry owes its existence to African seed stocks. Corn came from Mexico, wheat from Ethiopia, apples from Asia, and onions from eastern Europe. Every important food crop in the United States and Canada hails from someplace else, and while our genetic debt may be larger than some, the internationalization of agriculture guarantees that no nation can be wholly self-reliant. The Russian botanist N. I. Vavilov traced the genesis of the world's agriculture to a dozen scattered regions of enormous natural plant diversity. What is most striking about the so-called Vavilov Centers, from a geopolitical standpoint, is how many of them are located in the Southern Hemisphere and how few in the Northern. The industrialized nations of the world are wealthy in many ways, but we are genetic paupers, and this, more than anything else, is what intensifies the FAO debate.

If the bulk of the world's genetic diversity is concentrated in the South, historically the technological capability and economic wherewithal needed to make use of that resource—the private seed companies and government research agencies, academic institutions, plant-breeding laboratories, gene banks, and seed-storage facilities—have existed exclusively in the North. To be sure, the flow of genetic resources from South to North went on for a long time before any eyebrows were raised. The great eighteenth- and nineteenth-century botanists, like their counterparts in the other natural sciences, were inveterate collectors, hauling back trunks full of exotic plants and seeds for installation in botanical gardens and research collections at home. The practice has continued unabated ever since, and much good has been done along the way as wild species and "landraces" (primitive varieties grown by peasant farmers) have been civilized and made to yield bountiful harvests. Unavoidably, certain advantages accrued to the North as a result, but the lopsidedness of the transaction was defended on the grounds that the South stood to benefit along with the North from the improved crops that research would provide. That, of course, is true. But the argument gives little weight to the intrinsic

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value of primitive plants as living repositories of crucial genetic information, and it fails to consider the impact of the improved crops, whose introduction has often led to the wholesale abandonment of indigenous varieties.

As developing nations shift from subsistence to production agriculture, natural diversity gives way to improved but genetically uniform crops. Forests are felled to make pastures whereon cattle can be fattened for export. Coffee, cotton, wheat, soybeans, melons, squash, and flowers are planted in place of the traditional varieties of native plants. In regions where myriad species and varieties once flourished, a few strains of a single market crop now grow. This trend is hastened by other factors, of course, such as population pressure, urbanization, and desertification, but modern agriculture must shoulder much of the blame. In India over the centuries some 30,000 different rice landraces have grown, but now Dr. H. K. Jain, of the Indian Agriculture Research Institute, in New Delhi, worries that just ten varieties will soon provide three fourths of the subcontinent's rice. According to a Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation report, "Genetic erosion is sweeping like a prairie fire across the world."

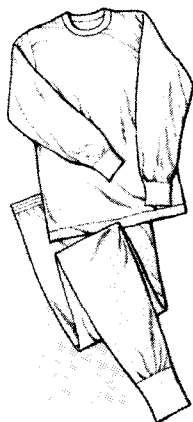
Because no one can predict when a new threat—like citrus canker—will surface, we'd be wise to keep our genetic larder as well stocked as possible. Approximately 22 percent of the plant genetic resources collected and stored worldwide are held by the United States, but even so, we are scarcely secure. "If we had only to rely on the genetic resources now available in the United States for the genes and recombinants needed to minimize genetic vulnerability of all crops into the future," writes Dr. J. P. Kendrick, Jr., of the University of California at Davis, "we would soon experience losses equal to or greater than those caused by southern corn leaf blight a few years ago—at a rapidly accelerating rate across the entire crop spectrum."

Once a primitive variety is replaced by an improved strain, it may never be planted again. At that point, if it has not already been collected and preserved, it will be lost. The magnitude of such a loss can easily be underestimated. The new varieties, after all, are often demonstrably superior to those they supplant—they tend to be higher yielding, more reliable. By contrast, the lost varieties may seem undistinguished, but over the ages

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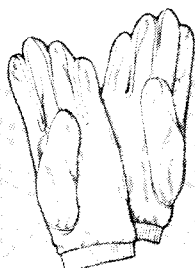
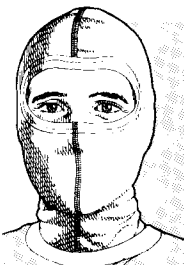
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they might have evolved a resistance to some specific pest, or a tolerance for particular environmental conditions, the genetic ingredients for which will be lost along with them. A few years ago an expedition to the Sierra de Manantlan, in western Mexico, turned up a primitive relative of corn, *zea diploperennis*, growing in a peasant farmer's field. *Zea diploperennis*, in addition to being resistant to four of the seven major corn diseases, happens to be a perennial. The development of perennial corn would revolutionize agriculture.

A KEY FACTOR in the decline of genetic diversity has been the emergence of a global seed industry. Since the Second World War the enactment of legislation regarding plant patenting and plant-breeders' rights, which provides a form of monopoly protection, coupled with a growing preference among farmers for hybrid crop varieties, which cannot be propagated from their own seeds, has enabled seed companies for the first time to exercise true proprietary control over the seeds they sell. Concurrently the Green Revolution push for higher agricultural productivity in the Third World has opened vast new markets, fueling the internationalization of the seed trade. (U.S. seed exports have doubled since 1970.) What had long been a local or regional business moved into the big leagues of world commerce as independent seed companies were incorporated into multinational chemical and pharmaceutical firms such as Royal Dutch/Shell, Monsanto, ITT, and Ciba-Geigy. These new players wielded previously unimaginable financial clout, and to some in the Third World they seemed to be guilty of a sophisticated technological sleight of hand. According to Cary Fowler, an agricultural economist who is particularly critical of the developed world's seed-bank policies, plant varieties originally collected in the South have been altered slightly by Northern seed companies and then sold back to their countries of origin. Again according to Fowler, forage legumes gathered in Libya were grown out for seed in Australia and marketed to the Libyans as improved varieties. The same sort of seed manipulation, Fowler charges, happened with Sudanese sorghum.

In 1981 the Mexican government commissioned a team from American University to study the international seed industry's activities in Mexico. The dollar value of the contribution that

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Third World genetic resources make to the economies of the developed world is impossible to fix, but no one doubts that that contribution is enormous. The Mexicans felt that the return on their investment was unsatisfactory. They noted that the overwhelming majority of genetic resources collected in the South were stored in facilities that were either located in or controlled by nations of the North. But no internationally recognized covenants guided the operation of those facilities or the management of the resources they contained. In an atmosphere of escalating North-South tension, the Mexicans wondered, what would prevent one government from denying another access to genetic material held within its borders, regardless of where the stuff initially came from?

Not much, their research suggested, save for a tradition of collegial good will. The Mexicans were not reassured by a 1977 letter from the head of the U.S. Agricultural Research Service to the chairman of the International Board for Plant Genetic Resources (IBPGR). The IBPGR is a quasi-independent entity funded mainly by the World Bank-backed Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research (CGIAR). Though it is housed at FAO headquarters, in Rome, the IBPGR is not a UN agency, but in 1977 it was the only international organization with a specific mandate to coordinate genetic-resource activities. Its director had polled governments and relevant agencies on their policies regarding access to genetic materials placed in their care. The U.S. letter, whose policy implications have since been reaffirmed, stated in part that materials stored at U.S. facilities "would become the property of the U.S. government, would be incorporated with our regular collections, and made available upon request on the same basis as the rest of the collection. . . . As you know, it has been our policy for many years to freely exchange germplasm with most countries of the world. Political considerations have at times dictated exclusion of a few countries." The Mexicans arrived in Rome for the November, 1981, FAO conference intent on seeking a change. They petitioned for UN control of the IBPGR, for a UN-sponsored and -operated international seed-storage facility and gene bank, and for a formal international legal convention on plant genetic resources.

The developed nations were unimpressed. Acknowledging the need to

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Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.

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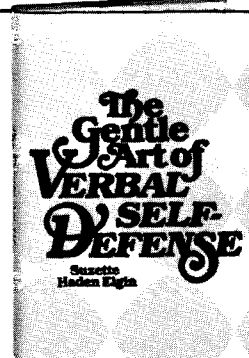
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protect and preserve the world's gene stocks, they supported the principle of full and free exchange, but they firmly opposed the Mexican proposals. In particular, they rejected the idea of an international legal convention, saying that it would contravene legislation to protect domestic plant varieties. They contended that privately held materials could not be transferred to international control and, further, that the imposition of UN supervision would needlessly politicize gene collection and storage. To create a new system was unnecessary, they said, when the current one worked fine.

Third World representatives countered that since their resources had been removed for use and storage in the North, they were entitled to stronger guarantees of access. While commending the efforts of the IBPGR, which maintains research collections worldwide, they lamented its uncertain mandate and limited funding. Finally, they suggested that the existing mixture of independent public and private activities, in the absence of some sort of international supervision, provided no way of knowing what resources were held where, or who was collecting what. The debate ended in a draw, with the conference asking the director-general of the FAO to "examine and prepare the elements of a draft international convention" and to assemble a background report on the status of genetic-preservation efforts for presentation to the 22nd Conference, in Rome, in 1983.

Director-General Edouard Saouma's report did little to bolster the Northern nations' position. It found that "there is no established mechanism for the global coordination of plant genetic resource activities." The International Board for Plant Genetic Resources was described as "an entity without legal personality . . . managed by experts acting in their own personal capacity," whose work, in any case, was financially dependent "to a large extent on voluntary contributions from CGIAR donors, which do not make longer-term commitments in this respect." The report went on, "The essential characteristic of the present system . . . is its lack of institutionalization. . . . Certain essential guarantees with respect to plant genetic resource activities in the IBPGR system are contained in a letter of commitment for which, however, there is no legal basis."

The report concluded,

Whether or not restrictions on the availability of plant genetic resources are more widespread than has so far become apparent, the fact remains that there has been no general commitment on the part of governments or relevant institutions to apply the principle of free exchange and to ensure that this principle is adequately reflected in basic legal texts.

A draft convention was attached.

AT THE 22ND Conference, argumentation—and there was a lot of it—turned mainly on what legal authority, if any, the proposed convention might have, and on precisely which categories of genetic resources would fall under its provisions. No one objected to the proposition that global gene stocks were, in UN parlance, a "common heritage" of mankind, but beyond that, consensus evaporated. Developing nations hoped that the convention would assure them of access not only to their own primitive varieties now held in foreign collections but also to the intermediate and end products of research conducted to improve those varieties. Developed nations sought a more limited access. In their view, the common heritage included everything as yet unimproved or uncollected and still growing in the wild or in native agriculture, and everything already controlled by international institutions like the IBPGR and the CGIAR. What it emphatically did not include was "advanced breeder's lines," the stocks used by plant geneticists to develop improved varieties, or any other privately held materials regarded as proprietary by their holders. The United Kingdom delegate called such resources "commercially sensitive," and a U.S. delegate, C. R. Benjamin, asserted, "There is simply no way that control of those collections will be granted to any outside organization."

Of course, the developed nations have the most use for the diverse genetic resources of the Third World, which in turn badly wants precisely the proprietary lines: the critical links between primitive and improved varieties.

The debate was acrimonious even by UN standards. Eventually an uneasy compromise was struck. The broader definition would apply, but instead of a legal convention the conference would authorize a non-binding "undertaking," which is the FAO equivalent of a sense-of-the-congress resolution: an expression of collective opinion which commits

no one to anything. Still, both sides continued to press their cases. The Third World, led by the Mexicans, fought to have language adopted that might improve the odds for a legal convention at some later date, and they eventually succeeded.

AGAINST THAT background the 23rd Biennial gets under way this month in Rome. The South will certainly renew its demand for a legally binding convention, which the North can again be expected to resist. A great deal rides in the balance. Developing countries, having fared poorly in their attempts at industrialization, are increasingly turning to modern export agriculture as an alternative. This has two immediate effects. First, it makes them more determined than ever to gain access to genetic resources that they believe might enhance their chances for success. Second, and probably more important, it quickens the pace at which natural genetic diversity is being eliminated in favor of a more profitable genetic homogeneity. If hitherto uncollected plant varieties are to be saved, the time is now. "If the work is not done within the next five to ten years," J. Trevor Williams, the executive secretary of the IBPGR, told the British journal *Nature*, "we're finished." Some observers fear that developing nations may forbid further collecting if they are thwarted in their call for international controls. Ethiopia has already embargoed its coffee germplasm, which is urgently needed by Latin American growers.

The stakes of the developed nations have also been substantially raised. The absorption of small independent seed houses into big chemical conglomerates is no accident, coming as it does when the biotechnology industry is poised at the verge of commercial viability. Genetic resources are approximately as important to biotechnology as iron ore is to steel manufacture, and many of the industry's most promising potential products are agricultural. From the perspective of the developed world, any disruption now of the established order could be disastrous. Huge sums have been invested in research and development on the understanding that the results would be the sole property of their developers. The prospect of such property passing into the public domain does not go down easily in the boardrooms and capitals of the North.

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MIASMA VICE

BY ALFRED GINGOLD

WHAT'S HOT ON the networks? Viewers tuning in to the season's brightest new series have been hooked by scenes like these:

A cocaine dealer rules his empire from a wheelchair in a barren cell. He is waited on hand and foot by an insolent, scrofulous servant who, despite constant scolding and the occasional smack in the nose, is unable to leave. Although the dealer affects a lordly air, he takes his orders from two gaudily dressed Cubans who live in garbage cans in the corner of the room.

A man clad in black advances unsteadily toward the camera astride a decrepit bicycle. He works one of the pedals with the tip of a homemade crutch. Bright sun beats down. The bike topples. The man falls over in a ragged heap, sighing and struggling gamely on. The camera fixes on the twitching form for six minutes before the first commercial break.

An aging cop staking out a suspected fence reminisces to himself about his childhood, first love, early days on the force, and the day he lost his faith in God. Mist fogs the windshield as his mumbling drones on incoherently. In the morning the cop resigns from the force and cleans out his locker, still mumbling.

NETWORK TELEVISION? And how. *Miasma Vice* has been attacked by critics as nasty, brutish, and too long, yet its ratings continue to rise and it is approaching the popularity of heavies like *All in the Skull*, *Not Standing*, and *Leave It to Bubo*. Millions are tuning in to *Miasma Vice*'s vistas of ashes, dust, and mud, its soundtrack of industrial noise and random crickets, and its absence of romance, humor, or action. This season, it seems, bleak is chic.

At heart *Miasma Vice* is no different from dozens of other cop shows. Vladimir Tubbs and Estragon Crockett are two sexy, funky hobos-turned-narcs. They live in big gray urns when they are not picking dirt off each other, scrabbling for root vegetables, or coming down hard on the master drug-and-flesh peddlers along their particular stretch of Desolation Row. It's the *feel* of the show that makes the difference, and the feel, as executive producer Mort Malone puts

it, is "very post-Armageddon, but with pizzazz." *Miasma Vice* is shot on location at toxic-waste dumps, flophouses, and Death Valley. Since these men work undercover, they can't afford to look respectable, and they certainly don't. Tubbs wears hair shirts, specially ripped suits, and—his trademark—a shawl fashioned from a King Biscuit Boy flour sack. Crockett wears a partially melted Rolex with no hands, wire-rimmed spectacles with a missing lens, and a voluminous, tattered robe that is actually a winding sheet. Both sport crushed derbies. Each week Tubbs and Crockett receive new orders from their captain's purported assistant, a boy with eyes that have seen much. He dispatches them on a tedious mission to an unspecified destination for a purpose they do not under-

stand. Each episode ends with Tubbs and Crockett vowing to quit the force if their captain doesn't show up to explain what they're doing. He never shows up and they never quit. Instead, Tubbs and Crockett are left waiting and wondering until next week, all the while wishing they were home in their urns.

"THE SUCCESS OF OUR show has everything to do with 'Nam—'Nam was definitely the beginning," says Mort (never Morty) Malone, the forty-two-year-old wunderkind who is mother hen, father confessor, avatar, and self-titled "chief noodge" of *Miasma Vice*. "Since 'Nam and Cambodia and Lebanon and the other spinoffs, despair has really come into its own. Used to be just an emotion, a mood thing. Now it's a whole look, a life-style. Being down is very hip, very young, very now. We are the downest show on the air, and that's why we're a hit. I mean that sincerely. Here, try a carrot."

At first glance Mort Malone looks like a typical, abrasive studio viper. But there are subtle differences. The pale gray Armani trousers are held up with coarse twine, which Malone buys in hardware stores and ages himself in his garage. He drives a Citroën 2CV and sucks stones to relax. His habit makes his speech thick and hard to understand, but Malone is not bothered. "The stones are a lot healthier than cigarettes, I can tell you," he says. "Keeps me calm, gives my jaws a workout, even buffs my caps." He expertly expels a pebble into the rusted wire trash can ("Authentic municipal issue," he boasts) that he keeps in his spacious hovel of an office. Malone has reason to be happy. For five years, after the quick demise of *The Unnamables*, a series he produced about a group of detectives who solved crimes without leaving a darkened room, pickings were slim for Malone. There was a flurry of attention over his nineteen-part adaptation of *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*, but nothing came of it. Malone found himself on the brink of applying to dental school, fulfilling his mother's dream. *Miasma Vice* was his last chance. It worked.

Malone spares nothing to protect his vision. He supervises the production of



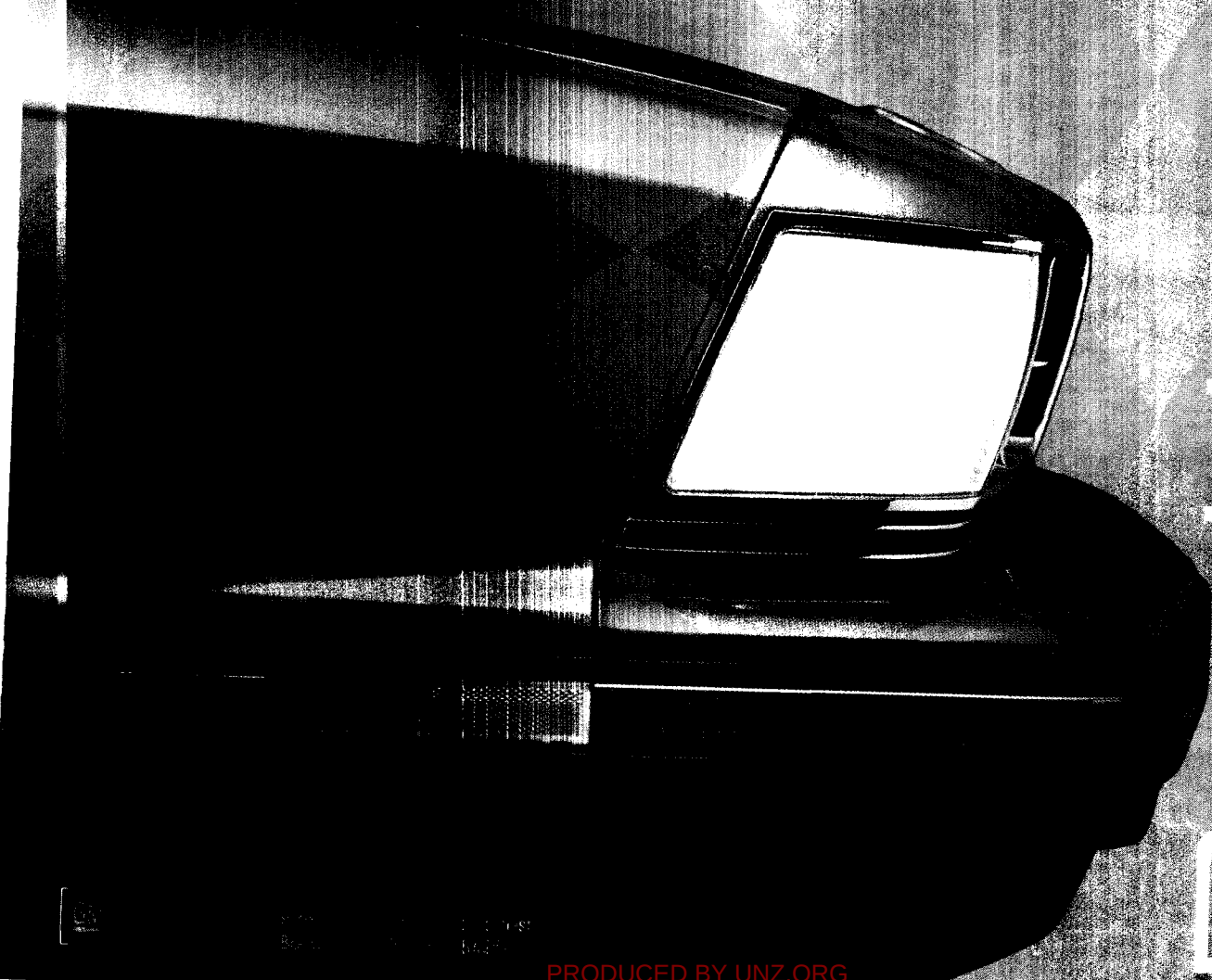
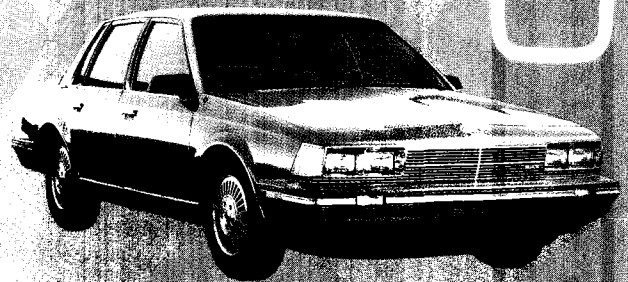
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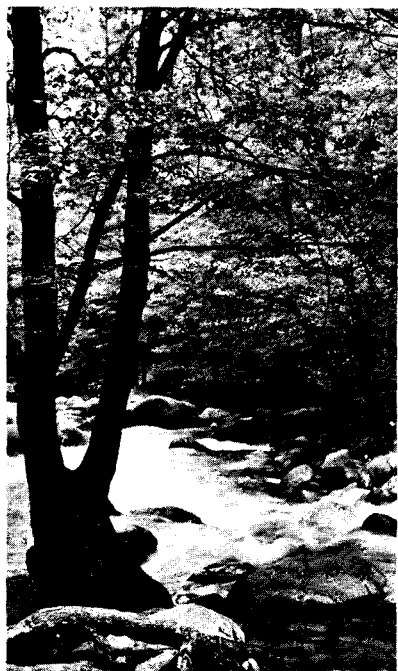
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every episode. On the set at all times are two real-life bums, one an aging vaudevillian, the other a former philosophy instructor from USC. The men are there simply to answer questions, whether they concern the correct way to collapse or the relationship of cops to the cosmos. "It's tough putting this show together," Malone says. "But I love it, I really do. Not a day goes by that I don't say to myself, 'I can't go on, I'll go on.' Of course, Beckett said that first—or was it Stephen Stills?"

MUCH OF *Miasma Vice's* appeal turns on the unusual chemistry between the show's two stars. To say that both lack the bland good looks of most television stars would be an understatement. To say they have charm would be a lie. Bolivia Newton-Juan plays Vladimir Tubbs; he is dark, romantic, and badly in need of dermabrasion. Vince De Paul, who plays Estragon Crockett, has rheumy blue eyes that are even more bloodshot than they appear on screen. No sooner does one enter the trailer the two stars share on location than the irrepressible De Paul offers a swig off his pint of Mr. Boston Lemon Gin. Then, eyes rolling heavenward, he coolly nods out and slides off the other sofa to nestle amidst the dirty laundry, old magazines, and empty fried-chicken buckets that festoon the floor. Newton-Juan chuckles warmly and pries the grimy bottle loose from De Paul's fingers. "Vince won't mind," he says, helping himself greedily. Some gin misses his mouth and drips off his chin.

Bo Newton-Juan's suave, easy manner belies the fact that he lived alone in the Maine woods for six years after his release from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, naval stockade, where he served eighteen months on charges he will not discuss. During his confinement he joined the prisoners' drama group and discovered acting. "My Lady Teazle in our modern-dress *School for Scandal* was the talk of the brig for I don't know how long. I gained a lot of confidence and made some friends. Of course, the last show I did there, Racine's *Phèdre*, didn't do nearly as well, and I was a little hurt by that." A tremulous smile suggests a sense of fun that, as Tubbs, he can rarely show. "But you know, I think that Vladimir, under the rags and scabs and drool and tears, is really a dancin' fool. Like me. I like to move, like to groove, like to—" He stops abruptly. While his mouth moves silently, he crouches and

duckwalks behind the sofa. Vince De Paul, squinting woozily, giggles. "He gets that way—punishment for being born, I guess," De Paul croaks, as he retrieves the Mr. Boston from his co-star.

A self-described "renovated hunk of sixties flotsam," De Paul has been devoted to the craft of acting as far back as he can remember—which is to an acid trip he took in June of 1966. Deeply proud of his classical training, he holds an M.F.A. in juggling from NYU and played leads for three seasons with the Lido Beach Underwater Shakespeare Festival. De Paul frequently spends off-hours in costume and makeup, observing the reactions he elicits. "It's research," he says. "Recently I was hanging out with some fellows in an alley. We were sifting through garbage cans for butt ends to smoke. Great guys. Not much to say, but I really learned a lot from the way they grunt and murmur. Suddenly this huge cop appeared and told us to move on. Then he recognized me. Said he'd know my wens anywhere, so I peeled one off and gave it to him. He almost fainted, didn't know they were fake. We went for coffee, and he started into this long ramble about his life: getting married, walking his beat, making payments, the works. Then he drove me home and gave me his agent's card. We're negotiating for the guy's story now. God, I love the way we can get real with this show." He laughs with the hoarse bray that recently won him a six-figure record deal. Asked if he is a happy man, he nods vigorously, and then looks pensive and drops his head into his hands. He sobs deeply for a moment, then begins to snore.

The door to the trailer squeaks open and Mort Malone enters. His stars are wanted on the set. Piqued but unfazed, he coaxes Bolivia from behind the sofa, then props Vince up against the wall and, with practiced hands, adjusts the mud encrustations on his winding sheet. He talks with quiet intensity. "I don't need this anymore, I really don't. I've got a lovely place in Malibu and I keep a piano crate in a vacant lot in Burbank for when I need to get away from everyone. The show's already a hit. I stay involved because I believe we're touching people where they live. Not that many of our viewers live in urns, of course, but I'll bet lots of them feel like they do. That's why we're loved, if my memories of being loved do not fail me. If only I could cut down on stones, my life would be perfect." □

A New Caveat

Caveat emptor. Let the buyer beware!

It commonly was said in the ancient marketplace that you buy at your own risk. Such was the lament of every disappointed shopper, and the defense of every unscrupulous merchant.

Even in modern times some businesses—and some customers—have acted as if that old Latin proverb still were true.

It's not. Nor should it be.

A better and certainly more accurate tenet is: Let the manufacturer beware.

Let the manufacturer beware of unkept promises, of shoddy workmanship, of unjust prices. Let the manufacturer beware because the customer won't stand for it. As a manufacturer, we won't stand for it either.

Customers today are sophisticated, intelligent, tough-minded, and practical. They know what they want and they know value. They mean business. And it isn't business as usual.

We welcome this. People who make superior products always prefer customers who are in search of value.

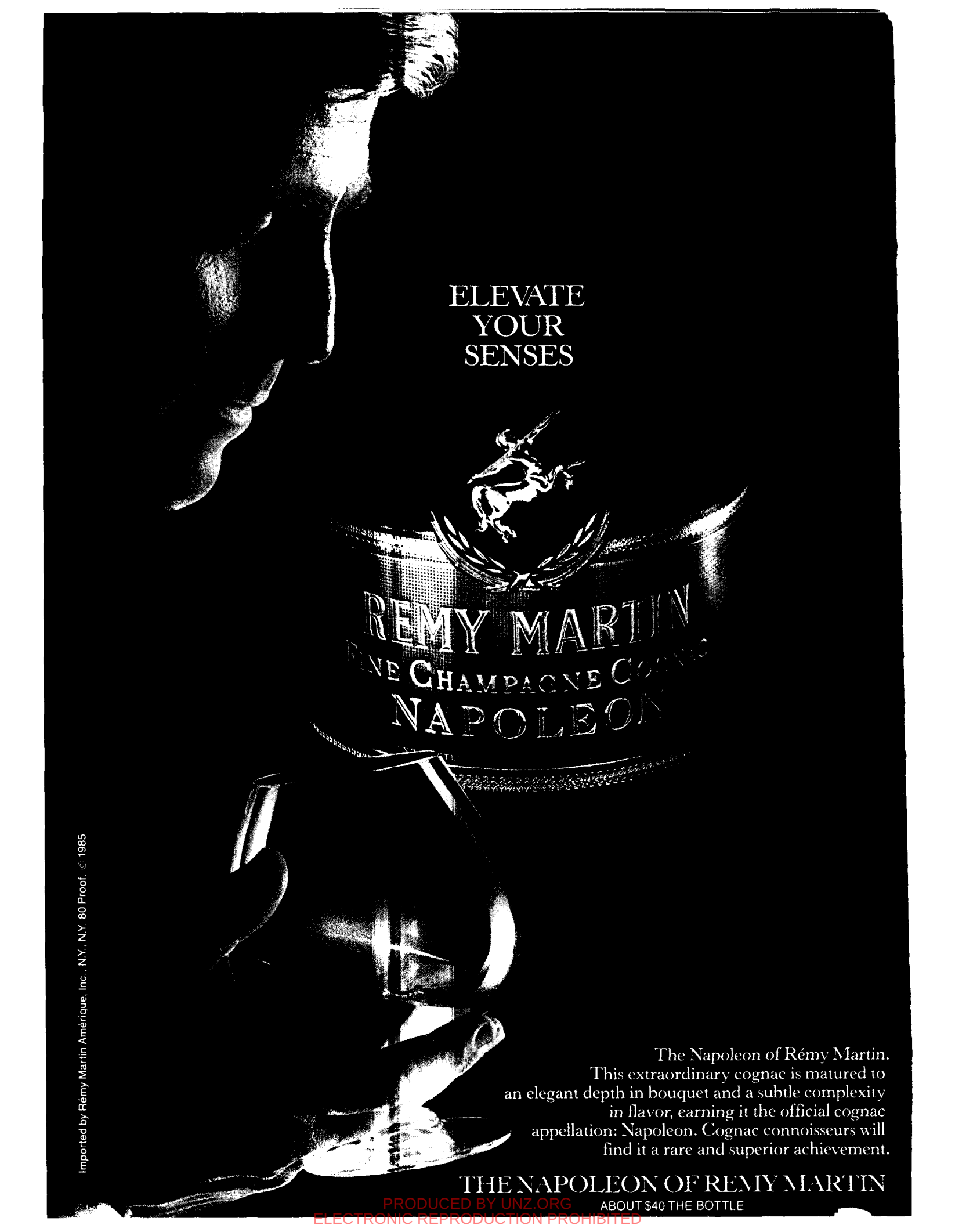
Quality is an obsession with us. It has to be. We have no other choice if we want to succeed. Customers do have a choice. They always can go to the competition. And the competition today comes from companies around the world, companies always eager to expand their niche in the market at the expense of other companies that are inattentive to the customer.

How does a company succeed in today's competitive business climate? The only way we know is to provide value for money... to anticipate and satisfy the customer's needs... to deliver quality products and service on time and at a competitive price.

Quality is never an accident. It is the result of a conscious and constant effort to produce a superior product or service. It means everyone at every level of our corporation trying to do everything we can consistently better than we did before.

Anything less than the best is not worthy of our customers. Or our employees.





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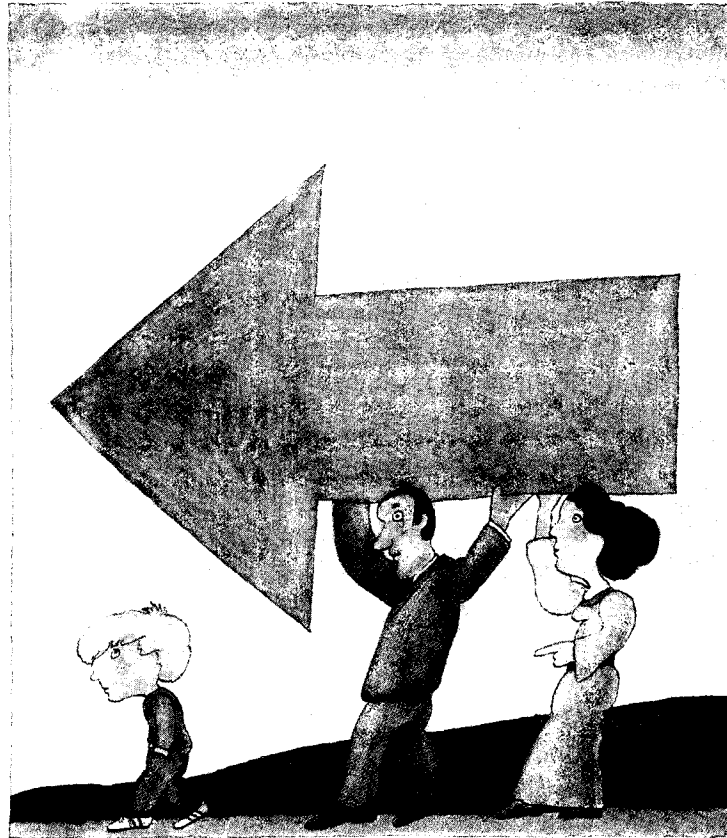
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*A child can be expected to behave well
only if his parents live by the values they teach*

PUNISHMENT VERSUS DISCIPLINE

BY BRUNO BETTELHEIM



Children need models more than they need critics.

—Joseph Joubert, *Pensées*, 1842

MANY PARENTS WONDER WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO teach their children discipline. But the majority of those who have asked my opinions on discipline have spoken of it as something that parents impose on children, rather than something that parents instill in them. What they really seem to have in mind is punishment—in particular, physical punishment.

Unfortunately, punishment teaches a child that those who have power can force others to do their will. And when the child is old enough and able, he will try to use such force himself—for instance, punishing his parents by acting in ways most distressing to them. Thus parents would be well advised to keep in mind Shakespeare's words: "They that have power to hurt and will do none. . . . They rightly do inherit heaven's graces."

Among those graces is being loved and emulated by one's children.

Any punishment sets us against the person who inflicts it on us. We must remember that injured feelings can be much more lastingly hurtful than physical pain.

A once common example of both physical and emotional punishment is washing out a child's mouth with soap because the child has used bad language. While the procedure is only uncomfortable, rather than painful, the degradation the child experiences is great. Without consciously knowing it the child responds not only to the obvious message that he said something bad but also to the implicit message that the parent views his insides as dirty and bad—that the child himself is vile. In the end the parent's goal—to eliminate bad language from the child's vocabu-

lary—is rarely achieved. Instead, the punishment serves to convince the child that although the parent is very much concerned with overt behavior, he is completely uninterested in whatever annoyance compelled the child to use bad language. It convinces him that the parent is interested only in what he wants, and not in what the child wants. If this is so, the child in his inner being reasons, then why shouldn't he too be interested only in what he wants, and ignore the wishes of his parent?

I have known children who, upon having their mouths washed out with soap, stopped saying bad words out loud but continually repeated the words to themselves, responding to even the slightest frustration with streams of silent vituperation. Their anger made them unable to form any good relationships, which made them angrier still, which made them think up worse swear words.

Even if a child feels he has done wrong, he senses that there must be some better way to correct him than by inflicting physical or emotional pain. When we experience painful or degrading punishment, most of us learn to avoid situations that lead to it; in this respect punishment is effective. However, punishment teaches foremost the desirability of not getting caught, so the child who before punishment was open in his actions now learns to hide them and becomes devious. The more hurtful the punishment, the more devious the child will become.

Like the criminal who tries to get a more lenient sentence by asserting that he knows he has done wrong, our children learn to express remorse when we expect them to. Usually they are sorry only that they have been found out and may be punished. Thus we should not be fooled when they tell us that they know they did wrong, and we certainly should not extract such an admission from them, since it is essentially worthless—made to pacify us or to get the reckoning over with.

It is much better to tell a child that we are sure that if he had known he was doing wrong he would not have done so. This is nearly always the case. The child may have thought, "If my father finds out, he will be angry," but this is very different from believing that what one is doing is wrong. At any moment a child believes that whatever he is doing is fully justified. If he takes a forbidden cookie, to

his mind the intensity of his desire justifies the act. Later, parental criticism or punishment may convince him that the price he has to pay for his act is too high. But this is a realization after the event.

When we tell a child that we disapprove of what he has done but are convinced that his intentions were good, our positive approach will make it relatively easy for him to listen to us and not close his mind in defense against what we have to say. And while he still might not like our objecting, he will covet our good opinion of him enough to want to retain it, even if that entails a sacrifice.



Although we may be annoyed when our children do wrong, we ought to remember Freud's observation that the voice of reason, though soft, is insistent. Shouting will not help us. It may shock a child into doing our will, but he knows and we know that it is not the voice of reason. Our task is to create situations in which reason can be heard. If we become emotional, as we are apt to do when we are upset about our child's undisciplined behavior and anxious about what it may foretell about his future, then we are not likely to speak with this soft voice of reason. And when the child is upset by fear of our displeasure, not to mention when he is anx-

ious about what we may do to him, then he is in no position to listen well, if at all, to this soft voice.

Even the kindest and most well-intentioned parent will sometimes become exasperated. The difference between the good and the not-so-good parent in such situations is that the good parent will realize that his exasperation probably has more to do with himself than with what the child did, and that showing his exasperation will not be to anyone's advantage. The good parent makes an effort to let his passions cool. The not-so-good parent, in contrast, believes that his exasperation was caused only by his child and that therefore he has every right to act on it.

The fundamental issue is not punishment at all but the development of morality—that is, the creation of conditions that not only allow but strongly induce a child to wish to be a moral, disciplined person. If we succeed in attaining this goal, then there will be no occasion to think of punishment. But even setting aside the goal of inspiring ethical behavior, punishing one's child is, I believe, unde-

sirable in every respect but one: it allows the discharge of parental anger and aggression.

There is little question that when a child has seriously misbehaved, a reasonable punishment may clear the air. By acting on his annoyance and anxiety, the parent finds relief; freed of these upsetting emotions, he may feel somewhat bad about having punished the child, maybe even a bit guilty about having done so, but much more positive about his child. The child, for his part, no longer feels guilty about what he has done. In the eyes of the parent he has paid the penalty; in his own eyes, usually, he has more than paid it.

In this manner parent and child, freed of emotions that bothered them and stood between them, can feel that peace has been restored to each of them and between them. But is this the best way to attain the long-range goal: to help the child become a person who acts ethically? Does the experience of having a parent who acts self-righteously or violently produce in the child the wish to act ethically on his own? Does that experience increase the child's respect for and trust in his parent? Would it not have been better, from the standpoint of deterrence and moral growth, if the child had had to struggle longer with his guilt? Isn't guilt—the pangs of conscience—a much better and more lasting deterrent than the fear of punishment? Acting in line with the urgings of one's conscience surely makes for a more responsible and sturdy personality than acting out of fear.

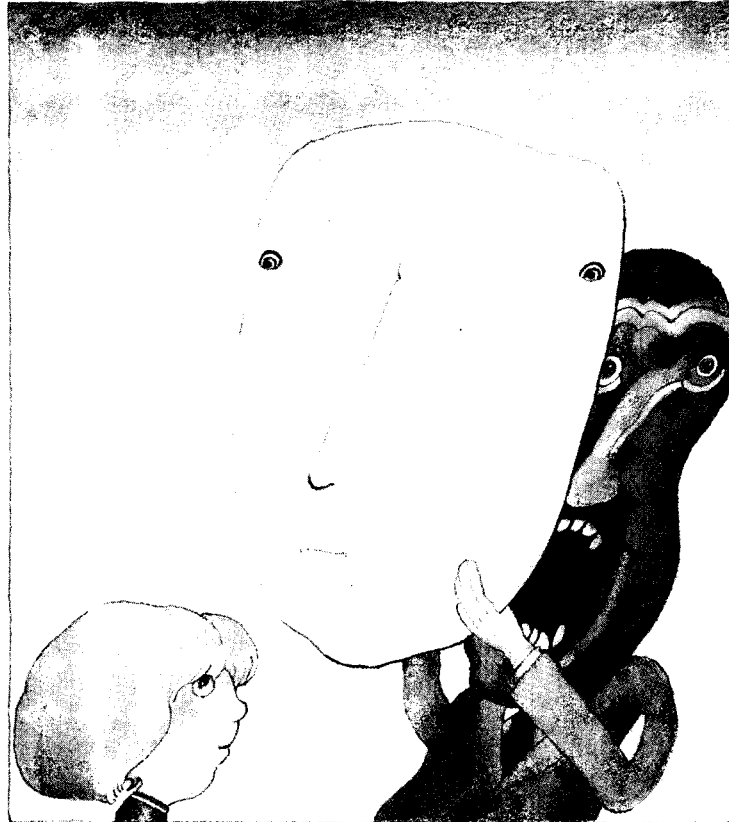
Punishment is a traumatic experience not only in itself but also because it disappoints the child's wish to believe in the benevolence of the parent, on which his sense of security rests. Therefore, as is true for many traumatic experiences, punishment can be subject to repression.

A good case can be made that adults who remember childhood punishments as positive experiences do so because the negative aspects were so severe that they had to be completely repressed or denied. When the punished child reaches adulthood, he remembers only the relief that came with the re-establishment of positive feelings—with the reconciliation that followed the punishment. But this does not mean that at the time the punishment was inflicted it was not detrimental. As far as I know, no child claims right after being punished that it did him a lot of good.

PROBABLY NONE OF THE COMMON TRANSGRESSIONS OF childhood upsets parents more than stealing. What disturbs them most is usually not the thefts themselves—bad as they are. It is the idea that their children may grow up to be thieves. But a child has no intention of becoming a criminal when he takes some small item, and he can be deeply hurt when his parents react as if he might become one. The child nearly always knows that he has done wrong, and if his parents are dissatisfied with him, he understands, but if they are anxious about him, his self-esteem is shaken. We ought not to view what the child has

done as a crime. According to law, a child cannot commit a crime. So why should we be more severe with our child than the law would be?

I am not saying that parents should disregard what their child does. The reactions of a child's parents strongly influence the formation of that child's personality. Any transgression that parents consider serious requires an appropriate response, so that the child can learn. If a child's error remains unrecognized, or is made light of, he is likely to feel encouraged to repeat what he has done, maybe even on a larger scale. (This is why it is important for parents to be aware of what their child



is doing—what he's been up to when, say, he acquires a new possession of unknown origin.) But though parents should take seriously what their child does, they should not make more of it than the child can comprehend as justified.

Clearly, a child must not be permitted to enjoy ill-gotten goods. He must immediately restore what he has taken to its rightful owner, with the appropriate apologies. If some damage has been done, the owner must be adequately compensated. Every child can understand the necessity of this, even though he might be afraid to approach the owner.

Having the child see the owner all by himself is usually not the best idea. When we supervise, we can be sure of the manner in which he returns what he has taken. More important, the child can observe directly how embarrassed we are by what he has done. One of the worst experiences a child can have is to realize that he has embarrassed his parents in front of a stranger. If we punish the child in addition to putting him through such an experience, we

may considerably weaken the impression we have made. The child's sense of guilt usually centers more on the pain he has caused us than on the misdeed itself. For this reason punishment is a weak deterrent: it makes the offender so angry at those who inflict it that his sense of guilt is diminished.

It may make little difference to parents who fear for their child's future whether the child has stolen from them or from others. Parents tend to lump those two actions together in their minds. But for the child, taking things from a member of the family and taking things from a stranger are entirely different matters. We do him an injustice if we do not discriminate between these two situations. We also hamper our efforts to set things straight in the present and to prevent repetitions in the future.

Most children are occasionally tempted to take some small change from their parents. The reasons are manifold. The child wishes to buy something he longs for; he wishes to find out how observant his parents are, with respect both to their own possessions and to those the child acquires; he wishes to make his parents aware of how desperately he wants something. He may wish to keep up with his friends, or to buy their friendship. He may wish to punish the person from whom he takes something.

Parents ought to be careful not to be satisfied with the idea that their child took something, such as money, simply to indulge himself. In my experience, whenever a child—especially a middle-class child, whose needs are well taken care of—takes something from a relative, the attitude of the child toward that relative is always an important factor. For example, the child may take from a sibling because he thinks that this sibling receives more from his parents than he does. Or perhaps the child thinks that his parents have deprived him unnecessarily, or that they have shortchanged him in some way. In such cases the child thinks that he is merely correcting an unfair situation. Simply asking why the child took from one family member rather than from another may be instructive—revealing, for example, that he was angry at this person, or that the person's negligence tempted him. But parents can elicit such important information only if they remain calm. A child is not likely to be able to discover or reveal his motives when pressed to do so by people who are very angry with him or who think they know what he is going to say.

The deepest concern of most parents is their child and his future development, not their loss, which in most cases is relatively small. But a child has a hard time realizing this unless his parents go out of their way to make it clear, by trying to understand what motivated his action. Only the child's conviction that his parents care a great deal for him—not for his future, but for him right now—will strongly motivate him to preserve their good opinion of him, by striving to do nothing that is wrong in their eyes.

Children tend not to view family possessions the way their parents do. So much that is around the house is free to be used by all family members that children may have a

hard time drawing the line. Moreover, if parents play loose with their child's possessions, they ought to expect that the child might be at least tempted to do the same with their possessions.

Because of his dependence on the family, the child often has a keener sense of family—on an intuitive, subconscious level—than do his parents. Being a more primitive person, he experiences things in much more primitive and direct ways. It is *his* family; it must be *his* for him to feel secure and to be able to grow up well. If so, is not then everything that is the family's property also his? If he belongs to his parents, and they belong to him, then don't silly objects—silly by comparison with the importance of persons—such as money or other valuables that belong to his parents also belong to him? When all family possessions were really that—possessions of the family, not the private property of individual family members—perhaps the sense of family was stronger and gave each family member more security than people now experience.

We can instill in our children a much deeper feeling of family cohesiveness if we make it clear that—within reason—family property is for everyone's use. This includes relatively small amounts of money or minor valuables, the expenditure or loss of which cannot jeopardize the family's future.

THE ORIGINAL DEFINITION OF THE WORD *DISCIPLINE* refers to an instruction to be imparted to disciples. When one thinks about this definition, it becomes clear that one cannot impart anything, whether discipline or knowledge, that one does not possess oneself. Also it is obvious that acquiring discipline and being a disciple are intimately related.

Most of us when hearing or using the word *disciple* are likely to be reminded of the biblical Apostles. Their deepest wish was to emulate Christ. They made him their guide not just because they believed in his teachings but because of their love for him and his love for them. Without such mutual love the Master's teaching and example, convincing though they were, would never have persuaded the disciples to change their lives and beliefs as radically as they did.

The story of Christ's disciples suggests that love and admiration are powerful motives for adopting a person's values and ideas. By the same token, the combination of teaching, example, and mutual love is most potent in preventing one from going against what this admired individual stands for, even when one is tempted to do so. Thus the most reliable method of instilling desirable values and a discipline based on these values into the minds of our children should be obvious.

Probably the only way for an undisciplined person to acquire discipline is through admiring and emulating someone who *is* disciplined. This process is greatly helped if the disciple believes that even if he is not *the* favorite of the master, at least he is one of the favorites. Such a belief fur-



ther motivates the disciple to form himself in the image of the master—to identify with him.

Fortunately, the younger the child, the more he wishes to admire his parents. In fact, he cannot do other than admire them, because he needs to believe in their perfection in order to be able to feel safe himself. And in whose image can the young child form himself but in that of one or both of the parents, or whoever functions in their place? Nobody else is as close and as important to him as they are; nobody else loves him as much or takes such good care of him. It is for these reasons, too, that the child wishes to believe that he is his parents' favorite. Sibling rivalry is caused by the fear that he might not be the favorite, and that one of his siblings is. How acutely a child suffers from sibling rivalry is a clear indication of how great his wish is to be the parents' favorite, and how consuming his fear is that he is not.

It is natural and probably unavoidable for parents sometimes to prefer one of their children to others. Parents sometimes fool themselves into believing that they love all their children equally, but this is rarely the case. At best, a parent will like each of his children very much—most parents do—but he will like each child in different ways, and for different reasons. Most parents love one child more at

one time and another more at another time, which is only natural, because children behave differently at various moments in their lives and thus evoke different emotional reactions in their parents. But if a child has reason to feel that he is the favorite some of the time, he is likely to believe that he is the favorite most of the time. In this situation, as in so many others, the wish is father to the thought. All of this works, of course, only if the child is not too often and too severely disappointed by the attitudes of his parents.

As the child grows older, he will cease to admire his parents so single-mindedly. By comparison with the wider circle of people he gets to know as he grows up, his parents will seem deficient in some respects. However, while the child may admire his parents less and question aspects of their behavior, his need to admire them unconditionally is so deeply rooted that it will be powerfully present in his unconscious for a long time—at least until he reaches maturity, if not longer. Thus, fortunately, in most families there is a solid basis for the child's wish to be his parents' disciple—to be able to love and admire them, and to emulate them, if not in all then certainly in some very important respects, and if not in his conscious then certainly in his unconscious mind.

We all know families in which this is not the case—in which the parents do not like their child very much, are disappointed in him, or do not behave so that the child can love and admire them. When a child neither admires his parents nor wishes to emulate them, he will not become disciplined under their influence. How can he, when they are not suitable models?

Such a child often finds some other person to admire, whose favorite he wishes to be, and whom he therefore comes to emulate, acquiring discipline in order to find favor in this person's eyes. The trouble is that the child is likely to seek and find an undisciplined master. An example of this syndrome is the member of a delinquent gang who is so impressed by its delinquent or otherwise asocial leader that he admires and emulates him, with disastrous consequences for the youngster and for society. On some level the youngster may know that he has not chosen well, but his need to attach himself to someone whom he can admire, and who seems to offer acceptance and security in return, is so great that it drowns out the voice of reason. It is on their child's need for such an attachment that parents can and must build in order to promote not just disciplined behavior of the child around particular issues—this is not all that difficult to obtain—but a lasting inner commitment to be, or at least to become, a disciplined person.

It is by no means easy for a child to become disciplined. Often part of the reason is that his parents are not very well disciplined themselves and thus do not provide clear models for their child to follow. Another difficulty is that parents try to teach self-discipline to their child in ways that arouse his resistance rather than his interest. And still another difficulty is that a child responds to his parents most readily—both positively and negatively—when he

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—Robert Herrick

sees that their emotional involvement is strong. When parents act with little self-discipline, they show their emotions. When they get their emotions under control, they are nearly always again able to act in line with their normal standards of discipline. Rare as it may be for a parent to lose control, those are the times that impress a child most. Disciplined behavior, while pleasing and reassuring to the child and likely to make life good for him in the long run, does not make such a strong impression on him.

For these and many other reasons teaching discipline requires great patience on the part of the teacher. The acquisition of true inner discipline, which will be an important characteristic of one's personality and behavior, requires many years of apprenticeship. The process is so slow that in retrospect it seems unremarkable—as if it were natural and easy. And yet if parents could only remember how undisciplined they themselves once were and how hard a time they had as children in disciplining themselves—if they could remember how put upon, if not abused, they felt when their parents forced them to behave well against their will—then they and their children would be much better off. One of the world's greatest teachers, Goethe, wrote an epigram

that turns on this very point: "Tell me how bear you so comfortably / The arrogant conduct of maddening youth? / Had I too not once behaved unbearably, / They would be unbearable in truth." Goethe could write these lines and enjoy their humor because he had achieved great inner security, which made it possible for him to understand with amusement the otherwise "unbearable" behavior of the young. The same feeling of security allowed him to remember how difficult—unbearable, even—he himself had been in his younger years, which many of us are tempted to forget, if our self-love does not compel us to repress or deny it.

Despite all the obstacles that parents encounter in trying to impart discipline to their children, they are the logical persons to do so, because the learning has to start so early and continue for so long. But while most parents are ready to teach their children discipline and know that they are the ones to do so, they are less ready to accept the idea that they can teach only by example. Unfortunately, the

maxim "Do as I say, not as I do" won't work with children. Whether they obey our orders or not, deep down they are influenced less by what we tell them than they are by who we are and what we do. Our children form themselves in reaction to us: the more they love us, the more they emulate us, and the more they respond positively to our consciously held values and to those of which we are not conscious but which also influence our actions. The less they like and admire us, the more negatively they respond to us in forming their personalities.

A study conducted in Sweden demonstrates how persuasive the example set by the parents can be to a child. Some years ago the Swedish government became concerned because undisciplined behavior among Swedish teenagers—as indicated by alcoholism, vandalism, delinquency, drug use, and criminal behavior—had become prevalent. To find out why some children became troublesome and others did not, researchers compared the homes of law-abiding teenagers with those of delinquents. They found that neither material assets nor social class exercised a statistically significant influence on the behavior of these young people. Instead, what was decisive was the emotional atmosphere of the home.



Teenagers who behaved well tended to have parents who were themselves responsible, upright, and self-disciplined—who lived in accord with the values they professed and encouraged their children to follow suit. When the good teenagers were exposed, as part of the investigation, to problem teenagers, their behavior was not permanently affected. They had far too securely internalized their parents' values. While some, out of curiosity, joined the activities of the delinquent or drug-using group, such experimentation was always tentative and short-lived. By the same token, when problem teenagers were forced to associate solely with "square" peers, they showed no significant improvement. Indeed, they did not even temporarily adopt non-delinquent ways of living.

The Swedish researchers found that undisciplined, asocial, problem teenagers did not necessarily come from what one would consider undisciplined or disorganized homes, nor did they have visibly asocial parents. But the parents of the asocial youngsters did tend to have conflict-

ing values or to be inconsistent in putting their values into practice. And they tended to try to hold their children to values that they themselves did not live by. As a result the children had not been able to internalize those values. Expected by their parents to be more disciplined than the examples set, most of the children turned out to be much less so.

Further study of the family backgrounds of these youngsters revealed that it hardly mattered what specific values the parents embraced—whether the parents were conservative or progressive in the views they held, strict or permissive in the ways in which they brought up their children. What made the difference was how closely the parents lived by the values that they tried to teach their children.

A PARENT WHO RESPECTS himself will feel no need to demand or command respect from his child, since he feels no need for the child's respect to buttress his security as a parent or as a person. Secure in himself, he will not feel his authority threatened and will accept it when his child sometimes shows a lack of respect for him, as young children, in particular, are apt to do. The parent's self-respect tells him that such displays arise from immaturity of judgment, which time and experience will eventually correct.

Demanding or commanding respect reveals to the child an insecure parent who lacks the conviction that his way of life will, all by itself, over time, gain him the child's respect. Not trusting that respect will come naturally, this parent has to insist on it right now. Who would wish to form himself in the image of an insecure person, even if that person is his parent? Unfortunately, the child of insecure parents often becomes an insecure person himself, because insecure parents cannot inculcate security in their children or create an environment in which the children can develop a sense of security on their own.

To be disciplined requires self-control. To be controlled by others and to accept living by their rules or orders makes it superfluous to control oneself. When the more important aspects of a child's actions and behavior are controlled by, say, his parents or teachers, he will see no need to learn to control himself; others do it for him.

How parents in other cultures try to inculcate self-control in their children can be instructive. Consider, for example, a study designed to find out why young Japanese do much better academically than Americans. When the researchers studied maternal behavior they saw clear differences between the Japanese and the Americans. Typically, when young American children ran around in supermarkets, their mothers—often annoyed—told them, "Stop that!" or "I told you not to act this way!" Japanese mothers typically refrained entirely from telling their children what to do. Instead they asked them questions, such as "How

do you think it makes the storekeeper feel when you run around like this in his store?" or "How do you think it makes me feel when my child runs around as you do?" Similarly, the American mother, wanting her child to eat what he was supposed to eat, would order the child to do so or tell him that he ought to eat it because it was good for him. The Japanese mother would ask her child a question, such as "How do you think it makes the man who grew these vegetables for you to eat feel when you reject them?" or "How do you think it makes these carrots that grew so that you could eat them feel when you do not eat them?"

Thus from a very early age the American child is told what to do, while the Japanese child is encouraged not only to consider other persons' feelings but to control himself on the basis of his own deliberations.

The reason for the higher academic achievement of Japanese youngsters may well be that the Japanese child in situations important to his mother is invited to think things out on his own, a habit that stands him in good stead when he has to master academic material. The American child, in contrast, is expected to conform his decisions and actions to what he is told to do. This expectation certainly does not encourage him to do his own thinking.

The Japanese mother does not just expect her child to be able to arrive at good decisions. She also makes an appeal to her child not to embarrass her. In the traditional Japanese culture losing face is among the worst things that can happen to a person. When a mother asks, "How do you think it makes me—or the storekeeper—feel when you act this way?" she implies that by mending his ways



the child does her, or the storekeeper, a very great favor. To be asked to do one's own thinking and to act accordingly, as well as to be told that one is able to do someone a favor, enhances one's self-respect, while to be ordered to do the opposite of what one wants is destructive of it.

WHAT IS A PARENT TO DO IN THE SHORT RUN TO prevent a child from misbehaving, as children are apt to do from time to time? Ideally, letting a child know of our disappointment should be effective and should lead the child to abstain from repeating the wrongdoing in the future. Realistically, even if a child has great love and respect for us, his parents, simply telling him of our disappointment, or showing him how great it is, will not always suffice to remedy the situation.

When our words are not enough, when telling our child to mend his ways is ineffective, then the threat of the withdrawal of our love and affection is the only sound method to impress on him that he had better conform to our request. Subconsciously recognizing how powerful a threat this is, some parents, with the best of intentions, destroy its effectiveness by assuring their children that they love them no matter what. This might well be true, but it does not sound convincing to a child, who knows that he does not love his parents no matter what, such as when they are angry at him; so how can he believe them when he can tell that they are dissatisfied, and maybe even angry at him? Most of us do not really love unconditionally. Therefore any effort to make ourselves look better, to pretend to be more loving than we are, will have the opposite effect from the one we desire. True, our love for our child can be so deep, so firmly anchored in us, that it will withstand even very severe blows. But at the moment when we are seriously disappointed in the child, our love may be at a low point, and if we want the child to change his ways, he might as well know it.

The action to take is to banish the child from our presence. We may send him out of the room or we ourselves may withdraw. Whatever, the parent is clearly indicating, "I am so disappointed in you that I do not wish, or feel unable, to maintain physical closeness with you." Here phys-

ical distance stands for emotional distance, and it is a symbol that speaks to the child's conscious and unconscious at the same time. This is why the action is so effective.

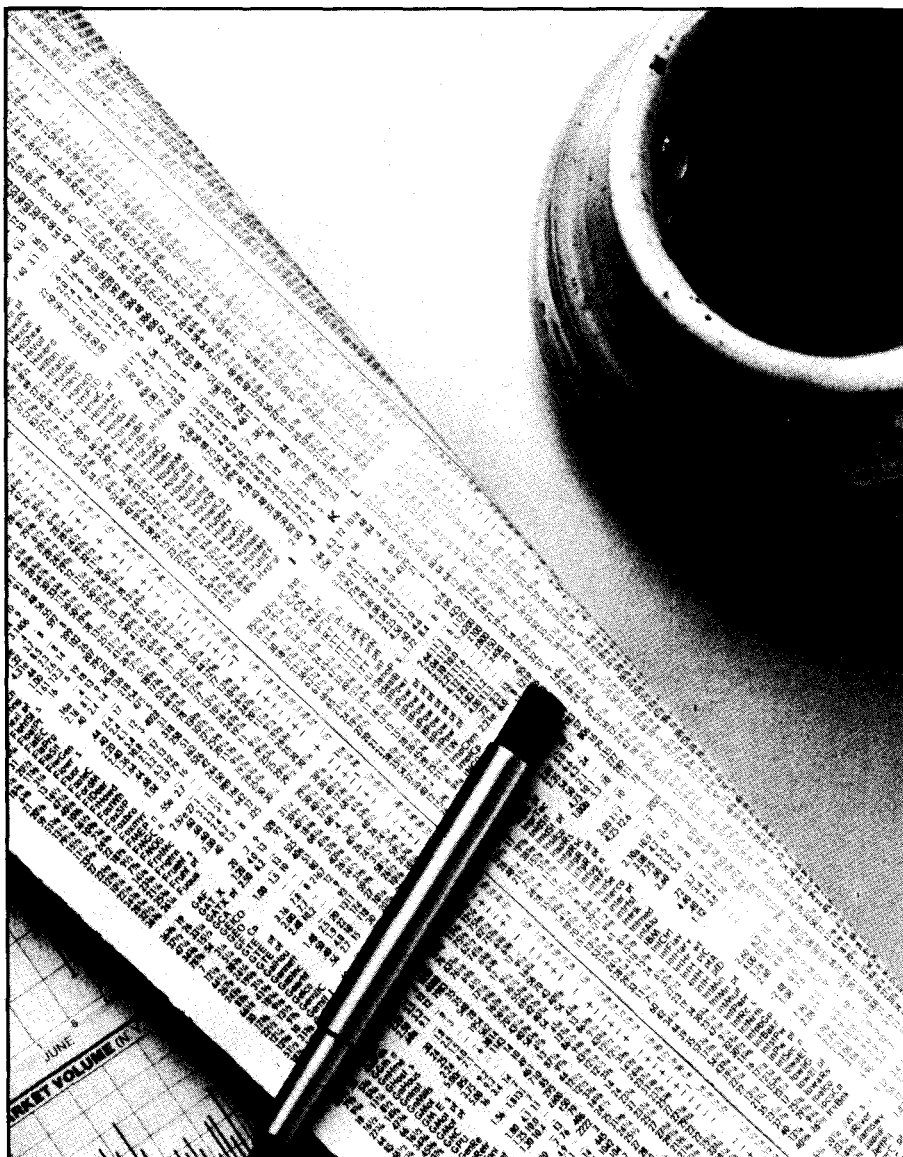
Sending the child out of sight permits both parent and child to gain distance from what has happened, to cool off, to reconsider. And that does help. But it is the threat of desertion, as likely as not, that permanently impresses the child. Separation anxiety is probably the earliest and most basic anxiety of man. The infant experiences it when his prime caretaker absents herself from him, an absence that, should it become permanent and the caretaker not be re-

placed, would indeed lead to the infant's death. Anything that rekindles this anxiety is experienced as a terrible threat. Hence, as long as a child believes, however vaguely, that his very existence is in danger if his prime caretaker deserts him, he will respond to this real, implied, or imagined threat with deep feelings of anxiety. Even when he is old enough to know that his life is not in real danger, he will respond to separation from a parent with severe feelings of dejection, because to some degree he will feel as if he were endangered. The difference is that at an older age the fear is not of physical but of emotional starvation.

If we should have any doubt that physical separation can be an effective expression of our disgust with a child's behavior, we can look to our children themselves to set us straight. The worst that a child can think of when he is disgusted with his parents is that he will run away. He makes such a threat because he is convinced that it is so terrible that it will compel us to mend our ways. Clearly, a child understands very well that when we threaten to distance ourselves from him physically we are threatening to distance ourselves from him emotionally. That threat makes a very deep impression.

We must be honest about our strong emotional reactions to our children's behavior, showing our children how deeply we love them, on the one hand, and, on the other, letting them know when we are disappointed in them, provided we do not become critical or punitive. This is all just part of being ourselves. We need not make any claim to be perfect. But if we strive as best we can to live good lives ourselves, our children, impressed by the merits of living good lives, will one day wish to do the same. □





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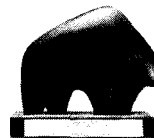
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WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER



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CULTURAL AND
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1985-1986

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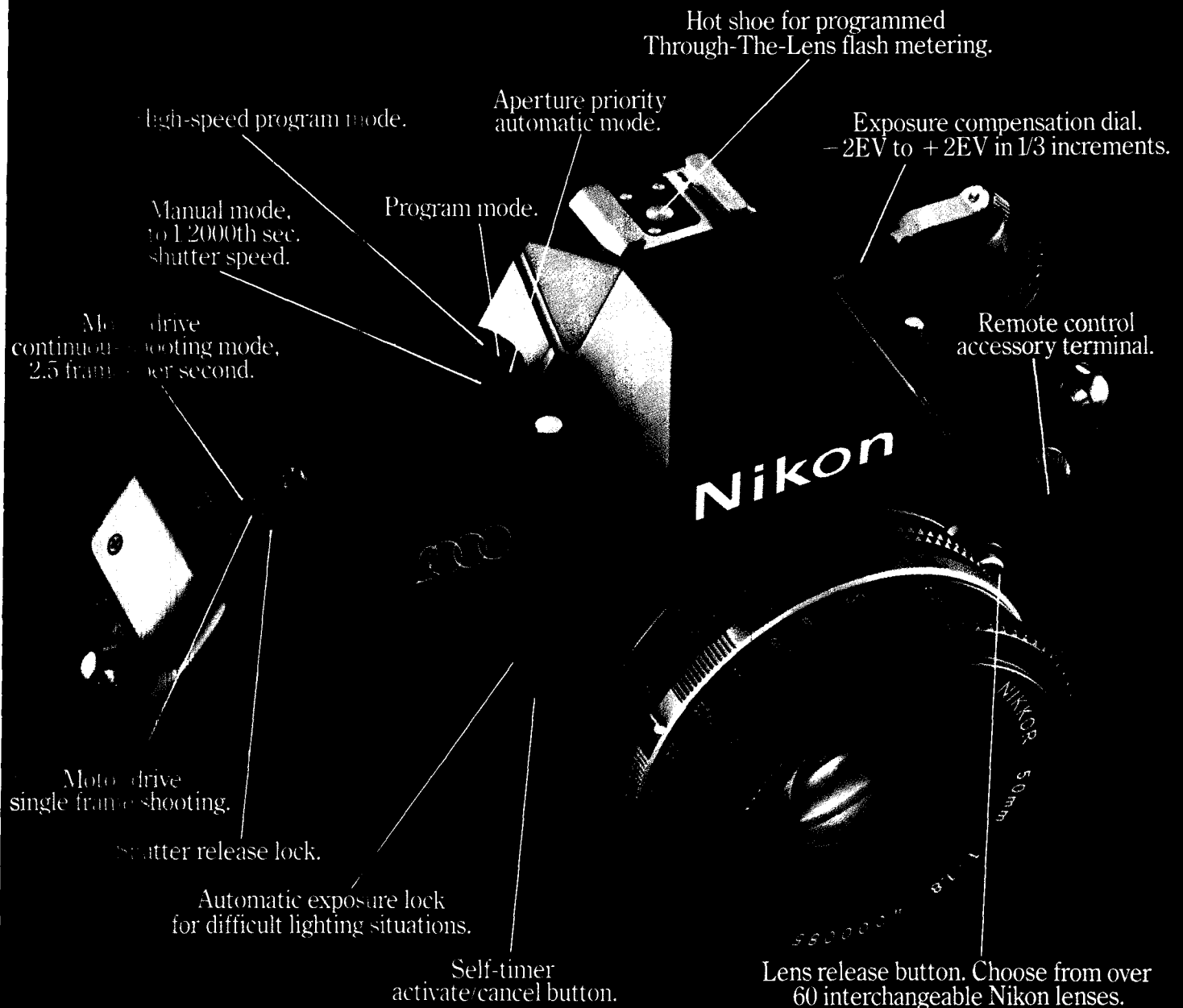
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Warm thanks are extended to national and state tourist boards for furnishing the detailed information that was used to compile these listings. It is suggested that you check with the tourist boards or your travel agent to confirm the dates of events listed.

Brian H. Callen

THE ATLANTIC WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER NOVEMBER, 1985

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Cover photo: Florida Division of Tourism
Illustration: Bob Conrad

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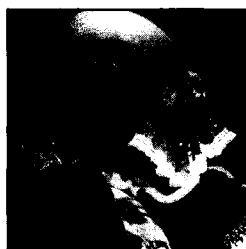
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THE CARIBBEAN

BARBADOS

NOVEMBER, NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CREATIVE ARTS, throughout Barbados. Musical, dance, photography, poetry, painting, and craftwork exhibitions and events lead up to the festival's grand finale—the island's Independence Day celebrations, on November 30.

LATE NOVEMBER, BARBADOS OPEN INDEPENDENCE SURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS. For serious hot doggers.

LATE FEBRUARY, HOLETOWN FESTIVAL, St. James Parish. Special church services, music, dancing, parades, and a very popular street fair commemorate the landing of Barbados's first settlers, in 1627. Local food and handicrafts are available at the street market.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516 or (800) 221-9831.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

APRIL 11-18, VIRGIN GORDA FESTIVAL. A stage is erected for calypso singers and reggae bands, concession stands serve island specialties, and a festive parade features lots of dancing—adding up to one of the season's best festivals.

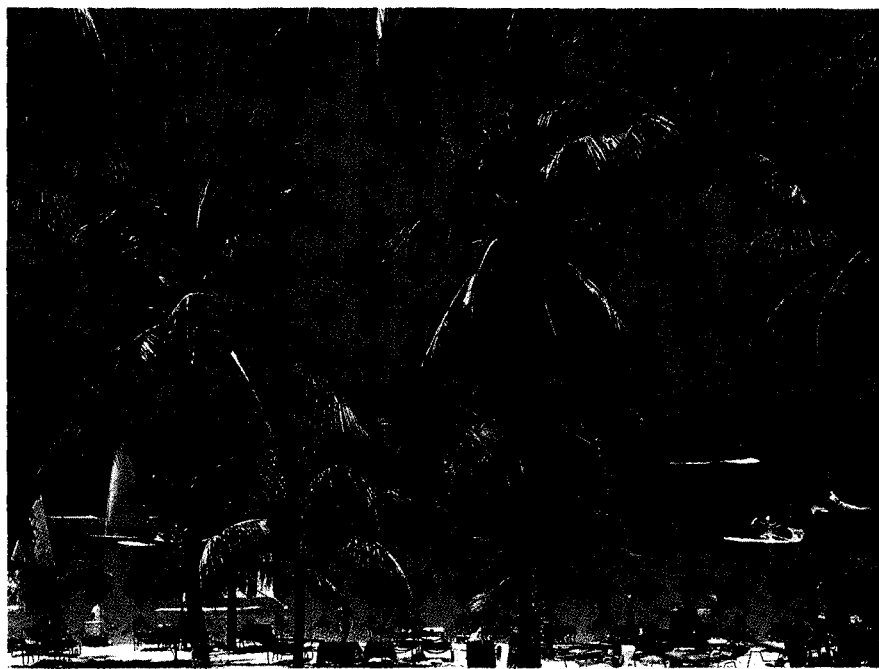
For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

FEBRUARY 12, ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, Georgetown. Island-made products and home-baked goods, cricket and net-ball games, displays of prize livestock, and horse rides for the children.

APRIL 4-7, 1986 EASTER SAILING REGATTA, Seven Mile Beach area. Windsurfing, Laser, and multi-hull class events are scheduled for the first two days, and offshore powerboat events for the last two days.

APRIL 25-26, BATABANO CARNIVAL, Georgetown. Rather like a reprise of Mardi



Club Med Caravelle, Guadeloupe

Gras. A parade with colorful costumes, calypso and steel-band music, dancing, and endless supplies of rum punch.

For information: Cayman Islands Department of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Suite 604, Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

CURACAO

NOVEMBER-APRIL, BON TOPA FAIR, Willemstad. *Bon topa* means "Let's meet," and that's exactly what islanders and visitors do on Tuesday evenings in the center of Curacao's capital city. Dancing, local foods, and musical entertainment.

For information: Curacao Tourist Board, 330 Biscayne Blvd., Suite 806, Miami, FL 33132. (305) 374-5812.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

JANUARY 21, DAY OF OUR LADY OF ALTAGRACIA, throughout the Dominican Republic. On this feast day of the spiritual mother of all Dominicans thousands of pilgrims visit the shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Altagracia in Higüey and religious ceremonies are held nationwide.

JANUARY 26, DUARTE'S BIRTHDAY, Santo Domingo. To honor Juan Pablo Duarte, the founding father of the Dominican Republic, 21-gun salutes, flag ceremonies, lectures on his life, and even a flea market at the Plaza del Faro, in colonial Santo Domingo.

For information: Dominican Tourist Information Center, 485 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 826-0750.

FRENCH WEST INDIES

NOVEMBER 8-17, CHARDONNAY INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, St. Barthelemy and St. Martin. There will be wine-tasting and dancing aboard fully staffed yachts that will race or cruise among the Leeward Islands. The St. Bart's Cup will be presented at a Grand Celebration Awards Dinner, with an impressive fireworks display, on St. Martin on November 16.

NOVEMBER 22, ST. CECILIA'S DAY, throughout Guadeloupe. Musical fetes in cities and towns will honor this popular patron saint.

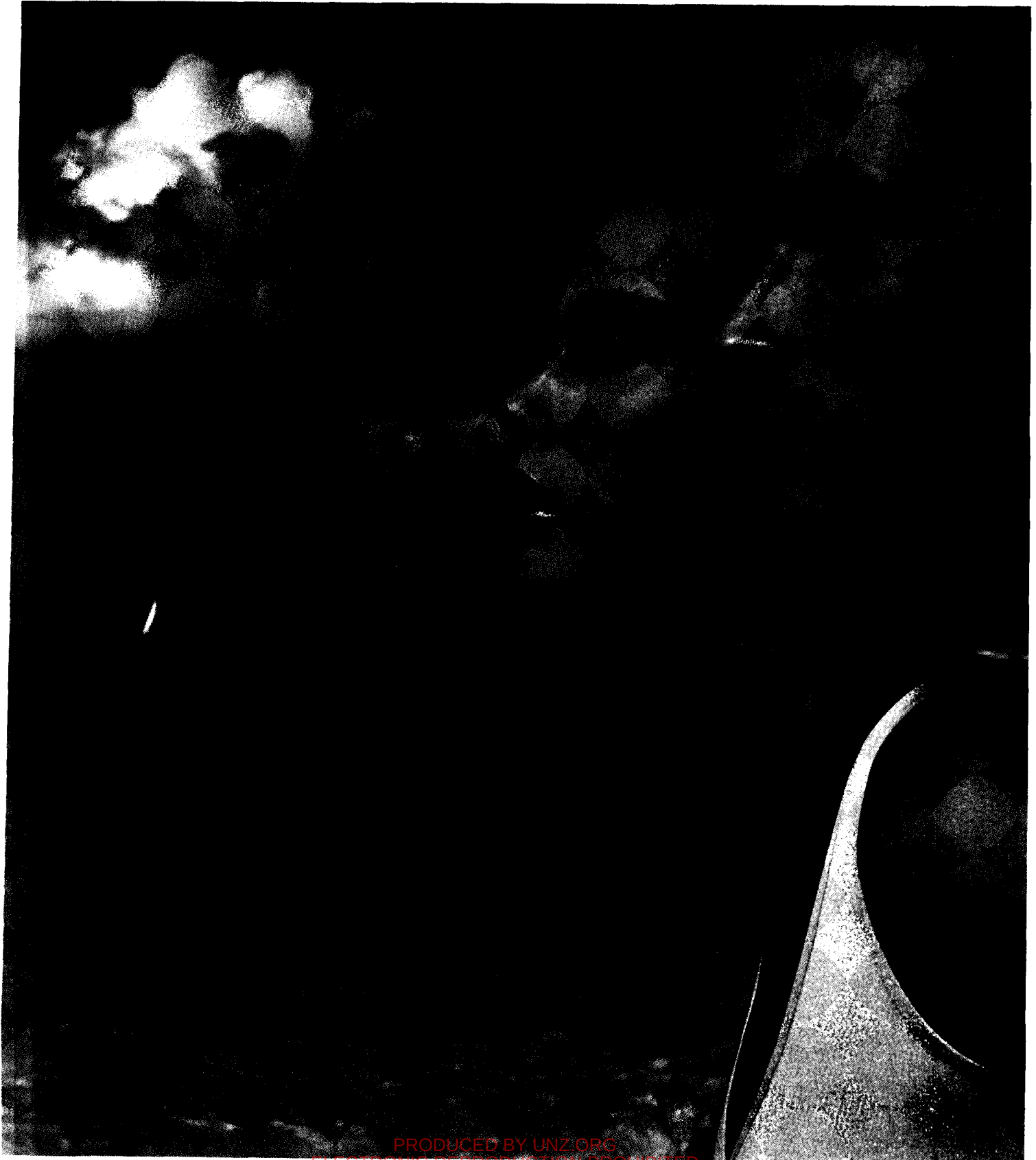
DECEMBER 2-14, JAZZ AND CARIBBEAN POP MUSIC FESTIVAL,

If winter comes.

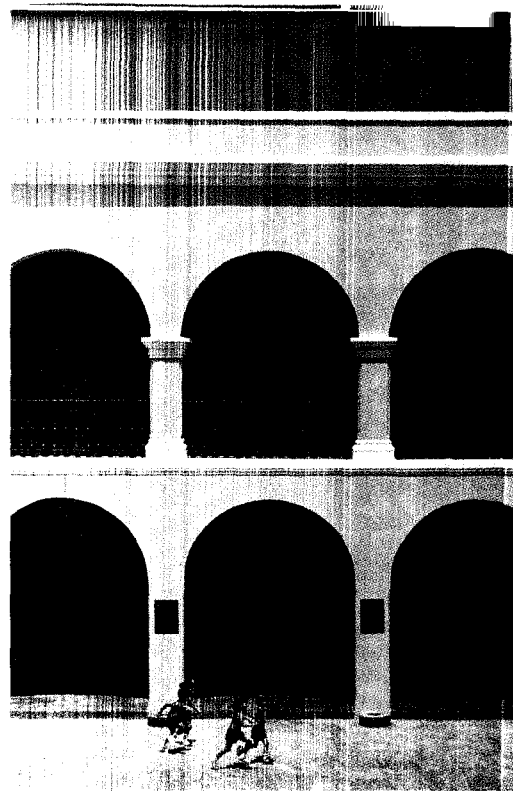
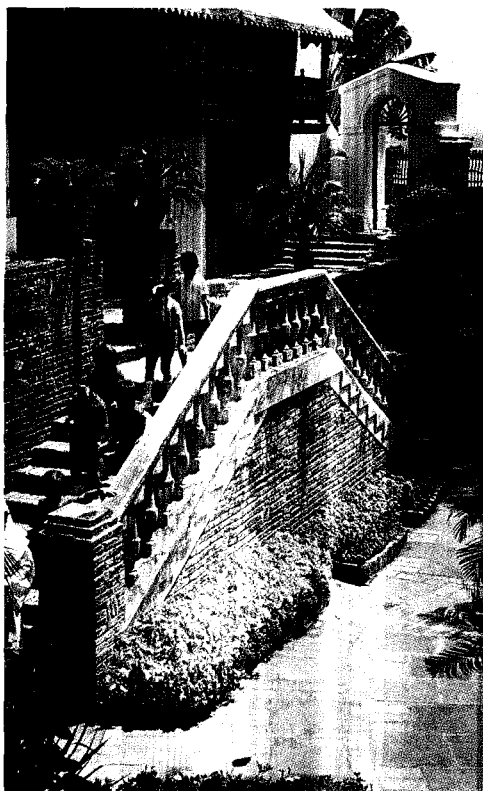
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Fort-de-France, Martinique. Calypso, reggae, meringue, salsa, and cumbia from neighboring islands, in jam sessions, classes, and concerts.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.



GRENADA

MID-JANUARY, ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, St. George's. Anglers from around the world will try for record catches of dolphin, sailfish, marlin, yellowfin, tuna, and other large game fish.

For information: Grenada Department of Tourism, 141 East 44th St., Suite 803, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-9554.



JAMAICA

LATE NOVEMBER, INTERNATIONAL WATER SKI TOURNAMENT, Ocho Rios. Top male and female professional water skiers from around the world will compete in a two-day jump competition at Mallards Beach. The skiers will also perform a water show and demonstrate feats of trick skiing.

DECEMBER 15-22, MAZDA CHAMPIONS GOLF TOURNAMENT, Montego Bay. The top 12 PGA Senior Men's and LPGA touring pros will compete for \$750,000 in prize money in a 36-hole best-ball event at the Tryall Golf and Beach Club.

JANUARY 6, ACCOMPONG MAROON FESTIVAL, St. Elizabeth (near Montego Bay). The maroons, who are descendants of runaway slaves and consider themselves an independent Jamaican people, annually renew a tradition that dates back to the 19th century, with dancing, singing, traditional feasts, and ceremonies.

JANUARY 12-19, GUINNESS/APPLETON GOLD INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK, Montego Bay. An international marathon and a 10-km race coordinated by the New York Road Runners' Club, plus running clinics.

MARCH 31-APRIL 6, JAMAICA SAILING WEEK, Montego Bay area. Visitors who want to enjoy Jamaica's lively sailing scene will find it easy to "catch rides" as crew on Jamaican boats during these informal races along Jamaica's north coast.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.



NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, BONBINI FESTIVAL, Oranjestad, Aruba. Folkloric shows are staged and local crafts and ethnic foods sold each Tuesday evening in the courtyard of the Aruba Historical Museum, at Fort Zoutman.

NOVEMBER 16, STATIA/AMERICA DAY, St. Eustatius. Just after sunrise most of the 1,400 residents of this eight-square-mile island gather at historic Fort Oranje, overlooking the harbor, to commemorate the first salute to the American flag by a foreign government. (The year was 1776; St. Eustatius had been a major transshipment point for European arms and supplies intended for George Washington's troops.) The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner," and the crowd sings along.

EARLY DECEMBER, SABA DAYS. The 1,000 residents of mite-sized Saba annually hold a round of lighthearted contests: kite-flying and kite-building competitions, a crowbar-hurling championship, and greased-pig wrestling.

JANUARY 1, ARUBA'S SEPARATE STATUS, throughout Aruba. On this date Aruba will enter a new era, as a partner in the Netherlands Kingdom. (It has long been a member of the Netherlands Antilles.) Big doings are planned.

For information: Aruba Tourist Bureau, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 2212, New York, NY 10020. (212) 246-3030.

St. Maarten/Saba/St. Eustatius Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 869-1600.



PUERTO RICO

NOVEMBER 19, DISCOVERY DAY, throughout Puerto Rico. A celebration of Columbus's first sighting of the island, in 1493.

LATE NOVEMBER, PALMAS DEL MAR'S PETO (WAHOO) TOURNAMENT, Humacao. Puerto Rico's leading deep-sea-fishing event.

JANUARY 6, THREE KINGS DAY, throughout Puerto Rico. The island's traditional gift-giving day is marked by festivals with music, parades, puppet shows, and typical foods.

MID-JANUARY, SAN SEBASTIAN FESTIVAL, Old San Juan. A huge annual street festival, with arts and crafts displays, folkloric dances, processions, games, and Paso Fino horses on exhibit.

EARLY FEBRUARY, SAN BLAS MARATHON, Coamo. The 24th edition.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.



TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

NOVEMBER 16-17, INTERNATIONAL WINDSURFING COMPETITION, Tobago. Windsurfers from around the world will compete.

For information: Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., Suite 712-14, New York, NY 10017. (212) 838-7750.



U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

NOVEMBER 22-24, ARTS ALIVE FESTIVAL, St. Thomas. Local artists will exhibit realistic landscapes, contemporary abstract paintings, sculptures, and fiber art. Clowns and acrobats will entertain visitors.

NOVEMBER 29, NINTH ANNUAL CONCH SHELL REGATTA, St. Croix. Sailors in five categories—on cruising, racing, and multihull vessels, on Sunfish, and on sailboards—race from Christiansted Harbor to Buck Island and back. The start is LeMans style—a sailor must swim from the dock to his boat before setting sail.

JANUARY 6, THREE KINGS DAY, St. Croix. A colorful parade of costumed children and adults winds through the streets of Christiansted to the jubilant rhythm of calypso combos, scratchee bands, and reggae groups. Spicy Caribbean dishes are specially prepared for the occasion.

MARCH 26-31, 13TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL ROLEX CUP REGATTA, St. Thomas. Considered the Crown Jewel of the Caribbean ocean-racing circuit.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Department of Commerce, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

THE BAHAMAS

DECEMBER 6-15, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND VINTAGE SPEED WEEK. Historic super-sports cars and factory prototypes—Porsches, Ferraris, Jaguars, McLarens, and Lolas valued at as much as \$300,000—race for the Prime Minister's Trophy. In addition to the cars (Bahamians refer to them as "thunderbeasts"), there will be marching bands, cyclists, and floats, plus casino entertainers, *junkanoo* performers, and the Grand Bahama Choral.

DECEMBER 26, BOXING DAY, AND JANUARY 1, JUNKANOO, Nassau. Revelers dressed in wild costumes of fringed crepe paper parade through the streets to a compelling *goombay* rhythm. Once popular among slaves throughout the Carolinas and the English-speaking Caribbean, these festivals are now unique to the Bahamas.

JANUARY, BAHAMAS INTERNATIONAL WINDSURFING REGATTA, Nassau.

MARCH, BACARDI RUM BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, Bimini. The Bimini Big Game Fishing Club's annual tourney is the island's most popular billfish event.

LATE APRIL, ANNUAL FAMILY ISLAND REGATTA, George Town, Great Exuma. A relaxed sailing festival held among the 365 islets and cays in the Exumas. Boats proceed from Elizabeth Harbour in George Town.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 10 Columbus Circle, Suite 1660, New York, NY 10019. (212) 757-1611.

BERMUDA

DECEMBER 2-MARCH 15, BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME, throughout Bermuda. Daily special events: a parade of

skirling pipe bands, ballroom dancing, a medieval feast, and a treasure hunt (the grand prize is a return trip to Bermuda!).

JANUARY 10-FEBRUARY 22, BERMUDA FESTIVAL '86, Hamilton. Top artists in theater, ballet, magic, jazz, opera, and classical music will appear.

JANUARY 12-19, 7TH ANNUAL BERMUDA SQUARE & ROUND DANCE FESTIVAL, Southampton. Featuring internationally renowned callers.

JANUARY 18-19, 11TH BERMUDA INTERNATIONAL MARATHON AND 10-KILOMETER RACE, Devonshire.

MARCH 28, BERMUDA KITE FESTIVAL, Horseshoe Beach, Southampton. Prizes for the most beautiful, the most original, the smallest, and other kites.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 397-7700.

LATIN AMERICA

BRAZIL

NOVEMBER 13-15, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF WINDSURFING, Fortaleza.

DECEMBER 4-6, FEAST OF SANTA BARBARA, Salvador de Bahia. A dawn fireworks display opens this festival organized by the stall merchants of the Santa Barbara market. Sambas and *capoeira*, a stylized self-defense dance, and *caruru*, food associated with the *candomble* cult.

DECEMBER 7-15, 3RD SEA FESTIVAL, Maceio. Sporting, cultural, folkloric, and gastronomic activities on Pajucara Beach.

EARLY APRIL, BRAZILIAN FORMULA 1 GRAND PRIX, Rio de Janeiro.

For information: Brazilian Tourism Authority, 60 East 42nd St., Suite 1336, New York, NY 10165. (212) 286-9600.

COLOMBIA

NOVEMBER 25-30, SUGAR CANE FAIR, Cali. Every corner of Cali reverberates to

Caribbean rhythms during the fair. Also, there are outstanding bullfights, by both Spanish and Colombian matadors.

MID-JANUARY, 31ST ANNUAL FAIR OF MANIZALES. Manizales and its fiesta retain a Colonial Spanish flavor. Activities range from parades to plays and art exhibitions to world-class bullfights.

LATE MARCH, 5TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARIBBEAN MUSIC, Cartagena. Groups from throughout the Caribbean, the U.S., and Colombia get together for three days of calypso, reggae, salsa, cumbia, and merengue.

For information: Colombian Government Tourist Office, 140 East 57th St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-0151.

MEXICO

NOVEMBER 23-24, IXTAPA INTERNATIONAL MARATHON, Ixtapa.

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 1, 49TH NATIONAL SILVER FAIR, Taxco. Exhibitions of arts and crafts—most notably, high-quality silver pieces made by hand in this picturesque town.

DECEMBER 12, FEAST DAY OF THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE, throughout Mexico. Mexico's most important religious holiday. Pilgrims converge on the Guadalupe Shrine in Mexico City.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 755-7212.

PERU

LATE JANUARY, MARINERA FESTIVAL, Trujillo. The *marinera* is a regional dance; Trujillo is the coastal host city for this colorful annual festival. Among other events, Peruvian Paso horses and horsemen put on shows, in which they all but do the *marinera* themselves.

FEBRUARY, ANCON MUSIC FESTIVAL. Ancon, Peru's principal beach resort, attracts musicians from all over South America.

FEBRUARY-MARCH, INTERNATIONAL SURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Punta Rocas.

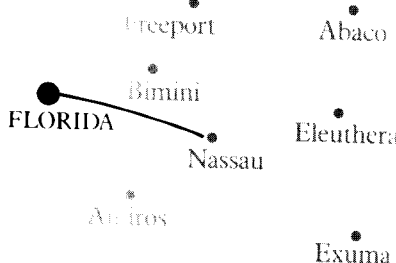
For information: Peru National Tourist Office, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-4020 or (800) 431-8011.

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THE UNITED STATES

NEW ENGLAND

NOVEMBER 28, OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE THANKSGIVING DAY, Mass. (617) 347-3362. Costumed "interpreters" will prepare a Thanksgiving meal at open hearths. An 1830s-style meetinghouse service will be held twice in the afternoon, with music and storytelling to follow. A traditional dinner will be served at Bullard Tavern; reservations are recommended.

JANUARY 17-26, STOWE WINTER CARNIVAL, Vt. (802) 253-7321. A venerable carnival held at the coldest time of year. Alpine and cross-country ski races, snow-sculpture contests, a snow-golf tournament (with prizes for the funniest costumes, lowest scores, and most unusual club), sled-dog racing, and other competitions.

FEBRUARY 8-9, SALISBURY INVITATIONAL, Conn. (203) 435-2591. The U.S. Eastern Ski Jumping Championships will be held at Salisbury's Satre Hill.

FEBRUARY 22-23, SKI CLUB HOCHGEBIRGE CHALLENGE CUP TEAM RACE, Franconia, N.H. (603) 823-5563. At Cannon Mountain, the oldest ski race in the U.S.

MARCH 15-16, EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL WORLD CUP (Women's Slalom and Giant Slalom), Waterville Valley, N.H. (603) 236-8311. Top alpine skiers from the international circuit will compete.

APRIL 11-13, VERMONT MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans. (802) 525-2444. To welcome spring, sap-boiling and lumberjack demonstrations, a fiddler's concert, and a pancake-and-maple-syrup breakfast.

APRIL 14, BOSTON MARATHON, Mass. (617) 536-4100.

APRIL 14, RE-ENACTMENT OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, Mass. (617) 862-1450. A mock-realistic staging of the opening battle of the American Revolution.

MID- ATLANTIC

NOVEMBER 23-JANUARY 5, 5TH ANNUAL NIAGARA FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, Niagara Falls, N.Y. (716)



Canine weight-pulling at the Anchorage Fur Rendezvous

278-8010. Hundreds of thousands of twinkling lights bedeck the seven-story glass Wintergarden, and railings, trees, and walkways on the way to the falls. Carolers entertain nightly, animated displays and lifesize murals of storybook characters fill Fantasyland at Prospect Point, and there's a walk-in gingerbread house.

NOVEMBER 28, 59TH MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE, New York City. (212) 397-8200. Tradition has it that Santa Claus makes his first appearance of the year here.

DECEMBER 25, RE-ENACTMENT OF WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, Titusville, Pa. (609) 737-0623. At Washington Crossing State Park, a re-creation of a famous American Revolutionary event.

JANUARY 11-19, NATIONAL BOAT SHOW, New York City. (212) 397-8200. Boats, boats, and more boats. The biggest boat show in the country.

JANUARY 12-17, PENNSYLVANIA FARM SHOW, Harrisburg, Pa. (717) 787-5373. A huge country fair with livestock displays, square dancing, handmade quilts, mountains of jams and jellies, and yet more Americana.

FEBRUARY 6-9, 89TH ANNUAL WINTER CARNIVAL, Saranac Lake, N.Y. (518) 891-1990. Don't be surprised when torch-bearing skiers storm the walk-in ice palace. Also, parades, sporting and performing-arts events, and outdoor fun.

FEBRUARY 9, CHINESE NEW YEAR, New York City. (212) 397-8200. The Year of the Tiger, as parades, music, dancing in the streets of the city's Chinatown district, and a deafening display of fireworks will jointly proclaim.

MARCH 16, BACH MARATHON, Washington, D.C. (202) 363-2202. On the massive pipe organ at Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church, 16 organists will play tribute to Johann Sebastian Bach, for his 301st birthday.

MARCH 17, ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, New York City. (212) 397-8200. Marching bands proceed boisterously down Fifth Avenue. This is quite possibly the world's biggest party for St. Paddy.

MARCH 28, GREAT DELAWARE KITE FESTIVAL, Cape Henlopen State Park. (302) 645-8073. A wide variety of kite-flying events at Cape Henlopen, which borders the Atlantic Ocean and benefits from brisk sea breezes.

APRIL 5-MID-MAY, ATLANTIC CITY ARTS FESTIVAL, N.J. (609) 345-7536. Concerts will be staged throughout the Atlantic City region.

APRIL 6-13, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Washington, D.C. (202) 426-6700. Ah, spring. Highlights of the celebration include the Cherry Blossom Festival parade and the annual Marathon.



SOUTHEAST

NOVEMBER 8-10, WATERFOWL FESTIVAL, Easton, Md. (301) 822-4567. Decorative and working decoys, waterfowl art, antiques, and guns, plus a duck and goose calling contest.

DECEMBER 1-MARCH 15, REELFOOT EAGLE WATCH TOURS, Tiptonville, Tenn. (901) 253-7756. Each day, buses leave the headquarters of Reelfoot Lake State Park on three-hour naturalist-guided tours of an area where up to 150 bald eagles winter above a natural fish hatchery. Binoculars and zoom lenses are recommended.

DECEMBER 5-8, J.C. PENNEY GOLF CLASSIC, Largo, Fla. (813) 398-5566. A mixed-team golf tournament with 48 teams from the PGA and LPGA tours.

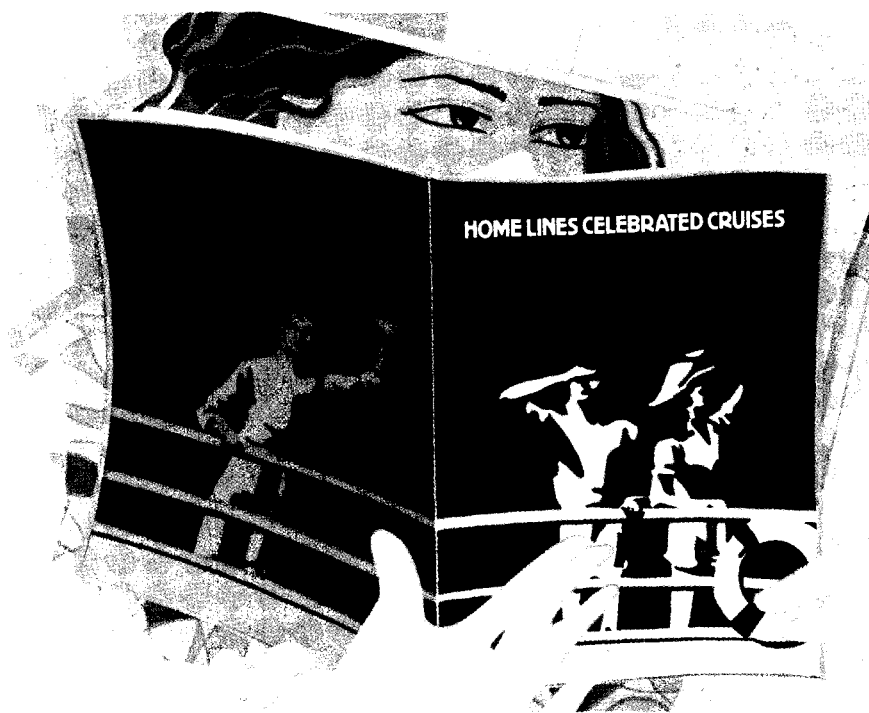
MID-DECEMBER-MID-JANUARY, ORANGE BOWL FESTIVAL, Miami, Fla. (305) 642-1515. What started out in 1935 as a simple football game and parade has grown to encompass a month's festivities.

JANUARY 2-EARLY MAY, PALM BEACH POLO AND COUNTRY CLUB POLO SEASON, West Palm Beach, Fla. (305) 793-1113. The club's ninth season of international polo tournaments.

JANUARY 30-FEBRUARY 16, DIXIE NATIONAL LIVESTOCK SHOW & RODEO, Jackson, Miss. (601) 961-4000. The largest livestock show east of the Mississippi, filling the Fairgrounds and the Coliseum.

FEBRUARY 5-16, FLORIDA STATE FAIR, Tampa. (813) 621-7821. Some 300 acres' worth, with thrill rides and agricultural exhibits predominating.

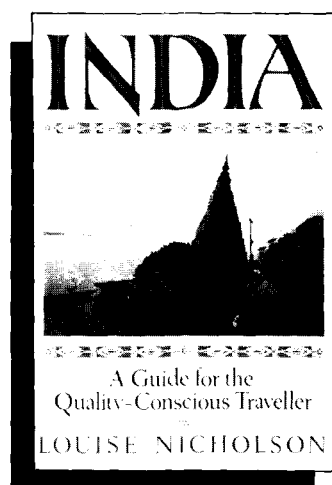
FEBRUARY 10, GASPARILLA PIRATE INVASION AND PARADE OF PIRATES, Tampa, Fla. (813) 228-7338. Legend has it that Tampa's waters were once ruled by one Jose Gaspar, a pirate and mutineer from the Spanish Navy. Annually since 1904 the legend has come enjoyably alive when a



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UNITED STATES

pirate ship manned by more than 500 costumed pirates has sailed into Tampa Bay. These swashbucklers capture the keys to the city and take over for a day of festivities.

FEBRUARY 11-26, NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, Grand Junction, Tenn. (901) 764-2167. Bird dogs compete on the Ames Plantation.

FEBRUARY 15-17, COCONUT GROVE ARTS FESTIVAL, Fla. (305) 447-0401. Over 300 visual artists, plus dancers and musicians (on an outdoor stage), mimes and clowns, and lots of ethnic food.

FEBRUARY 16, DAYTONA 500, Daytona Beach, Fla. (904) 253-6711. The Super Bowl of stock-car racing, with a \$1 million purse.

EARLY MARCH, WEST VIRGINIA JAZZ FESTIVAL, Charleston. (304) 348-0220. Local and nationally known jazz groups will perform at the Cultural Center.

MARCH 8-MAY 31, MOBILE AZALEA TRAIL AND FESTIVAL, Ala. (205) 433-6951. Art, music, garden, and sporting events are dedicated to Mobile's glorious azalea season.

MARCH 16, ST. PATRICK'S DAY FESTIVAL, Savannah, Ga. (912) 236-6652. Said to be the second largest St. Patrick's Day celebration in the U.S., this festival annually attracts a half-million revelers, many dressed from head to toe in green, to parades along historic River Street.

MARCH 17-24, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Macon, Ga. (912) 743-0129. The blossoming of 30,000 Yoshino cherry trees is feted with jazz concerts, theatrical productions, road races, cook-offs, and a parade.

MARCH 20-APRIL 11, FESTIVAL OF HOUSES, Charleston, S.C. (803) 723-1623. Each spring, visitors to this Colonial and antebellum city are treated to a rare glimpse inside some of the most elegant homes and gardens in the South. About 90 historic dwellings can be visited on separate tours.

MARCH 26-30, U.S. CROQUET ASSOCIATION NATIONAL CLUB TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, West Palm Beach, Fla. (212) 688-5495. Members of 100 USCA clubs will battle it out at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

APRIL 4-6, GREATER MIAMI BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, Fla. (305) 556-7741. One of Florida's most prestigious deep-sea fishing events, open to boats both large and small. Proceeds go to the Atlantic Gamefish Foundation and its snook hatchery.

APRIL 5, WORLD CATFISH FESTIVAL, Belzoni, Miss. (601) 247-2616. To Belzonians, spring means a catfish-eating contest, a 10-km run, tours of fish ponds, and the selection of the Catfish Queen.

APRIL 11-14, MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT, Augusta, Ga. (404) 722-0421. One of golf's most prestigious tournaments, at arguably the most beautiful inland course in the world, Augusta National.

APRIL 12-13, MULE DAY, Columbia, Tenn. (615) 388-2155. Once known as the mule-trading capital of the world, Columbia pays homage to its past with mule pulls, mule races, a queen-mule beauty contest, and a parade with hundreds of beautiful women astride hundreds of mules. A liar's contest salutes the tall tales of old mule traders.

APRIL 14-20, HERITAGE GOLF CLASSIC, Hilton Head, S.C. (803) 671-2448. A PGA tournament played on the Harbour Town Golf Links, at Sea Pines Plantation.

MID-APRIL, GRIFTON SHAD FESTIVAL, N.C. (919) 524-4356. Not only are bass and hickory shad-fishing contests on the agenda, but so is a "Fishy Tales" liar's contest.

MIDWEST

NOVEMBER 16, BUFFALO AUCTION, Custer, S.Dak. (605) 773-5032. Custer State Park boasts the largest publicly owned buffalo herd in the world—as many as 1,500 head after the calves are born each spring. The park range can support only about 950, so roughly 500 each year are sold, for breeding and for slaughter, to the highest bidders. Proceeds benefit the state park.

NOVEMBER 25-30, WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP DUCK CALLING CONTEST AND WINGS OVER THE PRAIRIE FESTIVAL, Stuttgart, Ark. (501) 673-1602. A duck-gumbo cook-off and the Queen Mallard beauty pageant, besides the duck-calling contest. Altogether it's the kick-off to the state's duck-hunting season.

JANUARY 8-12, JOHN BEARGREASE SLED DOG RACE, Duluth to Grand Marais, Minn. (218) 387-1371. John Beargrease was a Chippewa Indian who from 1887 to 1900 carried mail from Duluth to Grand Marais and back again. This 430-mile race—the largest marathon sled-dog race in the Lower 48—retraces his historic route.

JANUARY 16-19, INTERNATIONAL FINALS RODEO, Tulsa, Okla. (918) 592-7177. The current top 15 International Professional Rodeo Association money-winners in bull riding, steer wrestling, bareback bronc riding, team roping, calf roping, and barrel racing will compete for world titles—blessedly indoors.

JANUARY 18, ICE BOX DAYS, International Falls, Minn. (218) 283-9400. Featuring the Freeze Yer Gizzard Blizzard Run, a 10-km race usually run in sub-zero temperatures.

JANUARY 22-FEBRUARY 9, CENTENNIAL WINTER CARNIVAL, St. Paul, Minn. (612) 222-4416. A 22,000-square-foot ice castle 15 stories high will be the showpiece. Nearby, long-blade skating, curling, cross-country skiing, sleigh rides, and band concerts.

JANUARY 27, KANSAS DAY CELEBRATION, Topeka. (913) 296-2009. The kick-off to a year-long statewide celebration of the 125th anniversary of statehood.

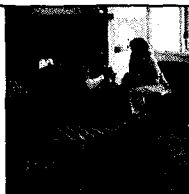
JANUARY 27-FEBRUARY 1, WINTER CARNIVAL, Houghton, Mich. (517) 373-0670. A broom-ball tournament, ski races, speed-skating competitions, sled-dog races, and a big snow-sculpture contest. Horse-drawn sleighs take visitors past an arcade of ice sculptures.

FEBRUARY 7-9, PERCHVILLE U.S.A., East Tawas, Mich. (517) 373-0670. Fishing contests, ice-sculpture displays, a parade, and a Polar Bear Swim in the icy waters of Lake Huron.

FEBRUARY 9, SIOUX RIVER CLAM DIG, Brookings, S.Dak. (605) 692-5740. A time for locals and visitors to ski, snowshoe, and dig for clams in frigid temperatures. Picnickers each add something to a stew simmered over a large fire.

APRIL 4-27, AZALEA FESTIVAL, Muskogee, Okla. (918) 682-2401. The self-proclaimed Azalea Capital of the Southwest will host tours of Honor Heights Park and its 35,000 azaleas in 625 varieties. Also, sporting events, arts and crafts shows, gunfight and stunt competitions, dances, parades, and a rodeo.

APRIL 15-19, EIGHTY-NINER DAYS CELEBRATION, Guthrie, Okla. (405) 282-1947. This historic city turns back the clock almost 100 years to commemorate the 1889 Land Run, when Oklahoma was officially opened for settlement. Events will include a parade, a chuckwagon barbecue, a mock "land run" through restored sites, and a wild-game banquet.



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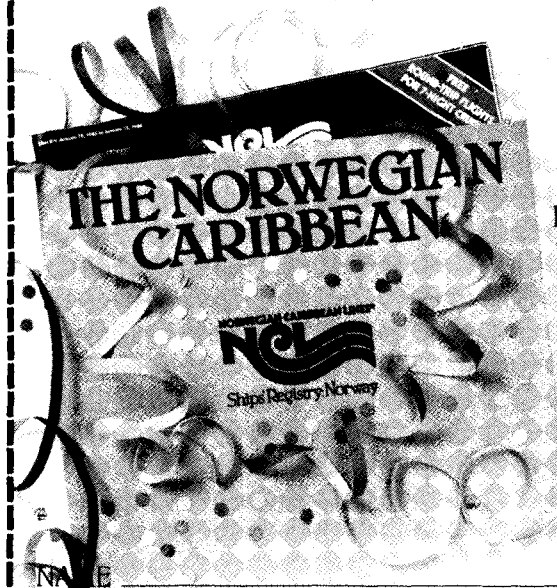
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 WEST

DECEMBER 7-15, NATIONAL RODEO FINALS, Las Vegas, Nev. (702) 457-4664. Calf ropers, bull riders, steer wrestlers, and other top rodeo cowboys will compete for \$1.6 million in prize money at the richest rodeo in the sport's history.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, SLEIGH RIDES AT HARDWARE RANCH ELK REFUGE, Hyrum, Utah. (801) 245-3131. Horse-drawn sleighs travel past a large herd of wintering elk in Blacksmith Fork Canyon and the Cache Valley.

JANUARY 1-FEBRUARY 9, AMARILLO SLIM SUPERBOWL OF POKER, Lake Tahoe, Nev. (702) 883-4510. The world's top poker players will meet at the High Sierra Hotel Casino to determine who knows when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em.

JANUARY 8-19, NATIONAL WESTERN STOCK SHOW, Denver, Colo. (303) 297-1116. The world's largest indoor rodeo and stock show.

JANUARY 22-FEBRUARY 2, SOUTHWESTERN EXPOSITION AND FAT STOCK SHOW/RODEO, Fort Worth, Texas. (817) 332-7361. The original indoor rodeo, now in its 90th year.

JANUARY 24-26, WORLD CUP FREE STYLE, Breckenridge, Colo. (303) 453-2368. An international competition of the world's flashiest freestyle skiers, from more than 20 countries. Ballet on skis, mogul freestyle, and aerials.

JANUARY 30-FEBRUARY 2, PARADA DEL SOL RODEO AND PARADE, Scottsdale, Ariz. (602) 945-8481. A street dance and a rodeo, plus the longest horse-drawn (and people-powered) parade in the world.

JANUARY 30-FEBRUARY 2, SNOWDOWN WINTER CARNIVAL, Durango, Colo. (303) 247-0312. A torchlight parade, a hot-air-balloon rally, ski races, feline and canine fashion shows, a waiter/waitress race, broom-ball, and other zany games, in Durango and at the nearby Purgatory ski resort.

FEBRUARY 15-16, O'DHAM TASH INDIAN POWWOW, Casa Grande, Ariz. (602) 836-2125. A parade, a rodeo, ceremonial dances, and an all-Indian basketball tournament. Also, the O'Dham queen will be chosen.

FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 2, CHARRO DAYS FIESTA, Brownsville, Texas. (512)

542-4245. This fiesta in the Rio Grande Valley reflects the city's rich Mexican heritage. People of all ages participate: they dress in elaborate costumes to sing and dance, and pre-schoolers as well as horseback riders and drill teams take part in parades. *Charros* (cowboys) compete in a *charreada* (rodeo).

MARCH 5-9, SUBARU/ASPEN WINTER INTERNATIONAL & 1986 BASF WORLD CUP, Aspen, Colo. (303) 925-1220. The world's greatest ski racers will compete in the Subaru Men's Giant Slalom and the America's Downhill.



The Parada del Sol, Scottsdale, Arizona

MARCH 20-22, C. M. RUSSELL ART AUCTION, Great Falls, Mont. (406) 761-6453. A prestigious show and sale of original western art, with auctions, a quick-draw contest, and more.

MARCH 23-24, 29, AND 31, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CUTTER AND CHARIOT RACES, Pocatello, Idaho. (208) 233-1525. Horse-drawn chariots (some decorated in classic Roman motifs) race around a snow- and slush-packed track for the world title.

MARCH 29-30, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SNOW KING HILL CLIMB, Jackson, Wyo. (307) 777-7777. Man and machine (the machines being stock and modified snowmobiles) attempt to overcome the mountain. Similar to drag-racing and every bit as intense—only more vertical.

APRIL 3-13, HOUSTON FESTIVAL, Houston, Texas. (713) 521-9329. A non-stop celebration of the arts—in the streets, museums, theaters, parks, and plazas of downtown Houston.

 PACIFIC

NOVEMBER 26-DECEMBER 8, HAWAII INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Kaanapali, Maui. (808) 944-7203. A cross-cultural event at which award-winning

filmmakers from Asia, the Pacific, and the U.S. will screen their work.

DECEMBER-MARCH, WHALE WATCHING, along the entire California coast. (916) 322-1396. Sightseeing excursions by boat, plane, and foot enable visitors to view the great annual migration of gray whales to the California coast. Whale festivals are planned in various coastal communities.

EARLY DECEMBER, HAWAIIAN PRO SURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS, North Shore, Oahu. (808) 926-0611. Top pro surfers from around the world will challenge 30-foot waves at the Banzai Pipeline.

DECEMBER 8, HONOLULU MARATHON, Oahu. (808) 734-7200.

JANUARY 11-12, WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP SNOWSHOE SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT, Winthrop, Wash. (509) 996-2125. Softball games, volleyball, jousting, relays, and chariot and sled-bed races—all on snowshoes.

LATE JANUARY, NORTHWEST BACH FESTIVAL, Spokane, Wash. (509) 624-1393. Bach as Bach heard it, on original instruments from the 1600s.

FEBRUARY-APRIL, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Oahu. (808) 548-8483. A celebration of Japanese culture.

FEBRUARY 2, NFL PRO BOWL '86, Oahu. (808) 488-7731. The NFL's annual all-star game will be held at Aloha Stadium.

FEBRUARY 14-23, ANCHORAGE FUR RENDEZVOUS, Alaska. (907) 276-4118. The "Fur Rondy" carries on the tradition of old-time trappers' gatherings. Among the 130 sporting events will be the World Championship Sled Dog race, downhill canoe races, canine weight-pulling contests, and the Eskimo Blanket Toss. At the public fur auction there will be lively bidding for pelts of beaver, bear, moose, and wolf.

FEBRUARY 15-22, CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION, San Francisco, Calif. (415) 982-3000. North America's largest Chinese community will welcome the Year of the Tiger. The Golden Dragon parade, on the final night, is the climax.

MARCH 2-16, CAMELLIA FESTIVAL, Sacramento, Calif. (916) 442-7673. Once a year the state's capital reminds everyone that "Camellia" is part of its title and, as Camellia Capital, hosts floral exhibits, a folk-dance pageant, yacht races on the river, and more.

MARCH 23-30, MERRIE MONARCH FESTIVAL, Hilo, Hawaii. (808) 935-9168. Hawaii's best hula *haleas* (schools) compete in ancient and modern dance styles.

MARCH 29-APRIL 13, DAFFODIL FESTIVAL, Puyallup Valley, Wash. (206) 753-5600. Floats, parades, and festivities in honor of the daffodils grown in the region.

CANADA



NOVEMBER 6-24, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR, Toronto, Ont. A major exposition and international horse show.

NOVEMBER 17-23, THE GREY CUP, Montreal, Que. Canada's football championship will animate Olympic Stadium; the associated festivities will paint the town.

NOVEMBER 22-24, CANADIAN RODEO FINALS, Edmonton, Alta. Featuring North America's top rodeo cowboys.

NOVEMBER 22-29, REGINA AGRIBITION, Sask. Rodeo events and livestock exhibitions as well as agricultural displays, at Regina's Exhibition Grounds.

LATE DECEMBER-EARLY JANUARY, NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA, Toronto, Ont. *The Nutcracker*, the timeless holiday ballet loved by children and adults alike, will be presented at the O'Keefe Center.

FEBRUARY 6-16, QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL, Quebec City. Parades, tournaments, costume balls, gourmet feasts, ice-carving exhibitions, snowshoe races, ice-fishing contests, sports-car races on ice, and the famed ice-and-water canoe race across the St. Lawrence River. One of North America's premier winter festivals.

FEBRUARY 7-16, VERNON WINTER CARNIVAL, B.C. The Okanagan community of Vernon annually hosts skating parties for children plus competitions in snow golf, bed-racing, broom-ball, and ice sculpture, among other categories.

FEBRUARY 7-16, WINTERLUDE, Ottawa, Ont. The festival includes harness racing on ice, speed skating, outdoor curling, a display of ice sculptures, a parade, and the Canadian Ski Marathon. Much of the action happens on the world's longest skating rink—the Rideau Canal.

FEBRUARY 16-23, FESTIVAL DE VOYAGEURS, St. Boniface, Man. In honor of Canada's intrepid fur-trading *voyageurs*, whose exploits prefigured the settlement of Canada, parades, snow-sculpture displays, sled-dog races, feasts, concerts of French Canadian music, and more.

FEBRUARY 17-22, SASKATCHEWAN WINTER GAMES, Yorkton. Some 1,800 athletes will compete in events ranging from skiing to synchronized swimming.

LATE FEBRUARY, CORNER BROOK WINTER CARNIVAL, N.F. A parade, hockey games, and downhill and cross-country skiing will be among the events enlivening Corner Brook, near St. John's.

MARCH, CARIBOU CARNIVAL AND CHAMPIONSHIP DOG DERBY, Yellowknife, N.W.T. Week-long festivities at Fort Caribou will include a speed-skating derby and other traditional events. The dog derby, held on Great Slave Lake, attracts entries from all over North America with \$20,000 in prize money.

LATE APRIL, TOONIK TYME, Frobisher Bay, N.W.T. A week-long carnival to celebrate the arrival of spring, with igloo-building, dog races, and snowmobile races.

For information: Alberta Tourism, 10065 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta. T5J 0H4.

British Columbia Ministry of Tourism, 1117 Wharf St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 2Z2.

Travel Manitoba, 7-155 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man. R3C 0V8.

Newfoundland Department of Development, Box 2016, St. John's, N.F. A1C 5R8.

Northwest Territories Department of Economic Development and Tourism, Nova Building, Yellowknife, N.W.T. X1A 2L9.

Ontario Ministry of Tourism, 1200 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5R 2A5.

Quebec Ministry of Tourism, One Place Ville Marie, Montreal, Que. H3B 3M9. (800) 443-7000.

Saskatchewan Tourism, 3211 Albert St., Regina, Sask. S4S 5W6.



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AT

HOLIDAYS

CHRISTMAS

BETHLEHEM, ISRAEL, CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, December 24–26.

Choirs from around the world fill Manger Square. Midnight Mass in the Basilica of the Nativity is beamed worldwide by satellite.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, CHRISTMAS IN CHARLESTON,

December 1–31. (803) 722-8338. House tours, boat parades, fine-dining tours, and Christmas concerts.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA,

TREES AT SUNRISE EXHIBITION, December 2–31. (304) 344-8035. Each year the Kanawha Garden Council decorates about two dozen trees near the Sunrise Museum in a traditional style.

DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA,

CHRISTMAS ON THE RIVER, December 6. (205) 289-0270. The floats in these parades really do. First there's a children's parade featuring bands, floats, and papier-mache characters, on the Tombigbee River. Then comes the Grand River Parade, a spectacular procession of lighted float boats, accompanied by fireworks.

GERMANY, CHRISTMAS MARKETS,

late November–December 24. In Munich, Frankfurt, Berlin, Hamburg, and Nuremberg, vendors set up booths in the main public squares to sell Christmas-tree decorations, handmade toys, gingerbread men, roasted chestnuts, pork sausages, and baked goods.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, LTM

PANTOMIME THEATER, beginning December 25. This traditional Christmas folk-theater show stars Jamaica's best actors. Performances are given in a mixture of English and Jamaican dialects. The sets are extravagant and the humor is broad.

LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON, CHRISTMAS LIGHTING FESTIVAL,

December 7 and 14. (509) 548-7914. In a mountain town reconstructed along the lines of a Bavarian hamlet trees and shop windows are brightly lit. Festival events range from beer-drinking contests to cross-country ski races.

MEXICO, LAS POSADAS, December 16–

24. The most beautiful processions and liveliest festivities occur in Queretaro, Oaxaca, San Miguel de Allende, Taxco, and Mexico City's Alameda Park.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, CHRISTMAS

IN NATCHEZ, December 13–24. (800) 647-6742. The oldest settlement on the Mississippi celebrates the season with



Carnival in St. Thomas

traditional southern hospitality. Tours of fifteen decorated antebellum mansions will be offered every day, carolers will sing daily at noon downtown, and there will be carriage rides to show visitors the sights.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,

CHRISTMAS IN NEWPORT, December 1–31. (401) 277-2601. Highlights are candlelit house tours, a skating party, a concert at Marble House, and something called Colonel Samuel Freebody's Turtle Frolic.

NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA, CHRISTMAS BOAT PARADE OF

LIGHTS, December 17–23. (714) 644-8211. Brightly decorated boats will parade through Newport Harbor each evening.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS STROLL, December 7–8 and 14–15. (603) 436-8010. Carolers and bell-ringers will circulate among decorated period homes in Strawberry

Banke, the city's distinctive waterfront neighborhood.

ROME, ITALY, PIAZZA NAVONA

CHRISTMAS FAIR, mid-December–January 6. Romans and visitors alike flock to this beautiful piazza, the setting for Bernini's Fountain of the Four Rivers, to browse wooden stands overflowing with toys, statuettes for the Manger, candy, spun sugar, and assorted delicacies.

ST. CROIX, CHRISTMAS SPOKEN

HERE, December 1. The St. Croix Botanical Gardens ushers in the season with hundreds of brilliantly decorated Christmas trees and the largest display of poinsettias in the Caribbean. Little shops are set up in the gardens to display and sell crafts made by Crucians throughout the year.

SAN FERNANDO, PHILIPPINES,

LANTERN FESTIVAL, December 24. Multicolored wood-and-paper lanterns in kaleidoscopic designs, called *parols*, are

paraded through the streets on Christmas Eve. Some are so large they are carried on the backs of trucks. Best-lantern competitions are held in most districts.

WASHINGTON, D.C., LIGHTING OF THE NATIONAL CHRISTMAS TREE AND PAGEANT OF PEACE, December 12-January 1. (202) 628-3400. The President lights the giant national Christmas tree. On subsequent evenings the Ellipse and Mall grounds are the sites of choral performances and a Nativity scene. A yule log is kept burning to warm chilled hands.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, GRAND ILLUMINATION, December 15-January 1. (804) 229-1000. There's cannon-firing, fireworks, caroling, dancing, and what the festival is named for: hundreds of candles lit in homes and shops along Duke of Gloucester Street.

Information on any celebration held in a foreign country is available from that country's tourist board. See the listings under the country's name.

NEW YEAR'S

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, FIRST NIGHT, December 31. (617) 727-3649. Giant puppets and costumed performers will transform the city into a merry carnival during a 12-hour countdown to the midnight fireworks show and 1986. Meanwhile, over 100 indoor events will be under way, many at historical locations.

JAPAN, JOYA-NO-KANE, December 31. People throng the nation's temples at midnight to hear the *joya-no-kane*, 108 peals of the temple bells, in a celebration expressing the Buddhist idea that man has 108 cares.

MADEIRA, PORTUGAL, ST. SYLVESTER'S FESTIVAL, December 31. On the semitropical island of Madeira, an hour by plane from Lisbon, the boats in the Bay of Funchal and the buildings along the harbor twinkle with lights. At midnight villages in the surrounding hills unleash fantastic bursts of fireworks.

MIAMI, FLORIDA, ORANGE JAMBOREE PARADE AND ORANGE BOWL FOOTBALL CLASSIC, December 31 and January 1. (305) 642-1515.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, TOURNAMENT OF ROSES PARADE AND ROSE BOWL FOOTBALL GAME, January 1. (818) 449-4100. The 97th annual parade will feature 60 colorful floats, 23 bands, and 270 equestrians.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, MUMMER'S PARADE, January 1. (215) 686-2876. One of the nation's great parades. Fancifully costumed marchers cavort through the city streets while brass and string bands play up a storm.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, KAISER BALL, December 31. The Hofburg, a sprawling medieval complex where Hapsburg emperors and their courts once danced at grand balls, is now the site of a radiant, festive beginning to the New Year. At a midnight show, dancers and singers of the Vienna State Opera will salute 1986 with selections from operettas.

WASHINGTON, D.C., NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION AT THE OLD POST OFFICE PAVILION, December 31. (202) 289-4224. At the stroke of midnight a giant stamp will be lowered from the Pavilion's clock tower.

Information on any celebration held in a foreign country is available from that country's tourist board. See the listings under the country's name.

CARNIVAL

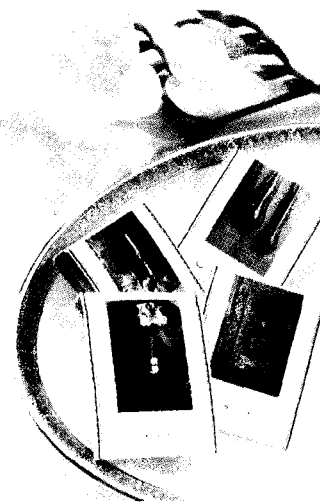
BINCHE, BELGIUM, GILLES DE BINCHE CARNAVAL, February 11. Celebrated for at least 430 years, this world-famous *Carnaval* attracts thousands.

BRAZIL, CARNAVAL, February 8-11. The myriad people of Rio de Janeiro dress as legendary or mythical characters and descend upon the streets to parade in spectacular theatrical processions that move to *batucada* and samba rhythms. Other major Brazilian *Carnaval* celebrations are held in Salvador, where the action is less spectacular but more spontaneous than Rio's, and Olinda, a baroque city whose serpentine processions use sinewy movements and colorful costumes to recall tales of prowess and adventure.

FRENCH WEST INDIES, CARNAVAL, January 6-February 12. The frenzy builds and builds until the last four days, when the islands really cut loose. On Martinique the spirit reaches its peak in La Savane, Fort-de-France. On Guadeloupe it's Pointe-a-Pitre that grows truly delirious. The celebrations on St. Barthelémy and St. Martin are smaller but no less festive.

MIAMI, FLORIDA, CARNAVAL MIAMI, March 1-9. (305) 324-7349. Each year Miami's Little Havana district fills to bursting with party-goers intent upon traditional Latin festivities. Events will include *Calle Ocho* ("Open House Eight"), a giant street party; *Carnaval Night*, music and dancing in the Orange Bowl; and the

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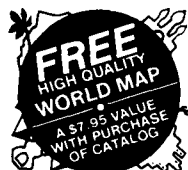
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■ **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** ■



HOLIDAYS

Paseo, a parade at which the spectators, too, wear costumes.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, CARNIVAL SEASON, January 6–February 11. (504) 586-4372. Reticence is banished from New Orleans in the season prior to Mardi Gras. A black krewe led by King Zulu parades through the downtown area throwing painted coconuts and beads; Bourbon Street's annual He Sheba costume competition is a showcase for transvestites. Overall, the spectacle in the French Quarter is dizzyingly anarchic.

NICE, FRANCE, 102ND NICE CARNAVAL, January 23–February 12. Confetti showers, masked balls, float parades, and flower battles that leave participants and spectators alike awash in petals. Plus fireworks and more fireworks.

PATRAS, GREECE, CARNIVAL, February 23–March 17. The Greek Orthodox calendar helps see to it that the costumed revelers, practical jokers, and decorated chariots in Patras parades move to a different drummer.

ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS, CARNIVAL WEEK, April 13–19. St. Thomas holds off until after Lent, when it puts on one of the liveliest Carnivals in the Caribbean. The steel bands of the J'Ouvert Morning Tramp are one kind of eye-opener; the Mocko Jumbi dancers, astride 17-foot stilts, are another.

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO, CARNIVAL 1986, February 10–11. In Port of Spain, Trinidad's capital, exuberant and thematically dressed revelers transform the city's streets into pulsating rivers of color, and steel-drum ensembles—including 100-piece outfits with fanatical followings—play through the night. Some say the high-energy festivities here were the blueprint for the celebrations in Rio and New Orleans.

VENICE, ITALY, CARNEVALE DI VENEZIA, February 1–11. Here the celebrants include mimes and other street-theater performers making their own fun, offering spontaneous entertainment in the public squares.

Information on any celebration held in a foreign country is available from that country's tourist board. See the listings under the country's name.

EASTER

ATTITASH MOUNTAIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE, EASTER EGG HUNT, March 30. (603) 374-2369. Eggs are hidden on the mountain slopes for youngsters to find.

FLORENCE, ITALY, SCOPPIO DEL CARRO (Explosion of the Cart), March 30. In the Piazza del Duomo a mechanical dove driven from the Cathedral's altar during High Mass on Easter Sunday ignites a pyramid of fireworks. The ceremony is centuries old; the fireworks display is impressive.

JERUSALEM, ISRAEL, GOOD FRIDAY, March 28. A traditional procession follows the Via Dolorosa, the route along which Jesus carried the cross.

MARINDUQUE, PHILIPPINES, MORIONES FESTIVAL, March 26–30. This spectacular festival dramatizes the story of Longinus, the Roman centurion who pierced the side of the crucified Christ with his sword. Longinus was blind, it is said, and a drop of blood in his eye restored his sight and converted him to Christianity. At a parade on Easter Sunday townsfolk don handmade wooden masks resembling the centurion's helmet. The pageant concludes with a symbolic beheading of Longinus.

MARION, INDIANA, EASTER PAGEANT, March 30. (317) 664-3947. Costumed actors stage a wordless Passion Play to musical accompaniment by an orchestra, a chorus, and, on hymns, the audience.

MEXICO, HOLY WEEK, March 23–30. Easter is celebrated with joy and mystery nationwide. Outstanding observances include candlelit processions in Taxco, the Passion Play in Ixtapalapa in Mexico City, and the Procession of Silence in San Luis Potosi.

MOUNDVILLE, ALABAMA, ROAD TO CALVARY ANNUAL EASTER PAGEANT, March 30. (205) 371-2423. On the Indian mounds at Mound State Park, 18 scenes from the Passion are re-enacted to musical accompaniment by local church choirs. The service begins an hour before sunrise; spectators should bring folding chairs and blankets.

MOUNT RUSHMORE, SOUTH DAKOTA, EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE, March 30. (605) 773-5032. Thousands participate in this annual service, held at the national memorial.

SPAIN, HOLY WEEK, March 23–30. The beauty of the solemn *pasos*, or platforms bearing sculptured scenes from the Passion, is noteworthy, especially in the Good Friday processions in Cuenca, Malaga, Seville, Valladolid, Murcia, and Granada.

Information on any ceremony held in a foreign country is available from that country's tourist board. See the listings under the country's name.

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EUROPE

AUSTRIA

FEBRUARY 1, MASKED BALL AT THE IMPERIAL COURT, Vienna. The 18th century re-created: Imperial hussars, a rococo orchestra, and masked ladies and gentlemen in formal dress or festive historical costumes. After liveried footmen have passed around cocktails, the famous scene of little "Wolferl" Mozart playing the spinet for Empress Maria Theresa will be re-enacted.

MARCH 22-31, OSTER FESTSPIELE SALZBURG 1986. Among the highlights of this musical celebration will be Herbert von Karajan's presentation of works by Mozart.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

THROUGH DECEMBER 22, EUROPALIA '85 SPAIN, Brussels and other cities. Biennial Europalia festivals focus on the cultural patrimony of other countries. Among the splendors imported from Spain this year are El Greco and Goya exhibitions, at the Fine Arts Museum and the Modern Art Museum, Brussels; the Spanish National Ballet; and major performing artists.

NOVEMBER 27-DECEMBER 1, INTERNATIONAL JUMPING SHOW AND HIPPORAMA, Brussels. Competitions, and displays of horses and riding equipment.

MARCH 10-16, BELGIAN INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP (International Tennis Tournament), Brussels.

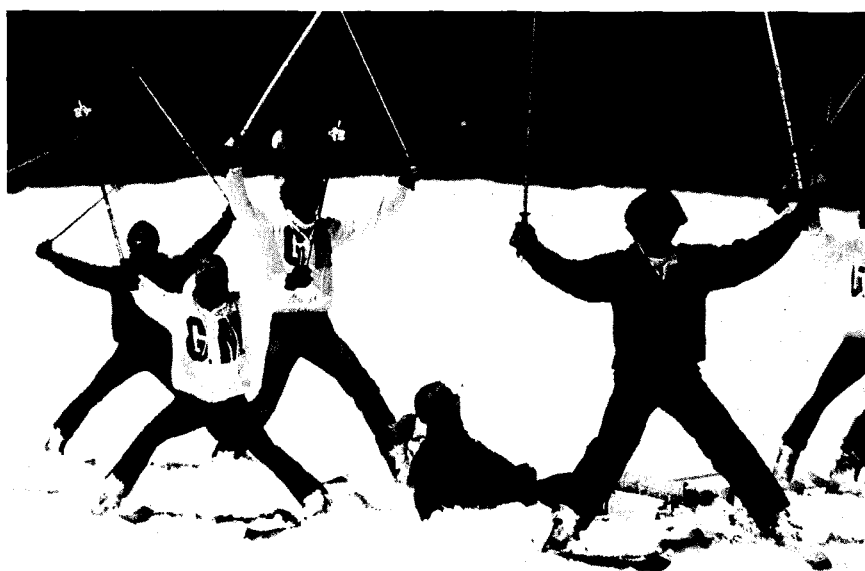
For information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10022. (212) 758-8130.

DENMARK

FEBRUARY 9, FASTELAVIN, throughout Denmark. A Halloween-like festival for which children dress in imaginative costumes.

APRIL 16, THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, throughout Denmark. Queen Margrethe will address the assembled multitudes from her balcony in Amalienborg Palace, in Copenhagen.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.



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FINLAND

NOVEMBER 16-28, 5TH INTERNATIONAL JEAN SIBELIUS VIOLIN COMPETITION, Helsinki. A prestigious event held every fifth year.

FEBRUARY 9-MARCH 3, 91ST EXHIBITION OF THE FINNISH ARTISTS ASSOCIATION, Helsinki. One of the largest shows of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts in Scandinavia.

FEBRUARY 23, FINLANDIA SKI RACE, Hameenlinna to Lahti. Nearly 14,000 people participated in this 75-km cross-country skiing event last year. The race is part of the Euroloppet and Worldloppet contests.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

THROUGH NOVEMBER 24, 23RD INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL, Paris. Twelve modern dance companies are performing at the Pompidou Center.

THROUGH DECEMBER 15, FESTIVAL D'AUTOMNE, Paris. The fall cultural season is now in full swing—music, theater, dance, and art events.

THROUGH JANUARY 6, CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO'S DEATH, Paris. The primary exhibit, at the Grand Palais, traces the importance of the great author and his place in the French national consciousness. Supplemental exhibits include Hugo's drawings and manuscripts, at the Petit Palais; photographs, at the Palais de Tokyo; and drawings, at Hugo's house on the Place des Vosges.

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2493. (212) 757-1125.

GREECE

THROUGH MAY, MOUNT ATHOS TREASURES, Thessaloniki. For the first time, the fantastic Byzantine treasures of the Mount Athos Monastery will be on display to the public, in Greece's second largest city. Gold and silver reliquaries, rare illuminated manuscripts, mosaic icons, and a large number of ethnological objects.

JANUARY 6, EPIPHANY, throughout Greece. The blessing of the waters takes place on this day. The ritual is especially impressive in Piraeus, the port of Athens.

JANUARY 8, GYNECOCRACY. On this day, in villages in the prefectures of Komotini, Xanthi, Kilikis, and Serres,

women gather in the cafés and other social centers while the men stay at home to look after the household. They are permitted to join their wives in the celebrations only as dusk falls.

LATE APRIL, INTERNATIONAL MUSIC DAYS, Thessaloniki. A celebration of classical and pre-classical music.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

IRELAND

NOVEMBER 1-10, AN tOIREACHTAS, Cork City. For Cork City's 800th anniversary, a special edition of this festival of music, dance, drama, art, literature, and sports, which is a national tradition.

MARCH 15-22, ST. PATRICK'S WEEK, throughout Ireland. Irishmen from around the world journey to the Emerald Isle to celebrate the feast day of the nation's patron saint. Dublin is the center of the most spirited activities, with concerts and dancing on St. Stephen's Green, Gaelic football, horse racing, hurling, and a huge parade with dozens of marching bands.

MARCH 21-23, CHURCH MUSIC INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL, Limerick City. Choirs and choral groups will compete in singing traditional and modern church music in the 12th-century St. Mary's Cathedral.

APRIL, CARLING COUNTRY-MUSIC FESTIVAL, Cork City. Performances by top country-music stars at the Cork Opera House, and fiddlers and bluegrass players in the city's hotels and pubs.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5500.

ITALY

THROUGH SPRING, OPERA SEASON, Teatro la Fenice, Venice.

DECEMBER, INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL ON FOLK ARTS, Orvieto.

DECEMBER-JUNE, OPERA SEASON, Teatro alla Scala, Milan; Teatro San Carlo, Naples; and Teatro dell'Opera, Rome.

FEBRUARY, OPERA SEASON, Teatro Comunale, Florence.

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., Suite 1565, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

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For information: Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-9850.



MALTA

MARCH 23–31, MEDITERRANEAN FOLK FESTIVAL. Folk groups from Mediterranean countries join Maltese folk dancers and singers in a grand celebration of Mediterranean folk traditions.

MARCH 30–31, MALTA'S NATIONAL DAY. Indoor and outdoor theatrical presentations, parades, land and water sports, and fireworks.

For information: Consulate of the Republic of Malta, 249 East 35th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 725-2345.



MONACO

DECEMBER 5–9, INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, Monte Carlo. This annual festival will present more than 20 circuses from around the world. Children judge the afternoon performances.

JANUARY 25–FEBRUARY 2, MONTE CARLO RALLYE. Now in its 54th year, this event comprises 10 races.

FEBRUARY 5–7, 26TH INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION FESTIVAL, Monte Carlo. What Cannes is to films, Monte Carlo is to television.

EARLY APRIL, INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Monte Carlo.

For information: Monaco Government Tourist Office, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.



NETHERLANDS

NOVEMBER 28, THANKSGIVING, Rotterdam. Thanksgiving services for Americans in the Low Countries will be held in the Pilgrims' church.

LATE MARCH–MID-MAY, KEUKENHOF GARDENS, Lisse. Holland's harbinger of

spring is the blooming of the bulb industry's showcase gardens at a castle near Lisse. Within the confines of a 70-acre wooded park, tulips, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and other bulb flowers make an awesome display of color.

APRIL 30, THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, throughout Holland. In Amsterdam the festivities will include a fireworks display, a lively fair, and street music.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 576 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 245-5320.



NORWAY

DECEMBER 10, NOBEL PEACE PRIZE PRESENTATION, Oslo.

EARLY JANUARY, MONOLITH SKI RACE, Oslo. This international 15-km cross-country ski race for men and 10-km race for women proceeds through downtown Oslo and concludes in the city's Vigeland sculpture park.

MID-MARCH, BIRKEBEINER SKI RACE, Lillehammer. A time-honored 50-km ski race between Lillehammer and Rena that is open to all.

MID-MARCH, VOSS JAZZ FESTIVAL. Performances, exhibits, and music-related activities jazz up the country village of Voss.

EARLY APRIL, REINDEER RACES, Karasjok and Kautokeino. No, no. Not reindeer running laps, but Lapps making reindeer run.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.



PORTUGAL

JANUARY 20, SAO SEBASTIAO FESTIVAL, Aveiro. This festival dates back to the fulfillment of a vow made to Sao Sebastiao in the 16th century, during an epidemic. Hundreds of young girls march in procession, carrying *fogacas* (buns) that have been artistically arranged in baskets decorated with flowers, colored ribbons, and little flags. Thousands of citizens descend on this striking coastal village for the festival.

MARCH 16, TERTIARY PROCESSION, Ovar. The Order of the Tertiaries rolls out its famous 14 floats bearing beautiful 18th-century life-size images. The floats are accompanied by hundreds of brothers who wear the habit of St. Francis.

MARCH 25–APRIL 25, MARCH FAIR, Aveiro. Brightly painted *moliceiros*—workboats with graceful Phoenician prows which ply the inland waterways and lagoons near this coastal town—parade. And then, there are flower battles, bullfights, folk-dancing, and spectacular fireworks displays.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.



SPAIN

MARCH 12–19, FALLAS DE SAN JOSE, Valencia. The *fallas* are satirical groups of huge cardboard figures, on display throughout the festival. At midnight on the last day, the figures are set on fire.

MID-APRIL, APRIL FAIR, Seville. Originally a livestock market, this festival is today a major extravaganza. Multi-colored tents, wreaths, and paper lanterns transform the city, flamenco singers and dancers perform, and bullfights are fought in the Plaza de la Macstranza, known as the Cathedral of Bullfighting.

APRIL 23, SAN JORGE DAY, CERVANTES DAY, AND LOVERS' DAY, Barcelona. Since 1714, residents have visited St. George's chapel in the Palacio de la Generalidad to pray before his statue on this day. For lovers of Cervantes (on the anniversary of his death) and other lovers, books and roses are sold in the palace patio.

For information: Spanish National Tourist Office, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 759-8822.



SWITZERLAND

NOVEMBER 26, ONION MARKET, Berne. This annual celebration of the onion has been held since 1405. Farmers set up stalls in the streets and sell 50 tons of onions, restaurants feature special onion dishes, and music, folk dancing, odes, and poems glorify the onion.

DECEMBER 6, ST. NICHOLASES OF WOLLISHOFEN. Eighty mysterious shapes sweep through the streets of Wollishofen, near Zurich, creating a musical din with their handbells. They are the local school's elder boys and girls, each swathed in a long white choir robe and crowned with a huge, luminous headpiece, often precariously balanced.

APRIL 20–21, SECHSELAEUTEN FESTIVAL, Zurich. Medieval history

comes to life during this traditional spring festival held in the old quarters of the city. Bells ring in springtime, an effigy of Old Man Winter is burned at the stake, and guildsmen gather to eat, drink, make speeches, and celebrate.

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.

UNITED KINGDOM

NOVEMBER 8-FEBRUARY 23, HANDEL, A CELEBRATION OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES, London. On the tercentenary of Handel's birth the National Portrait Gallery will trace his life and times with portraits of the composer and his contemporaries.

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 7, CARDIFF FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, Wales. A series of concerts of classical and contemporary music.

JANUARY 1, LONDON INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW, London. More than 600 water craft will be displayed at Europe's largest boat show.

FEBRUARY 7-9, CRUFTS DOG SHOW, London. Over a hundred breeds will compete in this championship dog show for the coveted "Best in Show" title.

MARCH 21-30, EDINBURGH FOLK FESTIVAL, Edinburgh, Scotland. Concerts, ceilidhs, lectures, and exhibitions.

MARCH 26-APRIL 2, HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Harrogate, North Yorkshire. Over 1,000 musicians, singers, and dancers will gather in this Victorian spa town.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700

USSR

NOVEMBER 20-30, BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN ART FESTIVAL, throughout Byelorussia.

DECEMBER 25-JANUARY 5, RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow. A vivid festival of music, dancing, and theater. The USSR Folk Dance Company, the Bolshoi Theater (opera and ballet), and the Moscow Circus will be among the attractions.

MARCH 1-10, MERTSISHOR ART FESTIVAL, Kishinev. In the capital of Moldavia, performances by the Doina Choir, the Fluerash Folk Music Company, and the Zhok Dance Company. The Zhok performs national dances, including Bulgarian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Ukrainian, Gypsy, and Moldavian.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

WEST GERMANY

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 2000TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF AUGSBURG. Exhibitions, concerts, and theatrical, folkloric, and sporting events celebrate the founding of Augsburg by the Roman Emperor Augustus.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, WINTER SPORTS EVENTS, Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Downhill ski competitions, including a famous New Year's Eve ski-jumping event.

JANUARY 24-FEBRUARY 12, GREEN WEEK, Berlin. Agricultural products are displayed and new and unusual foods are available for tasting at this international agricultural exhibition.

FEBRUARY, INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Berlin.

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

YUGOSLAVIA

NOVEMBER 26-29, WORLD SERIES OF SKIING, Sarajevo. Among the championship events will be men's and women's slalom and giant-slalom races.

EARLY JANUARY, LADIES' WORLD CUP CHAMPIONSHIPS, Maribor. The top woman skiers in the world compete for the 22 Pohorje Cup.

EARLY FEBRUARY, MIMOSA FESTIVAL, Herceg-Novi. Parades, sporting events, and concerts welcome the first blooming of fragrant mimosas. This tiny spa town is especially popular with Europeans at this time of year.

For information: Yugoslavia National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. (212) 757-2801.

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EGYPT

DECEMBER 19-29, INTERNATIONAL NILE ROWING REGATTA, Cairo and Luxor. This 2,000-meter rowing competition follows a pattern introduced by ancient Egyptians. Teams from around the world will compete.

LATE JANUARY-EARLY FEBRUARY, CAIRO BOOK FAIR. About three dozen countries will be represented at this sprawling fair. Traders, collectors, and buyers as well as publishers will be present, to haggle over antique scrolls and new paperback releases.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

ISRAEL

DECEMBER 8-15, HANUKKAH CELEBRATIONS, throughout Israel. Candle-lighting ceremonies and special programs will be held in the major cities.

DECEMBER 17, SEA OF GALILEE MARATHON, near Tiberias.

DECEMBER 26-JANUARY 4, LITURGICA, Jerusalem. A pageant of vocal music by choirs and soloists from around the world.

APRIL 24-30, EIN GEV MUSIC FESTIVAL, Gev. The Ein Gev kibbutz overflows with folk-dance troupes, choirs, and concert performers from Israel and abroad during the Passover holidays.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

JORDAN

NOVEMBER 14, AQABA WATER SKIING FESTIVAL, Aqaba. One of Jordan's prettiest Red Sea resorts hosts a birthday celebration for King Hussein, with group skiing performances and competitive water sports such as ski jumping.

For information: Jordan Information Bureau, 1701 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20006. (202) 659-3322.

KENYA

JANUARY, INTERNATIONAL BILLFISH COMPETITION, Malindi. On Kenya's eastern coast, 60 miles north of

Mombasa, deep-sea enthusiasts from around the world gather to troll for blue marlin and other top game fish.

MARCH 27-31, SAFARI RALLY, Nairobi. An international field of competitors set off from Nairobi for a lengthy tour of the Kenyan countryside on some of the most rugged roads in the world.

For information: Kenya Tourist Office, 424 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 486-1300.

MOROCCO

NOVEMBER, WAX LANTERN FESTIVAL, Sale. *Dor Esh Shemaa*, the wax-lantern procession, is preserved intact from Sale's Barbary period, when corsairs carried wax lanterns to the sanctuary of the town's patron to implore his protection before a long voyage. This beautiful event takes place in the Bou Regreg estuary, near Rabat.

MID-FEBRUARY, ALMOND BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Tafraout Valley. Almond blossoms ranging in color from pure white to blushing pink cover the valley at this time of year. Excursions are available so that visitors may see this great natural spectacle.

For information: Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 East 46th St., Suite 503, New York, NY 10017. (212) 557-2520.

NIGERIA

DECEMBER, IGUE FESTIVAL, Benin. In this colorful seven-day festival, which is said to date back nearly 600 years, Oba people perform traditional dances in full regalia, and their chiefs hold a mock battle and dance in procession to the palace to reaffirm their loyalty.

JANUARY, BULASUBOU OGE, Tuomo, Western Ijaw. Boa constrictors and other reptiles abound in Tuomo and neighboring villages, where they are held sacred. Visitors share a lounge, bedroom, and chair with boa constrictors. Dancers carry around live reptiles, kissing and embracing them.

FEBRUARY, ARGUNGU FISHING FESTIVAL, Sokoto state. Every man and boy in the area arms himself with a large fish-net scoop, enters the water, and, to the accompaniment of drummers stationed in canoes, helps drive the fish into shallow waters. The festival offers displays of bare-hand fishing, duck hunting, swimming and diving competitions, and canoe racing. Drinking, drumming, and dancing continue into the night.

For information: Nigerian Information Services, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 715-7200.

TOGO

NOVEMBER, HABYE FESTIVAL, Lama-Kara. A festival of purification held every five years by the Kabye tribe in the north of Togo. There will be dramatic demonstrations of magic, including men walking on the unsupported fronds of the tallest palm trees.

JANUARY 13, NATIONAL LIBERATION DAY, Lome. A vast parade makes its way through the streets of the capital city.

MARCH, TILSM FESTIVAL, near Kante. The Bassar people give over three days of the March dry season to predicting the crop. Men perform *sintou*, a magical dance that can last as long as the festival does.

For information: Togo Information Service, 1625 K St. NW, Suite 102, Washington, DC 20006. (202) 659-4330.

TURKEY

DECEMBER-MID-JANUARY, CAMEL WRESTLING, Aydin province. The wrestling pits camel against camel and is accompanied by music played on the *davul* drum and the *zurna* reed flute.

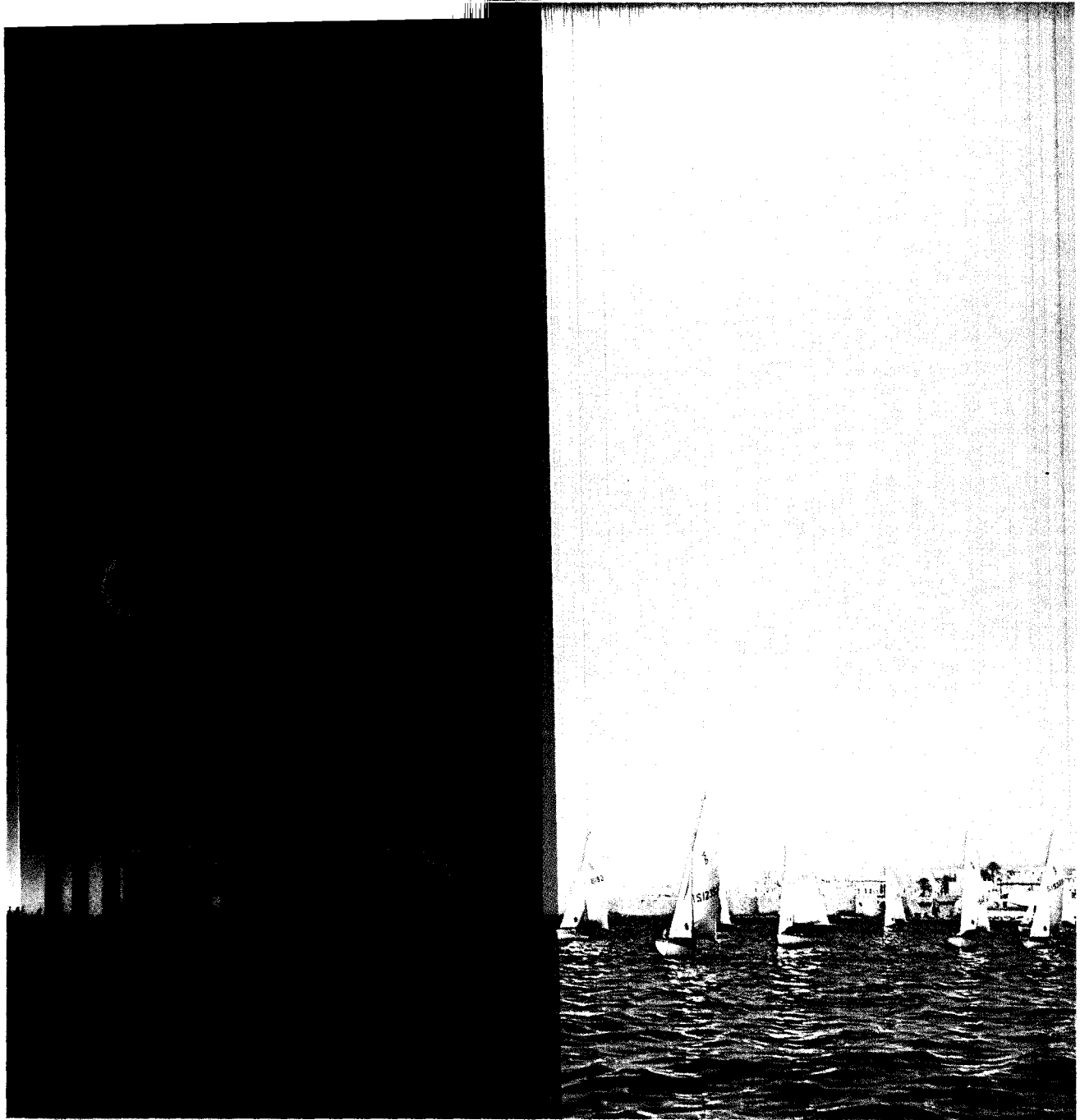
DECEMBER 14-17, FESTIVAL OF MEVLANA, Konya. In honor of the great Moslem mystic, poet, and philosopher Jalaludin Rumi, founder of the order of Whirling Dervishes, Whirling Dervishes perform the *Sema* ceremony, to the accompaniment of music played upon the *ney* reed flute.

For information: Turkish Government Tourism and Information Office, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

ZAMBIA

MARCH, KUOMBOKA (LOZI) CEREMONY, Western province. This festival is held when the Zambezi River swells; *kuomboka* means "getting out of the water." The main event is a very colorful regatta in which thousands of boats and canoes are led by the Royal Barge, which carries the Paramount Chief. The barge is powered by 60 paddlers whose chants are accompanied by drums and xylophones.

For information: Zambia National Tourist Board, 237 East 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 758-9450.



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AUSTRALIA

DECEMBER 26, SYDNEY TO HOBART YACHT RACE. The yachts make a spectacular display of sail power as they leave Sydney Harbour on their way to Hobart, Tasmania.

DECEMBER 31-JANUARY 31, FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY. Indoors and out, music, theater, dance, art exhibits, and cabaret shows.

FEBRUARY 28-MARCH 10, MOOMBA FESTIVAL, Melbourne. *Moomba* is Aboriginal for "Let's get together and have fun." Melbourne accomplishes this purpose with water-skiing on the Yarra River, a grand parade, and outdoor art exhibitions.

MARCH 1-22, ADELAIDE FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. An internationally known arts festival, with hundreds of performances and exhibits in all disciplines.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 636 Fifth Ave., Suite 467, New York, NY 10111. (212) 489-7550.



CHINA

FEBRUARY, SPRING FESTIVAL, throughout China. A major three-day holiday of fireworks, feasts, and assorted festivities.

LATE FEBRUARY, LANTERN FESTIVAL, throughout China. Paper and silk lanterns are alight everywhere. In Harbin, a city in the northeast, ice sculptures in the public park bordering the Sunghua River are lighted with colored bulbs.

APRIL 13-15, WATER SPLASHING FESTIVAL, Xishuangbanna. A grand celebration of the lunar New Year by those of Dai nationality. Dai people splash water on one another to chase away the evil spirit. Dragon boats race on the Lanchang River, and the peacock dance is performed around a bonfire at night.

For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 East 42nd St., Suite 465, New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.



HONG KONG

NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 1, HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL GO-KART GRAND PRIX. Now in its 19th year, at Victoria Park. Vroom.



The Farmers' Dance, at Korea's Kaecheon Art Festival

FEBRUARY 9, CHINESE NEW YEAR, throughout Hong Kong. To welcome the Year of the Tiger, shop windows will be decorated and streets in Hong Kong island's central district and in Tsimshatsui, in Kowloon, will be hung with lights. The larger hotels arrange "lion" dances for their guests. Lanterns, sweets, and, of course, flowers are sold in the city's flower markets to help spread New Year cheer.

FEBRUARY 23, LANTERN FESTIVAL, throughout Hong Kong. To mark the end of the Chinese New Year celebrations, market stalls, homes, restaurants, and temples are bedecked with traditional lanterns.

APRIL 5, CHING MING FESTIVAL, throughout Hong Kong. Families place flowers and food on the graves of ancestors, and the event has the feeling of a picnic rather than the solemnity one might expect in a cemetery. Similar in some ways to Easter, Ching Ming marks the beginning of spring.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.



INDIA

JANUARY 26, FLOATING FESTIVAL, Madurai. For the anniversary of the birth of Tirumala Nayak, a 17th-century ruler of this temple town in south India, temple deities are clothed in silk and bedecked

with jewels and flowers. Then they are borne aloft in a grand procession to a large pool, where they are placed on a decorated barge illuminated by hundreds of lamps. The sacred barge sets off to music and the chanting of hymns.

MARCH 26, HOLI, throughout northern India. To celebrate the advent of spring, men, women, and children throw colored powder and water on their friends. The most interesting Holi celebration is at Barsana, near Mathura, where the women challenge the men of Nandgaon to throw color on them.

APRIL 12, GANGAUR, Udaipur. During this festival in honor of Gauri, the consort of Lord Shiva, gaily attired young women balance brass pitchers on their heads and wend their way to her temple for a ceremonial bath of the deity. The women make an invocation to Gauri, asking for husbands. The festival concludes with the arrival of Shiva, who is accompanied by caparisoned horses and elephants.

Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.



JAPAN

JANUARY 6, DEZOMESHIKI, Tokyo. Firemen dressed in uniforms of the Edo period demonstrate their acrobatic skills atop bamboo ladders at the Harumi Pier.

FEBRUARY 3, SETSUBUN, throughout Japan. To chants of "*Oni wa soto, fuka wa uchi*" ("Demons out, good luck in"), beans are thrown to ward off evil spirits. At major temples costumed "demons" are chased away by "gods."

FEBRUARY 5-9, SAPPORO SNOW FESTIVAL, Hokkaido. More than 100 massive snow and ice sculptures, which are illuminated after dark. Also, entertainment, music, and dancing.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

KOREA

NOVEMBER, KAECHON ART FESTIVAL, Chinju. Korea's oldest regional festival. Lanterns are floated on the Namgang River, and there are colorful processions, fireworks displays, and a country fair.

MARCH, SAMIL CULTURAL FESTIVAL, Yongsan. The Yongsan Tug-of-War is the main event. Months go into making the 70-strand straw ropes, which symbolize male and female. Nearly 20,000 people compete. The festival also features an interesting Wooden Bull Fight.

For information: Korea National Tourism Corporation, 460 Park Ave., Suite 400, New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-7543.

NEW ZEALAND

DECEMBER 5-8, NEW ZEALAND GOLF OPEN, Christchurch.

LATE JANUARY, WELLINGTON CUP AND WELLINGTON DERBY. The nation's most prestigious horse races are followed by yearling sales and an international horse show.

JANUARY 27, AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY DAY YACHT REGATTA, Auckland. This sail around Waitemata Harbor is the largest single-day yacht regatta in the world.

LATE FEBRUARY, NEW ZEALAND OPEN GAME-FISHING TOURNAMENT, Paihia, Bay of Islands. Blue marlin, yellowtail, swordfish, and other big game fish are the quarry.

MID-MARCH, AUCKLAND FIESTA '86, Auckland. A week's worth of sporting and

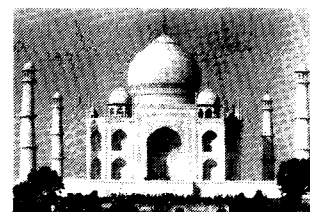


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ASIA & THE PACIFIC

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For information: New Zealand Tourist Office,
630 Fifth Ave., Suite 530, New York, NY
10111. (212) 586-0060.



PHILIPPINES

JANUARY 17-19, ATI-ATIHAN, Kalibo, Aklan. From dawn till night costumed revelers who are smudged with soot to resemble the *atis*, or aboriginal inhabitants of the island, beat drums and ring bells in a frenzy of merrymaking.

For information: Philippine Ministry of
Tourism, 556 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036.
(212) 575-7915.



SINGAPORE

LATE JANUARY, INTERNATIONAL KITE FESTIVAL. The skies above West Coast Park fill with birds, fish, dragons, and fairies, including some of the world's largest kites. All are borne aloft by the strong winds of the seasonal northeast monsoon.

EARLY FEBRUARY, THAIPUSAM.

Penitents asking forgiveness for past sins or offering thanks for the fulfillment of prayers pierce their bodies, foreheads, cheeks, and even tongues with sharp skewers and weighted fish hooks during a dramatic procession of voluntary mutilation. A weird and shocking spectacle; the obvious devotion and religious sincerity of the devotees is said to be deeply moving.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion
Board, 342 Madison Ave., Suite 1008, New
York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.

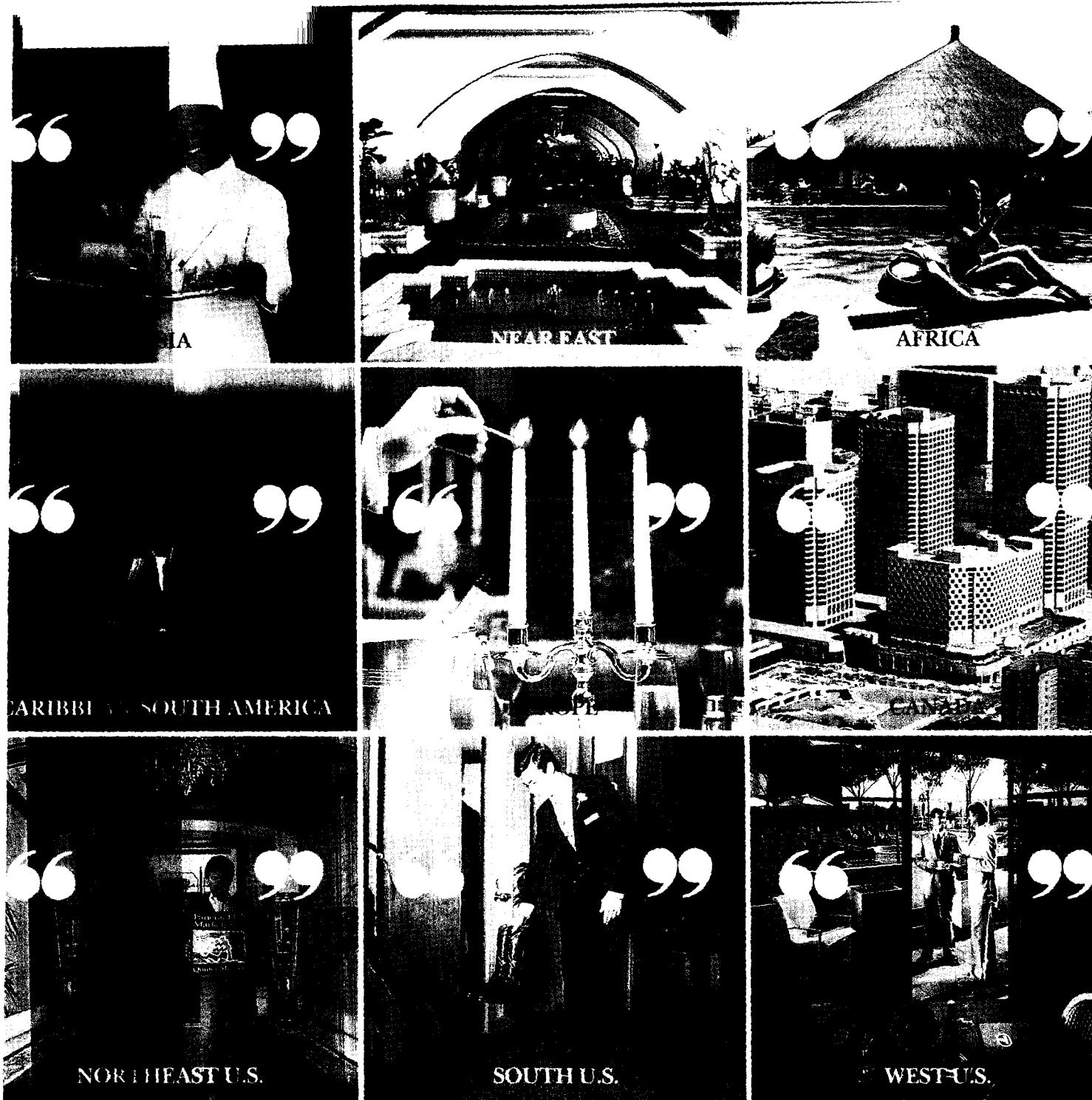


SRI LANKA

JANUARY, DURUTHU MAHA PERAHERA, Kelaniya. At the full moon in January Buddha's visit to this ancient city, near Colombo, is commemorated with colorful torchlit processions of elephants, dancers, and drummers.

FEBRUARY 4, INDEPENDENCE DAY, throughout Sri Lanka. Parades, folk dances, and games.

For information: Ceylon/Sri Lanka Tourist
Board, 609 Fifth Ave., Suite 714, New York,
NY 10017. (212) 935-0369.



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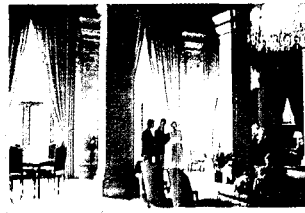
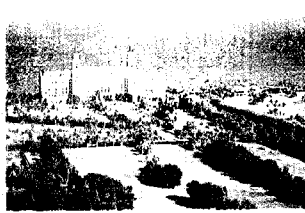
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SISTER MARIE ANGELICA PLAYS BADMINTON

with Sister Marie Modeste most afternoons.
Today because of lengthy vespers they are late—
a pale moon has already risen, and early bats
are darting like black shuttlecocks.

Except for low wings whispering from time to time
and the Sisters' hushed encouragement
the only sounds are the plinking of rackets
and a monotone of mourning doves.

On all sides of the court
the sculpted yew in cubes and columns
might pass for black so deeply green it grows.
And now it moves closer,

Marie Angelica would say
who has been known to have visions.
Though she moves as aptly as the bats,
doesn't miss a shot,

when she goes back for a long one from Marie Modeste,
sways on her toes, arches her back, raises one arm
and the other to keep her difficult balance
as she sights the shuttle descending to the gut

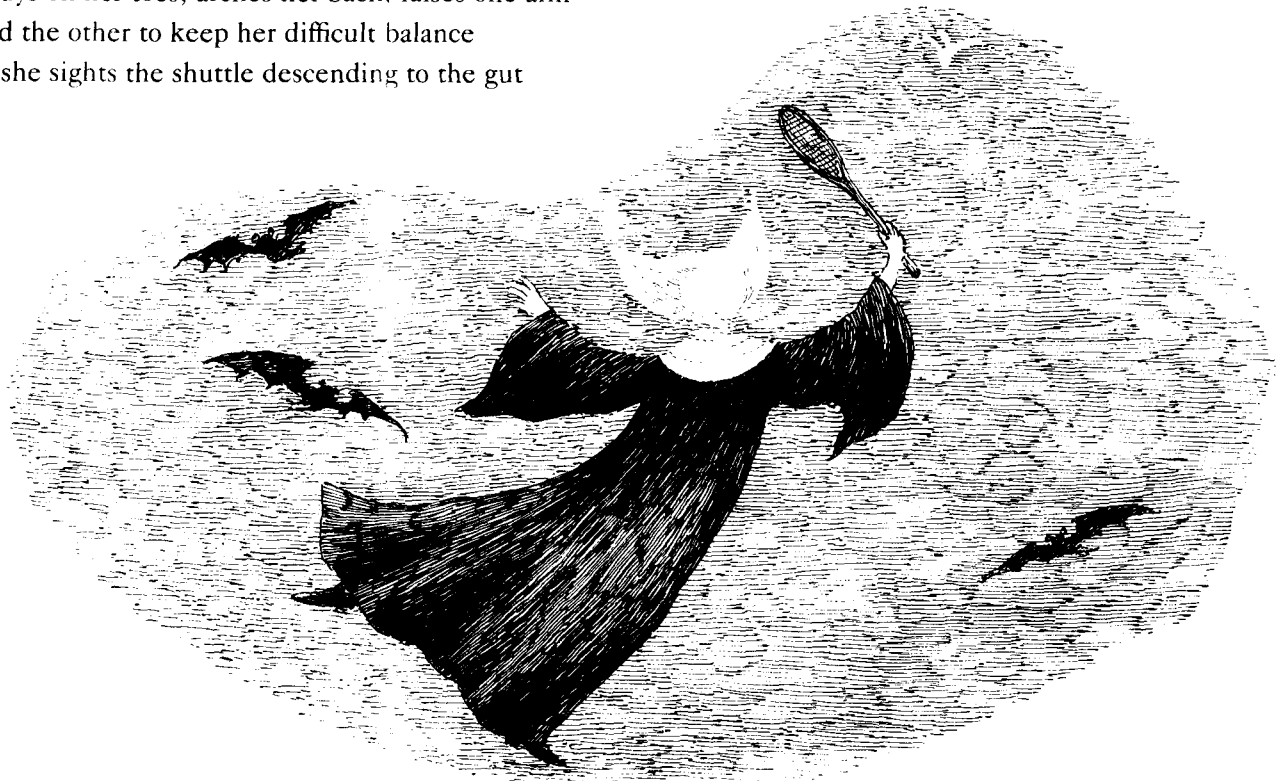
of her racket, she is lost, a long-legged girl again
in mare's tail, mullein, milkweed,
leaning on the sudden sky as if it could sustain her
like a hand in the small of her back. It does.

Her nerve ends quick as a shiver of poplar,
arms like branches in a wind,
she feels a cry begin
to rise, to force the past, the self before it

and burst, all colors one. That white.
It vaults straight up, a feathered cry
that hovers in the heart of heaven, hovers—
and plummets to the gut

of the racket she sights it in,
the perfect bird, the shuttlecock
Marie Angelica keeps in play, will not let fall
despite the darkness gathering.

—Rennie McQuilkin





*An overview of the history and
geopolitical significance of the Soviet invasion and occupation*

THE ORDEAL OF AFGHANISTAN

BY JOHN KEEGAN

WHAT GAME IS RUSSIA PLAYING IN AFGHANISTAN? Certainly the Great Game, that contest for power on the borders of the Indian subcontinent which enthralled the spies and soldiers of the czars and of British royalty throughout Queen Victoria's reign and after. Its stakes were, and remain, high—in essence, the right to call the strategic tune in the great wedge of territory that stretches between the Himalayas, the Arabian-Persian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean. But the Great Game is an old game. Is there a new game—are there perhaps several games—afoot? Is Russia so alarmed by the resurgence of Islam that it plans to crush its prophets before they can shake the grip of communism on the Soviet Moslem republics? Or is its purpose offensive rather than pre-emptive? Does it perhaps hope to further the fragmentation of Pakistan, a country already halved in population as a result of the defection of Bangladesh, and now sandwiched between unneighborly India and the predatory USSR? Or are

its ambitions larger still—nothing less than the annexation of territory as far south as the shores of the Indian Ocean, and the opportunity to confront the United States Navy with the challenge of a new and critically important oceanic frontier at the point least accessible to that navy's reach? These questions all flow from the Soviet Union's decision to invade Afghanistan, which astounded the world at Christmas, 1979.

Not many Westerners, even among the well educated, can confidently plant a thumb over Afghanistan's place on the map. Even fewer can identify the languages (there are several) that the Afghans speak or the peoples (several again) that make up the population. Time was when a whole breed of empire-building Britons knew the Afghans as intimately as the horse soldiers of the U.S. Cavalry knew the Indians of the Great Plains, and on the same terms of mutual enmity and respect. The survivors are growing old today. My gardener is one, a grizzled Argyll



and Sutherland Highlander whose row of decorations, brought out annually for Remembrance Sunday, begins with the Frontier Medal, won at the head of the Khyber Pass in 1934. Major-General G.J. Hamilton—the husband of M. M. Kaye, who wrote *The Far Pavilions*—is another. Both are rich in recollections of frontier days. The Argyll recalls, with a private soldier's perspective, weeks of marching on his chinstrap up the high, broken roads of tribal territory, sweating his khaki black and waiting for the crack of long-range-rifle fire that would send the platoon diving for cover amid the boulders of the baking hillsides. The General remembers a larger excitement. For a young cavalry officer of Britain's Indian Army, life in the cantonments of the plains was an eternity of drill, polo, and boredom. News of trouble on the frontier sent a thrill through the barracks keener than the promise of furlough and the onset of cool weather combined.

There was the excitement of packing kit, drawing live ammunition, and setting off in column of route along the Grand Trunk Road, that ribbon of Indian life in all its intensity, evoked unforgettably in Kipling's *Kim*, which links the cities of the Ganges valley with Peshawar and the North-West Frontier. There was the pleasure of greeting friends as other regiments marched in from the branch roads to swell the column's strength: tall, turbaned Sikhs, traditional enemies of the Afghans; tiny Gurkhas, fellow hillmen to the Afghans and quite as quick up a mountain, if not such deadly shots; hefty, sunburned British infantrymen,

keen to practice the professional skills they had learned since taking the King's shilling on factory streets or village greens 5,000 miles away. As the road drew onward and climbed upward, the air grew crisp and invigorating, the nights sharp, the days, though still blazingly hot, dry and brilliantly clear. And the days were filled with exertion, incident, tantalizing rumor, and the pitting of precise tactical routines against innate military cunning.

The secret of survival in mountain warfare (the secrets of success are more arcane) is to hold the high ground. The Afghan is master of the high ground, knows every draw, false crest, goat track, hidden cave, overhang, and pinnacle. Allowed to move at his own pace, he will seize each point of command the mountains offer and from it unmask an ambush that will deal death to any interloping force unwary enough to stray within rifle shot. He will march eighteen hours in twenty-four to reach some favored spot, live for a week on a lump of unleavened bread, and urinate down a straw to keep the silence of the watching night. When the enemy's guard slips, he will deal one deadly blow and then melt into the mountains from which he came. So the British learned always to deny the Afghan his chosen pace and beat him to the peak he wished to hold. It was a Gurkha specialty to creep along the ridgelines parallel with the axis of advance, forcing the Afghans away from command of the roads on the valley floor. And when the advancing column had to take a leap in the dark, the hill-sides would be drenched without warning by fire from the

guns of the mule batteries, Kipling's "screw guns," whose wizardry in crashing into action with one wheel on a rock face and the other on the lip of a precipice no veteran of the frontier wars—from either side—will ever forget.

Frontier wars are made to sound fun by the men who fought them, and fun they were, a contest in warrior skills between those who held warriorhood highest among their values. But they were also wars with a point. They had a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning was almost always an irruption by the Afghans into the villages of the plains, many of them then inhabited by Hindus whose wealth and women the Moslem mountaineers had a periodically irresistible urge to plunder. The middle took the form of a summer's fighting in tribal territory. The end came when the mountaineers conceded that the pleasures of fighting were outweighed by the persistence of the British in burning their villages and confiscating their wealth, such as it was. When that moment arrived, the tribal leaders, masters of diplomacy when it suited them, knew precisely how to extend the tentacle of negotiation that would lead to terms of peace honorable to both sides.



IT IS A MEASURE OF HOW MUCH HAS CHANGED IN THE theater of the Great Game that the news of the Russo-Afghan war reaching the West these days bears little or no relation to the hide-and-seek that veterans of the Raj came to know so well. "We sat on the roof of a house where the wounded stayed," writes Mike Martin, a British war correspondent,

one man with perforated eardrums and shrapnel in his legs, another with hideous burns to his face and throat. You coped with the sight of serious wounds until the victims were children and all the arguments of a just war vanished. One small boy had had his legs welded together by the heat of bombs dropped on his father's fields, so that he was left with a single misshapen stump and he dragged himself along with a crutch. Another boy, about six, had had his face burned off. His nose was gone and there was a hole in the middle of his face which gave him the appearance of a fish. It was his mouth.

Wounds like these are the product of weapons that the British did not possess but also of methods to which veterans fervently deny they would have stooped. The weapons include fragmentation and concussion bombs, pyro-

technic devices, and a variety of anti-personnel mines, including the so-called toy mine, a variant on the Second World War "butterfly" mine, which may be lethally attractive to children. The wounds such weapons inflict, on fighters and civilians alike, are barbaric. But the reason that civilians suffer equally, perhaps disproportionately, with the fighters is that the Soviet army and its puppet Afghan units scatter their firepower about the countryside in a brutally arbitrary and indiscriminate way.

Or is *indiscriminate* the right word? "Each village in Afghanistan has been bombed at least once in the last four years," a French doctor testified last year. "I went four times. I was in Nuristan, Panjshir, Badakhshan, and Hazarajat. Everywhere that I went, in all the villages, there was the story that it had been bombed six months ago, two years ago, four years ago. . . ." It may be an exaggeration that each Afghan village has been bombed. Louis Dupree, the great American expert on the country, calculated in 1963 that Afghanistan contained 14,205 villages, and even the overwhelmingly powerful Soviet air force lacks the capacity to have visited all of them in the past five years. But it has certainly bombed a great many, and the truth seems to be that it has done so *deliberately*.

The Soviet Union, like any advanced power bogged down in a guerrilla war it cannot bring to decision, has fastened on the conclusion that the intransigence of the people is what stands between it and pacification. It has therefore—like Spain, Britain, Germany, France, Portugal, and the United States in their time—decided to carry the war to the civilian population. The results are the horrors to which Western journalists, doctors, and aid workers unanimously testify.

How did the Soviet Army embroil itself in this war, so frustrating in its character and so humiliating to the international reputation of the Soviet state? First and foremost because of geography. Afghanistan borders the Soviet Union—as well as Iran, Pakistan, and a fragment of China—and it is a fact of life that wars occur more frequently between neighbors than between distant states. The nature of Afghan geography further helps to explain the character of the war the Soviet Union is obliged to wage. Afghanistan is a big country, roughly 700 miles from east to west and 350 from north to south, with a land area of about 250,000 square miles. It is therefore equivalent to Texas in size, and also in population, which is estimated at between 10 and 15 million. But its topography resembles that of almost no other place on earth—except, perhaps, Ethiopia, another country in which the Soviet Union and its surrogates have had less than total success in bringing a dissident population to order. Essentially it consists of an enormous mountain massif, the Hindu Kush, surrounded by plains to the north, west, and southwest. The northern plains are an inhospitable plateau inhabited by peoples akin to those dwelling just over the Soviet border; the western and southwestern plains are desert. The central massif is also inhospitable; the westernmost extension of the Himalaya chain, its peaks rise at points to 17,000 feet

and its winters are ferociously cold. But between the fingers of the ranges that spread into the plains and penetrate neighboring Pakistan lie fertile valley lands that support the agriculture by which most Afghans live. These valleys are often places of great beauty, green places in a land of rock and scree, filled by the vineyards and orchards with which the farmers surround their villages. The valleys are almost always self-contained economic units, since they connect with each other at best by high and difficult passes and frequently not at all. Afghanistan is a land almost without roads. A single paved highway encircles the central massif, connecting the major towns Kabul, Qandahar, Herat, and Mazar-e-Sharif, from which spurs lead respectively to Peshawar and Quetta, both in Pakistan; Mashhad, in Iran; and Dushanbe, in the Soviet Union. The Russians have done much to improve and extend the network, but geography imposes strict limits on what they can achieve. The result is that economically and socially Afghanistan best resembles an enormous honeycomb whose cellular units are fated to remain structurally separate from one another.

This structural fragmentation ensures that "traditional Soviet methods of control don't work," as the Washington strategic analysts James Curren and Philip Karber have perceptively expressed it. "Infiltration of existing institutions, collectivization of agriculture, restriction of movement, and centralization of everything else can be imposed on a highly interdependent society with a minimum of force." But Afghan society is the opposite of interdependent, and the Afghans have one of the highest tolerances to the use of force of any people on earth. They are not one people but many, and these peoples have an age-old tradition of warring against one another as well as against their common neighbors in the fat lands beyond Afghanistan's borders. The most important of these peoples, the Pathans, cleave to a social canon that can pit tribe against tribe, village against village, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother.

Afghan Realities, one of the grubby, misspelled, and badly typed *mujahideen* bulletins that circulate in Peshawar, reports in its April 16, 1985, issue that "the brother of Commander Ahmad Khan Mangal, of the National Islamic Front, who had some time back surrendered to the communist forces and then returned back to the Mujahideen, was executed on April 2, by Commander Ahmad Khan Mangal, his brother." The snippet, sandwiched between accounts of an attack on a government post at Narai and of a Soviet counterattack at Koh-e-Safi, reads for a Westerner like an episode from an Asian *Godfather II*. Among Pathans it would scarcely merit comment. Pakhtunwali, the Code of the Pathans, deems death the proper punishment for almost all crimes against honor. Honor is most easily offended where the reputation of women is involved, and Pathan women traditionally marry their cousins; fratricide is an inevitable consequence. The killing of cousin by cousin, uncle by nephew, brother by brother, is made all the more common by the injunction that the worst trans-

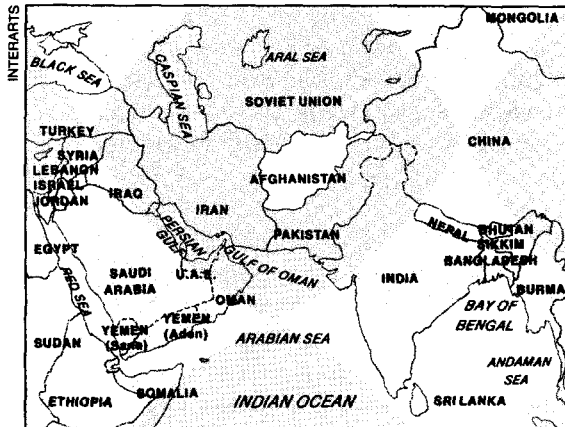
gressions against honor must be extirpated by the nearest blood relative. Ahmad Khan Mangal was, therefore, doing no more than the good name of his family demanded in putting the turncoat to death. His behavior is thus made wholly understandable; by extension, so too is the reputation for ferocity that the Pathans have borne throughout their history.

THE RUSSIANS ARE BUT THE MOST RECENT OF MANY invaders to have locked horns with the Pathans, who, strictly speaking, are the easterners among Afghanistan's largest ethnic group—Pashto- or Persian-speaking, and Mediterranean in descent and appearance. Alexander the Great came this way, and Genghis Khan and Tamerlane and, in their time, the British. But the Afghan heartland was rarely touched by any of them, and never for long. On the contrary, in recent centuries it is the Afghans who have carried the banner of conquest, planting it as far east as Delhi in 1757, when Ahmad Shah Durrani cowed the mighty Mogul emperor and won from him control of Kashmir, Sind, and the Punjab—the granary of northern India. Ahmad, the founder of what historians call the Durrani Empire, also greatly extended the rule of his Persian- and Pashto-speaking followers over their tribal neighbors, and neither he nor his successors were choosy about the allies they took in the process. It was their apparent willingness to make common cause with the Russians, pushing south into Central Asia in the early nineteenth century, that prompted the British to intervene in Afghan affairs, and so to undergo the greatest single disaster they suffered in the building of their Indian empire.

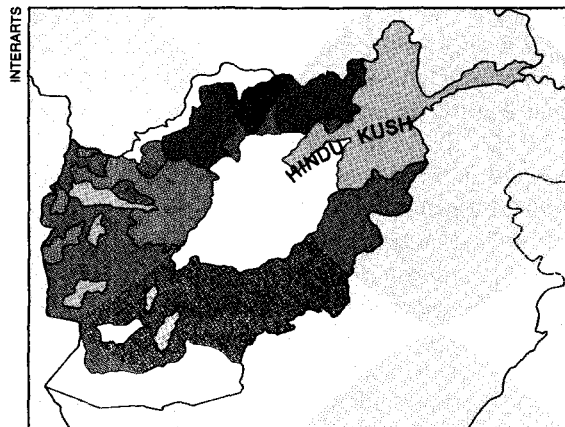
Determined to impose their own ruler on the Afghans—in an eerie anticipation of the decision taken by the Soviets in 1979—the British marched into the country, along the Quetta-Qandahar route, in 1839. After hard fighting the army reached Kabul and installed their candidate on the throne. An uneasy peace ensued while the British occupied the major towns and bribed the tribal chiefs into acquiescence. But chiefs and tribes alike bitterly resented the British presence, and in November of 1841 a general uprising broke out. The British decided that the country could not be held by military force and began a wholesale withdrawal in January of 1842. The army, including many families and camp followers, numbered 16,500. Five days after leaving Kabul most of the men in the column were dead—killed in battle, murdered on surrender, or dispatched by the cold. A military surgeon, particularly well mounted, was the only European to finish the march.

In 1878 the British found themselves marching into Afghanistan again, this time to make the Kabul government accept a permanent British representative in the capital. News that the Afghans had accepted a Russian mission had provoked the intervention; the purpose, as before, was to limit Afghanistan's freedom to make its own foreign policy and to include the country within the British sphere of influence. In the short term this Second Afghan War, as

The Region



The People



the British call it, achieved its aim. But in the long term the Afghans continued to go their own way. In 1919 they actually attacked British India, at a moment of acute nationalist disturbance in the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, and the brashness of this Third Afghan War, doomed to military failure as it was, so impressed the British that they at last conceded recognition of Afghanistan's freedom in both internal and external affairs.

The Afghanistan of 1919 was not, however, the tempestuous Durrani Empire of the eighteenth century. The country had acquired fixed borders, an established system of government, and a settled population pattern. The inhabitants, almost without exception Moslem and the majority belonging to the Sunni branch of that religion, fell, and fall, into five main groups. North of the Hindu Kush live two Turkic peoples—the Aimaq and the Uzbek—and the Persian-speaking Tajik, all of whom have kin in the Soviet Central Asian republics to their north. In the mountainous center live the Hazara, Mongoloid by descent but speaking a Persian dialect. South and east of the Hindu Kush live the Pashto-speakers, loosely known as Pathans, who have supplied the country with its royal rulers and brought its other peoples under their sway. Making up about half the population, they also have a major kin group outside the national boundaries, the Pathans of the North-West Frontier Province of Pakistan.

The presence of the Pathans in British India was a main source of the fighting endemic to frontier life before 1947. For, by an unusual arrangement with the Afghan government, which the Pakistanis later adopted and maintain to this day, the British did not administer their territory all the way to the border, which was fixed in 1893 and is known as the Durand Line. Consequently, many Pathans are free to live by the code of Pakhtunwali in what is called tribal territory, lying beyond the writ of the police, law courts, and, today, the Pakistani army. Inasmuch as the Afghan government has never aspired to regulate its own population closely, the effect has been to straddle the international frontier with a belt of tribal territory containing perhaps 10 million people, where life is lived by the laws of the Koran, by honor, and by the gun.

For all that it was the North-West Frontier where trouble constantly rumbled during the final years of British rule in India, it was across Afghanistan's border with Russia that the only real threats of intervention menaced after the settlement of the Third Afghan War. The Soviet Union was too weakened by internal strife to resume the czarist Great Game in the immediate aftermath of the revolution. But during the twenties it energetically prosecuted a war in central Asia against people called *basmachi* ("bandits"), who were in fact Uzbek, Tajik, and Turkmen kinsmen of the northern Afghans, unwilling to accept the Sovietization of their homelands. Internal upheaval in Afghanistan in 1929 actually allowed the Soviets to launch a puppet force into the country, and though it met no welcome, they continued to look for means to extend their influence south of the border.

IT IS AN IRONY THAT THE ENTRY THE SOVIETS EVENTUALLY found into Afghan affairs, and have since so cruelly exploited, was unwittingly given them by the Afghans themselves. As backward and inward-looking as Afghanistan was, it proved not immune to the urge to development in the years after the Second World War, when *modernization* was the word on every Third World ruler's tongue. As early as 1946 the royal Afghan government announced that it wanted to invest its accumulated war earnings in roads and irrigation schemes, and it naturally looked to the United States for expert assistance. "America's attitude is our salvation," the prime minister said. "For the first time in our history we are free of the threat of great powers' using our mountain passes as pathways to empire. Now we can concentrate our talents and resources on bettering the living conditions of our people." His appeal to American generosity was not in vain. Though aid was slow to come at first, the total sum transmitted by 1979, when it was understandably terminated, amounted to over half a billion dollars.

Successive Afghan governments might have benefited even more amply had they not consistently espoused frontier policies that Washington judged hostile to the best interests of Pakistan, its chosen protégé in southern Asia. Afghanistan lent its weight to a campaign, mounted by Pathans domiciled inside Pakistan, for the creation of a unitary "Pushtunistan," comprehending the tribal lands of all Pashto-speakers. Pakistan naturally saw this move as a device to rob it of much of the North-West Frontier Province and to add the detached territory to Afghanistan. Its suspicions were strengthened by Afghanistan's voting against Pakistan's entry to the United Nations in 1947, Afghanistan's repudiation of the basis of the Durand agreements in 1949, and an official Afghan definition of the national territory of Pushtunistan as including much of western Pakistan and the Pakistani Baluchistan province as far south as the shore of the Indian Ocean.

The United States was naturally concerned during the 1950s to sustain good relations with Pakistan, whose western and eastern "wings" (the latter today independent as Bangladesh) gave it membership in both the Baghdad Pact and the South East Asia Treaty Organization and so provided a bridge between them vital to American strategy. The United States therefore took little account of Afghan resentments, even when the Soviet Union embarked on a deliberate policy of exploiting those resentments for its own ends. By 1955 Russia had set the Great Game in swing again. The Afghans, who cannot have been unaware of what their great neighbor was up to, shut their eyes to the implications; the Americans remained all but oblivious.

Indeed, the United States took the view that Afghanistan offered a strategic threat to Pakistan, and that such a threat was more harmful to American interests than any Soviet extension of influence over the Kabul government, since Pakistan was its firm ally in the region while India—Pakistan's enemy—was not. The State Department therefore

decided that Soviet influence was best countered by increasing American military aid to Pakistan, rather than by seeking to outbid the Soviets in the offer of favors. Consequently, it refused to supply arms or advisers to the Afghan armed forces, small, ill equipped, and backward though they were. The Soviets were swift to respond to the need themselves, particularly by bringing Afghan officers to the Soviet Union for advanced training; by 1978 some 3,700 had received instruction, and many of them had returned home converted to the view that Afghanistan's future lay with its neighbor to the north rather than with the West.

Russia's path to dominance in Afghan affairs was greatly smoothed by the attitude of the man who became prime minister in 1953, Mohammed Daoud Khan. A first cousin of King Zahir Shah, Daoud was both committed to the Pushtunistan idea and impatient with the slow progress of modernization. In the ten years of his premiership his country's economic dependence on the Soviet Union deepened and relations with the United States deteriorated—to such a low point that in 1963 he was removed from power by his cousin the King, who valued the friendship of the United States. The King tried to correct the imbalance in his country's international alignment by fostering a constitutional style of government and interesting the United States in supplying the additional aid that would have underpinned it. But the country lacked the skills and political habits that make constitutionality work, and a succession of bad harvests in the early 1970s eroded popular support for the experiment. By 1973 the royal government was so thoroughly undermined that Daoud easily mounted a successful coup against it and returned to power as the head of a republican regime.

At a level of subversion even lower than that at which Daoud had operated, however, darker forces were at work. It is a measure of Afghanistan's underdevelopment that nothing like any of the Communist parties that the Soviet Union had implanted in other Asian countries as early as the 1920s had taken root. Some Afghans had nevertheless been influenced by Marxist ideas, usually acquired while they were working or training abroad. The most important of them were the writer Nur Mohammed Taraki, the lawyer Babrak Karmal, and Hafizullah Amin, an academic educated at Columbia University. In 1965 Taraki founded a Marxist party, the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA), with Karmal as his deputy; Amin joined it soon afterward. It was this party that committed the country to the Soviet cause and, through its internal splits and quarrels, eventually provoked the Soviet invasion. Its remnants continue to provide the Kabul government with its leadership.

Taraki was an undoubted idealist, a dreamer whose visions of an emancipated Afghanistan overflowed all intervening difficulties. Amin, who quickly replaced Karmal as his deputy and became the leader of the party's Khalq ("Masses") faction, named after its newspaper, was a selfish opportunist. He successfully isolated Karmal, at that

point the leader of the Parcham ("Flag") faction, and when a military coup overthrew Daoud, in April of 1978, he found his way rapidly to power. The circumstances of the 1978 coup remain obscure. A realization that Daoud was at last attempting to reverse his years of pro-Soviet policy and mend fences with the United States seems to have motivated his opponents. Whoever was behind the coup (it was staged by the Afghan army, which by then had been heavily penetrated by leftists of several complexions), Amin was the man to profit by it. One of his first steps was to secure the banishment of Karmal, who went as ambassador to Prague. He then instituted a repression of all opponents, while trying to foist the resentments it caused onto Taraki. Resentments were many and varied.

"The new regime," as Raymond Garthoff puts it in his *Detente and Confrontation*, "literally waved a red flag at the people when it changed the national standard from Islamic green, black and red to one very similar to those of the Central Asian republics of the USSR." The simple country people resented interference with their religious and tribal customs—notably Amin's effort to promote education for girls, even co-education, with the girls to be exposed without their veils, as well as his impetuous attempt to reduce the price of dowries so as to improve the condition of women. Property owners were outraged by expropriation. The families of those Amin murdered or imprisoned hated him for his brutality—at one point it was estimated that from two to four percent of the residents of Kabul were in his jails. Coupled with this widespread repression, Amin's program of forced modernization "violated practically every Afghan cultural norm and strayed far beyond the allowable bounds of deviance in the social, economic, and political institutions," one scholar writes. "It almost appears that [the new leaders] systematically planned to alienate every segment of the Afghan people." Already in the winter of 1978 resistance groups were using Pakistan as a base from which to mount raids across the border. Meanwhile, within Afghanistan resentments swelled to such an intensity that in March of 1979 the city of Herat was seized by opponents of the regime, their ranks swollen by the portentous defection of the Afghan army division that was stationed there. The rebels held the town for three days before being overwhelmed by a military counterattack. During their brief occupation they hunted down the several dozen Russian military advisers and their families who were stationed in the town, slaughtered them in hideous ways, and then stuck their severed heads on pikes and paraded them through the streets. This massacre by formerly loyal troops may have put the idea of direct military intervention in the Russians' minds, for, ironically, among those whom Amin most offended were the Russians.

As Henry Bradsher, an American journalist who has followed events in Afghanistan closely, has succinctly expressed it,

Amin was, from the Soviet standpoint, a failure. So long as he remained in charge in Kabul there was no hope of consolidating the grip that Communism had gained . . .

with the April 1978 coup. There was, instead, the danger of losing it, of having the country fall into a chaotic anti-Communist condition. Worse, it would be anti-Communism with strong Islamic overtones in a country bordering disaffected, colonially held and traditionally Islamic peoples of the Soviet Union.

Amin had already had Taraki killed—suffocated with a pillow in an episode straight out of Shakespearean melodrama. On December 28, 1979, the Russians killed Amin. A Soviet special-forces group found and attacked him in the fortified refuge outside Kabul to which he had retreated; apparently, he was shot dead in the fighting that ensued. The Soviet putsch had been prepared with cunning and care. Reportedly, Afghan officers in Kabul were invited to a reception by their Soviet counterparts the night of the invasion and then locked up in the room. Earlier, in Gart-hoff's words, "Some Afghan units were instructed to turn in live ammunition for blanks for training; batteries were removed from some tanks for 'winterizing,' while other tanks were sent to depots supposedly for the correction of a 'defect.'" Thus little resistance met the main Soviet forces. Three Soviet airborne divisions began landing at Kabul airport on the evening of the 24th. On the 28th, four motor rifle divisions crossed the Amu Darya (Oxus River), which forms the Afghan-Russian border, and began racing south, along the roads built with twenty-five years' worth of Soviet aid, to seize strategic points within the country. So carefully had the invasion been planned that Soviet forces were said to have suffered more casualties from road accidents than from combat.

A vanguard of Soviet troops had arrived in the country earlier, one battalion as early as July. Also, a large delegation of senior Soviet officers had made a tour of inspection in April. It was led by General Yepishev, the officer in charge of ideology, morale, and discipline in the Soviet army, whose visit to Czechoslovakia during the "Prague spring" of 1968 was apparently decisive in persuading the Politburo to intervene on that occasion. On this visit, in Bradsher's account, he found "the Afghan armed forces weakened by defections, divided by Khalq-Parcham infighting, damaged by the purging of non-Communist officers, and therefore in need of greater Soviet involvement." His report may have been the trigger that sent the invasion on its way.

Close on the heels of the Soviet main body came Karmal, whom the Soviets had been supporting in exile after Amin had dismissed him as ambassador to Prague. Broadcasts attempted to represent his arrival as the cause rather than a consequence of the invasion. His government transmitted an invitation to the Soviet army to intervene, some time after its leading elements had arrived and were, indeed, in downtown Kabul, fighting units of the Afghan army still loyal to Amin. The deception was wholly unsuccessful. The Soviets appear to have hoped that the world might accept Karmal's reappearance as a natural event in a country where two presidents had been murdered in the previous twenty months. But the Afghans' age-old resis-

tance to foreign intervention gave that version the lie. Karmal's regime was therefore perceived to lack legitimacy from the outset, and his installation as president aroused denunciations from almost every quarter of the non-Communist world.

Moreover, it did nothing to diminish popular resistance to government by the PDPA, whose crumbling grasp and prestige the Soviet invasion had been meant to restore. On the contrary, resistance, which had begun before the invasion, immediately hardened and spread. It was soon to affect every one of the country's twenty-six provinces. The number of those voting with their feet increased also. From the time of Taraki's ascendance to December of 1979 about 400,000 Afghans had left their homes and become refugees outside the country, largely in Pakistan. In the next year the number of refugees began to rise sharply, as families fled the increasingly dangerous countryside to take refuge either in the towns or across the borders.



THE INVASION ALSO STRENGTHENED THE RESOLVE and sharpened the image of the groups that had raised the standard of revolt against Amin and the Khalq. Since Karmal was a Parcham leader, both factions were now anathema to those who opposed the Soviets, and that at least provided a basis for cooperation in the growing fight against the Russians. But the resisters—henceforth to call themselves and be known as *mujahideen*, or "those who fight the holy war" (*jihad*)—would not have been Afghans had they not found more to differ than agree over. Familiar tribal rivalries, often complicated by personal loyalties and antipathies, divided them. So, too, did religion and traditional political alignment. In all, some forty resistance groups have been identified. The most important, however, number six, equally divided between Islamic fundamentalism and Afghan traditionalism.

One of the largest is Hezb-i-Islami Afghanistan (the Afghanistan Islamic Party), which was founded in Kabul in 1968 to oppose the modernization of the constitutional period. It has ties with the Moslem Brotherhood and also with Ayatollah Khomeini, receives generous financial support from Iran, and would establish an orthodox Islamic government. Its membership is largely Pathan. A break-away faction, also known as the Hezb, has the same aims, is smaller but militarily very effective, and is divided from

the larger group on the issue of personality. Its leader is Younis Khalis; the larger Hezb-i-Islami is led by Gulbud-din Hekmatyar. The third fundamentalist group is Jamiat-e-Islami Afghanistan (the Afghanistan Islamic Society), whose membership is largely Uzbek and Tajik rather than Pathan. It is perhaps the best known in the West, because to it belongs the redoubtable Tajik "commander" (the ubiquitous term for *mujahideen* officers) Massoud Ahmad-shah, the Lion of the Panjshir Valley.

The three most important traditionalist groups are Jabha-ye-Azadire Afghan (the Afghan National Liberation Front), whose leader enjoys the support of conservative Arab states; Harakat-e-Ingilab-e-Islami (the Revolutionary Islamic Movement), the party of the religious leaders in the countryside, which is, like Jamiat, largely non-Pathan in membership; and Payman-e-Ettehad-e Islam (the National Islamic Front), the group whose membership is most Westernized, calling for the establishment of a secular democracy in a free Afghanistan.

The size and strength of these groups proves chronically difficult to estimate. It is commonly said that there are between 90,000 and 120,000 *mujahideen* of all parties in the field and that the number can rise to a quarter of a million during the height of the annual campaigning season. Such figures certainly square with the manpower known to be available. Nearly four million Afghans have now gone into exile—a million to Iran, the rest to Pakistan, where they live in 300 camps in the North-West Frontier Province. These camps are also base areas for the *mujahideen*, from which the fighters regularly pass through Pakistani tribal territory and then onward across the frontier by any of the 200 passes that lead through the mountains. But not even the Pakistani government seems able to count heads, while the group leaders remain too divided to pool information about how many followers each has. Attempts to impose unity, sponsored particularly by fellow Moslems in the Middle East, have failed to secure peace even among the groups' headquarters in Peshawar, while from inside Afghanistan itself come regular reports of the *mujahideen* fighting each other, sometimes at the expense of waging the war against the Russians. Hezb and Jamiat, for example, have certainly fought bitterly, even though both are Islamic fundamentalist in creed; their antipathy is largely ethnic. In central Afghanistan, where the Hazara form the only sizable Shi'ite group in the resistance, the fighting that has taken place has been along traditionalist-fundamentalist lines. Such fighting is the despair of foreign supporters of the *mujahideen*, who periodically cut off aid and bang heads in an effort to make the *mujahideen* sink their differences.

The very fractiousness of the Afghans both drives them to fight the Russians and frustrates the Russian effort to overcome them. The Russians' war effort has taken the form of trying one method after another, looking for a new one as the old failed. Four approaches seem to have been tried. In the first, somewhat reminiscent of the initial American response to the imminent collapse of the South

Vietnamese army in 1965, the arriving Soviet divisions fought set-piece battles, intended to break the *mujahideen* wherever they would stand and fight. This phase came to an end partly because the Central Asian troops that the Russians had mobilized in the nearby military districts to flesh out the invasion proved reluctant to fight their ethnic and religious kin and, more important, because the *mujahideen* learned not to play the Russians' game. Afghans have no tradition of waging conventional war and no shame about preferring irregular tactics, of which they are masters. They therefore rapidly abandoned stand-up for hit-and-run methods, which rendered irrelevant much of the doctrine and most of the heavy equipment with which the Soviet divisions were encumbered. The Soviet leadership had hoped that the stiffening provided by its army's presence would motivate the Afghan army to bear the brunt of the fighting. But Afghan officers remained bitterly divided between the Khalq and Parcham factions, while conscripts took every opportunity to desert, often directly to the *mujahideen*. The army's strength quickly dropped from more than 100,000 to 30,000 or fewer.

By the beginning of 1981, therefore, the Soviets had turned to new techniques. They replaced the Soviet Central Asians with conscripts and reservists brought from other parts of the Soviet Union, and indoctrinated the newcomers in the importance of getting off the roads when ambushed and seeking the enemy on the high ground. These were lessons, of course, that the British knew of old and that would have seemed entirely sensible to soldiers from the mountainous regions of the Soviet Union. Most of those soldiers, however, belonged to ethnic groups that Moscow could not for political reasons risk exposing to Afghan dissidence. So while the conventional Soviet units struggled to practice frontier warfare, the high command came increasingly to rely on special forces and airmobile groups in search-and-destroy operations. Students of Vietnam may detect in this a resemblance to the second stage of American operations in that country. At the outset it had a similar temporary success. The rural *mujahideen* found air attack frightening and difficult to counter; they had no ground-to-air weapons with which to fight the heavily armed and armored Mi-24 Hind helicopters. But while the Soviets made a good deal of progress in the countryside with advanced technology, a sort of low-level Tet offensive was gathering force in the towns. Tet had been aimed at temporarily wresting control of the hundred largest Vietnamese towns from the South Vietnamese and American forces. In Afghanistan neither Karmal nor his Soviet backers had ever succeeded in establishing full control over the towns, where supporters of the regime were frequently and most bloodily murdered, Soviet and government installations bombarded, and public-utility service interrupted.

So in 1982 the Soviets initiated yet a third phase of the war, at which point their methods began to diverge from those employed by the United States Army in Vietnam. The phase might nevertheless have been predicted, for by

this time the Russians had come to a crossroads that confronts any conventional army waging a war against an intransigent population with geography on its side. Unable to find and fix the fighters on their own ground, or to deter noncombatants from supplying those fighters with food and shelter, a counterinsurgency force must abandon the countryside to the enemy (and much of the countryside was tacitly so abandoned) or open negotiations or carry the war against the civilian population. The British, brought to this pass in their war against the Boers, in South Africa in 1900, decided to separate the farmer-fighters from their women and children by confining the latter in camps. It was unfortunate that the term they used to identify these places was "concentration camps," a phrase borrowed from the Spanish, who had employed the same method in Cuba in the 1890s. It was even more unfortunate that a large number of the Boer noncombatants died from disease caused by poor hygiene. The French in Algeria during the 1950s were able to exclude a large number of the guerrillas from the war zone by building a 300-mile-long electrified fence, an expedient possible only because so much of the Algerian terrain was level desert. The Americans in Vietnam, resigned to the fact that certain areas of Vietnam were irreclaimably under the control of the Viet Cong, called on the population to leave them and warned that those who stayed would be living henceforth in a free-fire zone. Effectively, what the Russians did from 1982 onward was deem the whole of rural Afghanistan a free-fire zone, with the aim of driving the country people either into the cities (a million have been displaced in that direction) or out of the country altogether. But not even the cities were safe. One third of Qandahar was destroyed by artillery bombardment as early as June of 1981, and Qandahar was

attacked again in 1982. So was Herat, a focus of resistance to the PDPA.

In addition, over the past two years the Soviets have instituted a severe form of economic warfare against the resistance which some observers think poses the gravest threat to its ability to continue the war. According to Alex Alexiev, a Rand Corporation scholar, the Soviets have tried to curtail food production in areas known to be centers of guerrilla activity. Their devilishly ingenious tactics have included destroying crops outright by napalming the farmers' fields and sowing anti-personnel mines to discourage the farmers from reclaiming them, smashing the primitive but vital irrigation systems, buying up surplus food from peasants at prices higher than those prevailing at the market, and lavishing upon peasants in government-controlled areas an abundance of fertilizers and seeds and farm implements designed to win their allegiance and lure others down from the hills to join them. This war against the land has cut agricultural production to 20 to 25 percent of its pre-invasion levels and has loosed the shadow of famine across large parts of the country. Economic warfare and famine, Alexiev points out in a grisly footnote to his study, are venerable Soviet techniques for crushing national resistance movements. The opposition to collectivization in the Ukraine in the 1930s was finally snuffed out by inducing a famine that claimed some six million lives. Trouble in the Baltic states after the Second World War was suppressed by the destruction of the freedom fighters' economic base and by the deportation of more than half a million Balts to Siberia. With the Balts the Soviets had to assume the cost of transportation and at least some of the costs of resettlement; with the Afghans no such costs are involved. The maintenance of the Afghan refugees in

THE DEATH OF COUPERIN

Cries of children hang in the sun-downed air.
On the clouds, geese are printing their small black letters.
Old music master, you are sick, you are sick and old.

Tiles of the rooftops streak with the sun's last gold.
Houses crouch together, counting their people.
Softly as the daylight fades, now the music fails.

In the garden pool, goldfish flash orange scales.
Poplars against the sky stand black and tall.
You are sick, monsieur, you are very sick and old.

In the bronze half-light the doorknob gleams a cold
memorial. The silver on the bureau weeps dull tears.
Shadows lengthen on the walls, as the music fails.

The spinet has lost its hands. All its notes like pearls
lie scattered on the rug in the wavering dusk.
François, you're sick, you are very sick and old.

At a twilight mirror, somewhere in a fading world,
a young girl is trying on strings of jewels.
Strangely they shine in the darkness as the music fails.

It is the sea, tossing in its bed of weeds and shells,
that is unhappy, that is making that moaning sound.
Old music master, you are sick, you are sick and old.
How the music swells in your ears, as the music fails.

—Paul Petrie

Pakistan is paid for by the United States, the United Nations, and Pakistan; and owing to the relentless Soviet economic warfare, their numbers are growing. One fourth of the pre-invasion population of Afghanistan is in exile. It is as if 60 million Americans were now huddled in camps across the Mexican border.

The fourth and latest phase of Soviet methods, beginning last year, was an increasing unconcern about who noted what Soviet troops did and where. In the early stages of the war, when Moscow was propagating its line that Karmal had invited the Soviet army to help him restore order in the country, the Russians were reluctant to be observed at work. Western journalists succeeded in filming *mujahideen* in action, but they often had to walk for two or three weeks in order to do so, penetrating deep beyond the border zones, across one high mountain pass after another, to find the scenes they wanted. It was as if the Russians, remembering the U.S. Army's exposure to the media in Vietnam, had decided to give the West's television screens as little material as possible with which to affront the viewer. Last year, and continuing into this year, military necessity seems to have driven the Russians to scatter discretion to the winds and bring the war down to—sometimes across—the frontier with Pakistan. "The U.S. State Department," James Curren and Philip Karber report,

estimates that more than 50 air and 20 ground incursions into Pakistan took place in the last four months of 1984, more than in all previous years combined. The refugee camps have sustained casualties estimated as high as 1,000 killed in 1984. The increased frequency of these attacks seems to underline the Soviet frustration in dealing with the *mujahideen*.

It also, as the two analysts go on to argue, demonstrates the Soviets' frustration at their inability to interrupt the flow of arms to the resistance (though in recent months they have been fighting major battles near the Pakistan border to break the arms routes leading to the Afghan hinterland). Whence these arms come is one of the most intriguing yet obscure aspects of the war. The *mujahideen* claim that the majority of their weapons are captured from the enemy. But many are supplied by foreign sympathizers (China and the United States among them) and a good quantity are bought on the international arms market with money supplied by Middle Eastern states. And so the fourth stage of the war continues. Estimates of the number of Afghan dead range from the merely appalling (250,000) to the inconceivably horrific (750,000).

THUS FAR THE SOVIETS HAVE SUFFERED SOMETHING on the order of 30,000 men killed in a war that, clearly, they are neither winning nor losing. Will they continue to bleed themselves and the dwindling Afghan nation, or is there a combination of risks and incentives that could induce them to quit the country?

Beyond the lives taken, the prestige lost, the treasure

consumed, the Soviets have already paid a stiff price for their invasion and for an occupation that will soon enter its sixth year. The vehemence of the initial American response to the invasion caught the Soviets by surprise. In April of 1978 a Communist regime was installed in Kabul; in December of 1979 it was replaced by another Communist regime. Why was the West in such high dudgeon? After all, from the standpoint of geopolitics, in Raymond Garthoff's words, "continued communist rule in Afghanistan would but represent consolidation of the . . . status quo." In short, the invasion "was intended to preserve, not upset, an existing geopolitical balance," as the Soviets saw it. The United States had accepted the 1978 coup; after a protest for the record it would accept the 1979 invasion, which was necessary to secure the fruits of the coup.

If this was the drift of Soviet thinking, it was one of the major misperceptions in the whole forty years of superpower relations. Characterizing the invasion as "the greatest threat to peace since the Second World War," President Jimmy Carter recalled the U.S. ambassador to Moscow (a step the United States had not taken even after the Soviet invasion of Hungary, in 1956), announced a list of sanctions against the USSR that ranged from a boycott of the 1980 Moscow Olympics to a grain embargo, instituted draft registration for eighteen-year-olds, called for a substantial increase in the U.S. defense budget, and dispatched the secretary of defense to China for discussions of a possible U.S.-China defense agreement. Finally, in January of 1980 the United States began providing covert military aid to the Afghan resistance fighters based in Pakistan. These and other U.S. moves brought the era of détente to an abrupt end and signaled the start of a new militance in U.S. foreign policy.

Debate continues over the utility of the long list of U.S. sanctions. And of the damage the Soviets suffered in international opinion, they may well ask, "How many divisions does international opinion have?" But détente had brought the Soviets valuable trade and greater international legitimacy. And the ever-increasing covert aid has hurt—has cost the Soviets lives and will claim more if the thought of hanging belatedly concentrates the minds of the fractious guerrilla leaders and they agree to end the corruption that has dogged the arms-supply effort and to sink their petty differences in the common cause of regaining their country. For their part, the Pakistanis, who reportedly have been skimming arms and other aid off the top of the total sent to the guerrillas, may for self-interested reasons decide to let more aid get through. They may take that step in reaction to the Soviets' heating up of the war along the border. Already the United States has sent an emergency shipment of hand-held Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to Pakistan to help deter future Soviet bombing raids on the camps along the border. Should any of these weapons fall into the guerrillas' hands—accidents happen; shipments have been known to go awry—the Soviets would face a formidable foil to the airmobile warfare they have been conducting in Afghanistan.

The Soviets face a stark strategic problem in trying to bring the war to a successful issue. They can't win so long as the camps in Pakistan provide safe haven to their enemies. And any assault on the camps would bring them into direct conflict with Pakistan's 450,000-man army and, since the United States is bound by presidential agreement to come to the defense of Pakistan, with some level of U.S. force as well. Here we conjure with a crisis that would indeed represent "the greatest threat to world peace since the Second World War."



THE SOVIETS CAN, WITH THEIR ECONOMIC WARFARE, denude Afghanistan of its people, but they can't stop most of the able-bodied male refugees from returning as *mujahideen* for a time and making the occupation a misery with more and more foreign-supplied weapons. Nor can they expect the Afghan fighters to abandon the war as a lost cause—not with their history of ferocious resistance to invaders and not when recovery of their country has become their whole *raison d'être*. In order to end this limited war the Soviets must widen it—but to widen it would be to heap folly upon recklessness. So the best the Soviets can hope to achieve is a bloody stalemate.

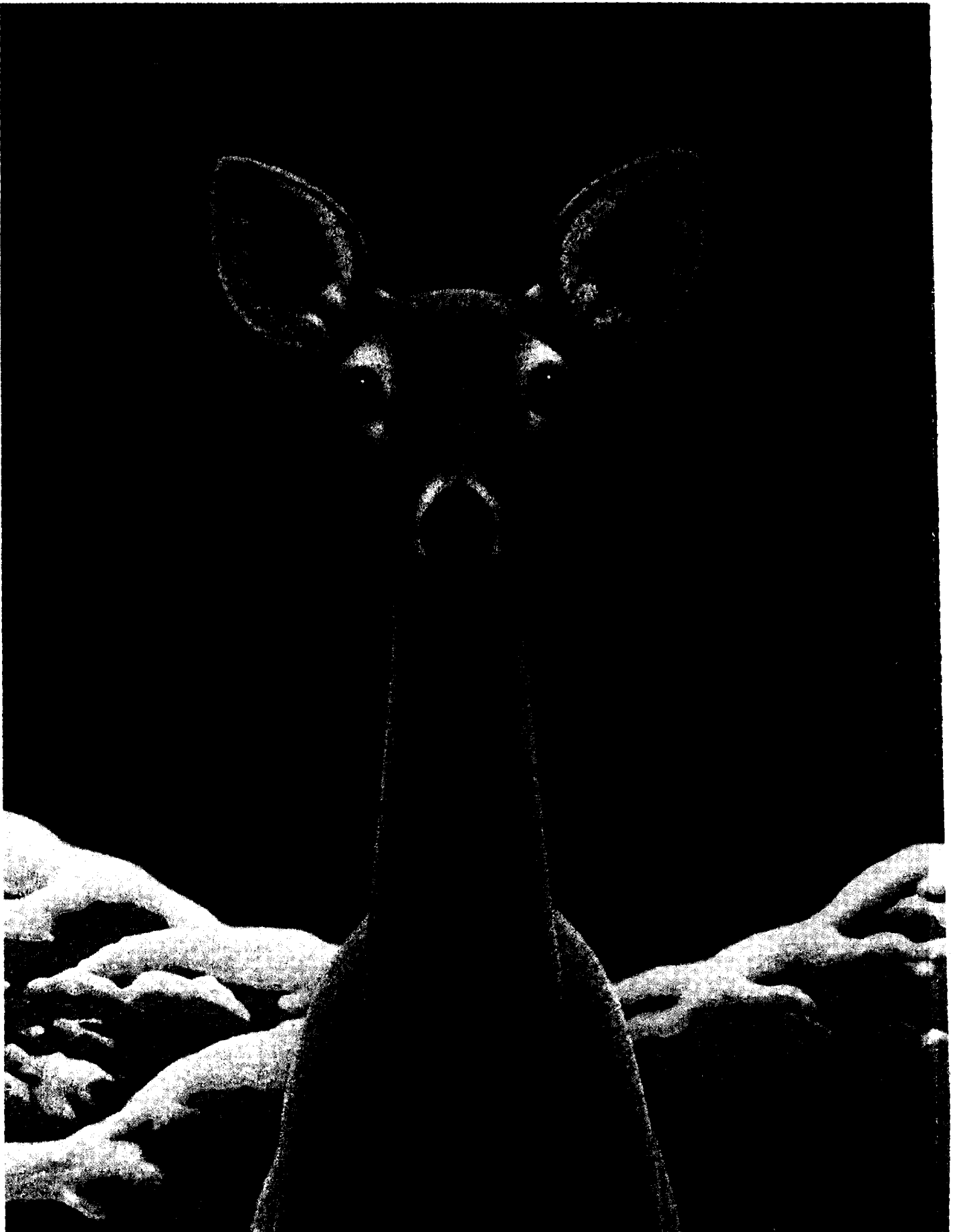
That almost certain prospect offers them the best incentive to withdraw. But there are others. As Zalmay Khalilzad, a professor of political science at Columbia University, put it in an interview, "It is not yet Gorbachev's war." It is the war of his predecessors. But increasingly, after the Party congress to be held in Moscow next February—by which time Gorbachev will have put his people in place—it *will* be his war. Before his prestige is committed to a failed policy, he has a brief season of flexibility. Will he take advantage of it? The United States has offered to make the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan as easy as possible. If fear of Western subversion really did prompt the Soviet invasion, as the Soviets claim in their propaganda, very well, the United States, along with Pakistan and possibly China, would be willing to guarantee the neutrality of Afghanistan. Thus Gorbachev could plausibly say to his Party, "The imperialists have met our terms, the war has been won. They have even agreed to recognize 'a le-

gitimate Soviet security interest in Afghanistan' (that is code for 'Let Afghanistan be Finland'). We are in a difficult arms negotiation, comrades. Suppose we seize this chance to write off a bad debt? Perhaps we could get a concession from the Americans on Star Wars or our long-range missiles. Linkage is a fact of life in diplomacy; a deal from one category of thing to another is always possible. Let's declare victory, comrades, and march the boys home for May Day! There's only one sticking point, easily met: the West insists that we march them home first. Then the aid to the guerrillas will cease. Then we will get our guarantee of neutrality from the imperialists."

U.S. willingness to ease the Soviets out of their Vietnam may seem the most implausible element in this scenario. In fact, the United States does want the Soviets out—not because of solicitude for the Afghans but out of fear of the geopolitical danger the Soviets' being there represents. Perched safely in the Hindu Kush, high above Pakistan, the Russian bear would be in a grand position to play the Great Game with a vengeance should Pakistan's always volatile polity disintegrate under the press of ethnic or fundamentalist discontent. In short, President Zia, or one of his successors, could go the way of the Shah. In the ensuing chaos, all treaties null and void, the Soviets could steal a march through always restive Baluchistan and attain their venerable ambition of a warmwater port—one astride the Western oil lanes on the Persian Gulf. To prevent this happening would be worth something to the West.

Will Gorbachev seize his chance? History knows some precedent for new leaders' quitting wasting wars. Mendes-France pulled France out of Indochina after Dien Bien Phu. De Gaulle, eight years later, pulled it out of Algeria. Conversely, Richard Nixon, elected in 1968 on a "secret plan" to end the Vietnam War, kept the United States in combat for five more years. Clearly, even when leaders or parties change, it is not easy for great powers to step out of the corners into which they have backed themselves. Events can have an inertia all their own. And right now events in Afghanistan are tending toward more war.

Mujahideen, when asked how long they can carry on the fight, are given to affirming that it will last twenty or thirty or forty years, if need be. Alas for their bold and brave words, the Russians may be of a mind with them: reportedly, they have sent as many as 40,000 children and youths to the USSR for, as the *London Observer* puts it, "integration into 'the Soviet way of life.'" They, too, seem prepared to carry on their side of the fight until they have driven out of the country all Afghans who resist, or broken the hearts of those who remain. A long war, a relentless war, a pitiless war, waged by an enemy who cares nothing for courage or the code of the warrior, is the one military experience through which the Afghans have never been put. It may prove to be the means that finally breaks their proud, free, and reckless spirit. □



A Short Story

DOE
SEASON

BY DAVID MICHAEL KAPLAN

THEY WERE ALWAYS THE SAME WOODS, SHE THOUGHT sleepily as they drove through the early-morning darkness—deep and immense, covered with yesterday's snowfall, which had frozen overnight. They were the same woods that lay behind her house, *and they stretch all the way to here*, she thought, *for miles and miles, longer than I could walk in a day, or a week even, but they are still the same woods*. The thought made her feel good: it was like thinking of God; it was like thinking of the space between here and the moon; it was like thinking of all the foreign countries from her geography book where even now, Andy knew, people were going to bed, while they—she and her father and Charlie Spoon and Mac, Charlie's eleven-year-old son—were driving deeper into the Pennsylvania countryside, to go hunting.

They had risen long before dawn. Her mother, yawning and not trying to hide her sleepiness, cooked them eggs and French toast. Her father smoked a cigarette and flicked ashes into his saucer while Andy listened, wondering *Why doesn't he come?* and *Won't he ever come?*, until at last a car pulled into the graveled drive and honked. "That will be Charlie Spoon," her father said; he always said "Charlie Spoon," even though his real name was Spreun, because Charlie was, in a sense, shaped like a spoon, with a large head and a narrow waist and chest.

Andy's mother kissed her and her father and said, "Well, have a good time" and "Be careful." Soon they were outside in the bitter dark, loading gear by the back-porch light, their breath steaming. The woods behind the house were then only a black streak against the wash of night.

Andy dozed in the car and woke to find that it was half-light. Mac—also sleeping—had slid against her. She pushed him away and looked out the window. Her breath clouded the glass, and she was cold; the car's heater didn't work right. They were riding over gentle hills, the woods on both sides now—the same woods, she knew, because she had been watching the whole way, even while she slept. They had been in her dreams, and she had never lost sight of them.

Charlie Spoon was driving. "I don't understand why

she's coming," he said to her father. "How old is she anyway—eight?"

"Nine," her father replied. "She's small for her age."

"So—nine. What's the difference? She'll just add to the noise and get tired besides."

"No, she won't," her father said. "She can walk me to death. And she'll bring good luck, you'll see. Animals—I don't know how she does it, but they come right up to her. We go walking in the woods, and we'll spot more raccoons and possums and such than I ever see when I'm alone."

Charlie grunted.

"Besides, she's not a bad little shot, even if she doesn't hunt yet. She shoots the .22 real good."

"Popgun," Charlie said, and snorted. "And target shooting ain't deer hunting."

"Well, she's not gonna be shooting anyway, Charlie," her father said. "Don't worry. She'll be no bother."

"I still don't know why she's coming," Charlie said.

"Because she wants to, and I want her to. Just like you and Mac. No difference."

Charlie turned onto a side road and after a mile or so slowed down. "That's it!" he cried. He stopped, backed up, and entered a narrow dirt road almost hidden by trees. Five hundred yards down, the road ran parallel to a fenced-in field. Charlie parked in a cleared area deeply rutted by frozen tractor tracks. The gate was locked. *In the spring*, Andy thought, *there will be cows here, and a dog that chases them*, but now the field was unmarked and bare.

"This is it," Charlie Spoon declared. "Me and Mac was up here just two weeks ago, scouting it out, and there's deer. Mac saw the tracks."

"That's right," Mac said.

"Well, we'll just see about that," her father said, putting on his gloves. He turned to Andy. "How you doing, honeybun?"

"Just fine," she said.

Andy shivered and stamped as they unloaded: first the rifles, which they unsheathed and checked, sliding the bolts, sighting through scopes, adjusting the slings; then the gear, their food and tents and sleeping bags and stove stored in four backpacks—three big ones for Charlie Spoon and her father and Mac, and a day pack for her.

"That's about your size," Mac said, to tease her.

She reddened and said, "Mac, I can carry a pack big as yours any day." He laughed and pressed his knee against the back of hers, so that her leg buckled. "Cut it out," she said. She wanted to make an iceball and throw it at him, but she knew that her father and Charlie were anxious to get going, and she didn't want to displease them.

Mac slid under the gate, and they handed the packs over to him. Then they slid under and began walking across the field toward the same woods that ran all the way back to her home, where even now her mother was probably rising again to wash their breakfast dishes and make herself a fresh pot of coffee. *She is there, and we are here*: the thought satisfied Andy. There was no place else she would rather be.

Mac came up beside her. "Over there's Canada," he said, nodding toward the woods.

"Huh!" she said. "Not likely."

"I don't mean *right* over there. I mean farther up north. You think I'm dumb?"

Dumb as your father, she thought.

"Look at that," Mac said, pointing to a piece of cow dung lying on a spot scraped bare of snow. "A frozen meadow muffin." He picked it up and sailed it at her. "Catch!"

"Mac!" she yelled. His laugh was as gawky as he was. She walked faster. He seemed different today somehow, bundled in his yellow-and-black-checkered coat, a rifle in hand, his silly floppy hat not quite covering his ears. They all seemed different as she watched them trudge through the snow—Mac and her father and Charlie Spoon—bigger, maybe, as if the cold landscape enlarged rather than diminished them, so that they, the only figures in that landscape, took on size and meaning just by being there. If they weren't there, everything would be quieter, and the woods would be the same as before. *But they are here*, Andy thought, looking behind her at the boot prints in the snow, *and I am too, and so it's all different*.

"We'll go down to the cut where we found those deer tracks," Charlie said as they entered the woods. "Maybe we'll get lucky and get a late one coming through."

The woods descended into a gully. The snow was softer and deeper here, so that often Andy sank to her knees. Charlie and Mac worked the top of the gully while she and her father walked along the base some thirty yards behind them. "If they miss the first shot, we'll get the second," her father said, and she nodded as if she had known this all the time. She listened to the crunch of their boots, their breathing, and the drumming of a distant woodpecker. And the crackling. In winter the woods crackled as if everything were straining, ready to snap like dried chicken bones.

We are hunting, Andy thought. The cold air burned her nostrils.

They stopped to make lunch by a rock outcropping that protected them from the wind. Her father heated the bean soup her mother had made for them, and they ate it with bread already stiff from the cold. He and Charlie took a few pulls from a flask of Jim Beam while she scoured the plates with snow and repacked them. Then they all had coffee with sugar and powdered milk, and her father poured her a cup too. "We won't tell your momma," he said, and Mac laughed. Andy held the cup the way her father did, not by the handle but around the rim. The coffee tasted smoky. She felt a little queasy, but she drank it all.

Charlie Spoon picked his teeth with a fingernail. "Now, you might've noticed one thing," he said.

"What's that?" her father asked.

"You might've noticed you don't hear no rifles. That's because there ain't no other hunters here. We've got the whole damn woods to ourselves. Now, I ask you—do I know how to find 'em?"

"We haven't seen deer yet, neither."

"Oh, we will," Charlie said, "but not for a while now." He leaned back against the rock. "Deer're sleeping, resting up for the evening feed."

"I seen a deer behind our house once, and it was afternoon," Andy said.

"Yeah, honey, but that was *before* deer season," Charlie said, grinning. "They know something now. They're smart that way."

"That's right," Mac said.

Andy looked at her father—had she said something stupid?

"Well, Charlie," he said, "if they know so much, how come so many get themselves shot?"

"Them's the ones that don't *believe* what they know," Charlie replied. The men laughed. Andy hesitated, and then laughed with them.

They moved on, as much to keep warm as to find a deer. The wind became even stronger. Blowing through the treetops, it sounded like the ocean, and once Andy thought she could smell salt air. But that was impossible; the ocean was *hundreds* of miles away, farther than Canada even. She and her parents had gone last summer to stay for a week at a motel on the New Jersey shore. That was the first time she'd seen the ocean, and it frightened her. It was huge and empty, yet always moving. Everything lay hidden. If you walked in it, you couldn't see how deep it was or what might be below; if you swam, something could pull you under and you'd never be seen again. Its musky, rank smell made her think of things dying. Her mother had floated beyond the breakers, calling to her to come in, but Andy wouldn't go farther than a few feet into the surf. Her mother swam and splashed with animal-like delight while her father, smiling shyly, held his white arms above the waist-deep water as if afraid to get them wet. Once a comber rolled over and sent them both tossing, and when her mother tried to stand up, the surf receding behind, Andy saw that her mother's swimsuit top had come off, so that her breasts swayed free, her nipples like two dark eyes. Embarrassed, Andy looked around: except for two women under a yellow umbrella farther up, the beach was empty. Her mother stood up unsteadily, regained her footing. Taking what seemed the longest time, she calmly refixed her top. Andy lay on the beach towel and closed her eyes. The sound of the surf made her head ache.

And now it was winter; the sky was already dimming, not just with the absence of light but with a mist that clung to the hunters' faces like cobwebs. They made camp early. Andy was chilled. When she stood still, she kept wiggling her toes to make sure they were there. Her father rubbed her arms and held her to him briefly, and that felt better. She unpacked the food while the others put up the tents.

"How about rounding us up some firewood, Mac?" Charlie asked.

"I'll do it," Andy said. Charlie looked at her thoughtfully and then handed her the canvas carrier.

There wasn't much wood on the ground, so it took her a

while to get a good load. She was about a hundred yards from camp, near a cluster of high, lichen-covered boulders, when she saw through a crack in the rock a buck and two does walking gingerly, almost daintily, through the alder trees. She tried to hush her breathing as they passed not more than twenty yards away. There was nothing she could do. If she yelled, they'd be gone; by the time she got back to camp, they'd be gone. The buck stopped, nostrils quivering, tail up and alert. He looked directly at her. Still she didn't move, not one muscle. He was a beautiful buck, the color of late-turned maple leaves. Unafraid, he lowered his tail, and he and his does silently merged into the trees. Andy walked back to camp and dropped the firewood.

"I saw three deer," she said. "A buck and two does."

"Where?" Charlie Spoon cried, looking behind her as if they might have followed her into camp.

"In the woods yonder. They're gone now."

"Well, hell!" Charlie banged his coffee cup against his knee.

"Didn't I say she could find animals?" her father said, grinning.

"Too late to go after them," Charlie muttered. "It'll be dark in a quarter hour. Damn!"

"Damn," Mac echoed.

"They just walk right up to her," her father said.

"Well, leastwise this proves there's deer here." Charlie began snapping long branches into shorter ones. "You know, I think I'll stick with you," he told Andy, "since you're so good at finding deer and all. How'd that be?"

"Okay, I guess," Andy murmured. She hoped he was kidding; no way did she want to hunt with Charlie Spoon. Still, she was pleased he had said it.

Her father and Charlie took one tent, she and Mac the other. When they were in their sleeping bags, Mac said in the darkness, "I bet you really didn't see no deer, did you?"

She sighed. "I did, Mac. Why would I lie?"

"How big was the buck?"

"Four point. I counted."

Mac snorted.

"You just believe what you want, Mac," she said testily.

"Too bad it ain't buck season," he said. "Well, I got to go pee."

"So pee."

She heard him turn in his bag. "You ever see it?" he asked.

"It? What's 'it'?"

"It. A pecker."

"Sure," she lied.

"Whose? Your father's?"

She was uncomfortable. "No," she said.

"Well, whose then?"

"Oh, I don't know! Leave me be, why don't you?"

"Didn't see a deer, didn't see a pecker," Mac said teasingly.

She didn't answer right away. Then she said, "My cousin Lewis. I saw his."

"Well, how old's he?"

"One and a half."

"Ha! A baby! A baby's is like a little worm. It ain't a real one at all."

If he says he'll show me his, she thought, I'll kick him. I'll just get out of my bag and kick him.

"I went hunting with my daddy and Versh and Danny Simmons last year in buck season," Mac said, "and we got ourselves one. And we hog-dressed the thing. You know what that is, don't you?"

"No," she said. She was confused. What was he talking about now?

"That's when you cut him open and take out all his guts, so the meat don't spoil. Makes him lighter to pack out, too."

She tried to imagine what the deer's guts might look like, pulled from the gaping hole. "What do you do with them?" she asked. "The guts?"

"Oh, just leave 'em for the bears."

She ran her finger like a knife blade along her belly.

"When we left them on the ground," Mac said, "they smoked. Like they were cooking."

"Huh," she said.

"They cut off the deer's pecker, too, you know."

Andy imagined Lewis's pecker and shuddered. "Mac, you're disgusting."

He laughed. "Well, I gotta go pee." She heard him rustle out of his bag. "Broo!" he cried, flapping his arms. "It's cold!"

He makes so much noise, she thought, just noise and more noise.

HER FATHER WOKE THEM BEFORE FIRST LIGHT. HE warned them to talk softly and said that they were going to the place where Andy had seen the deer, to try to cut them off on their way back from their night feeding. Andy couldn't shake off her sleep. Stuffing her sleeping bag into its sack seemed to take an hour, and tying her boots was the strangest thing she'd ever done. Charlie Spoon made hot chocolate and oatmeal with raisins. Andy closed her eyes and, between beats of her heart, listened to the breathing of the forest. *When I open my eyes, it will be lighter, she decided.* But when she did, it was still just as dark, except for the swaths of their flashlights and the hissing blue flame of the stove. *There has to be just one moment when it all changes from dark to light,* Andy thought. She had missed it yesterday, in the car; today she would watch more closely.

But when she remembered again, it was already first light and they had moved to the rocks by the deer trail and had set up shooting positions—Mac and Charlie Spoon on the up-trail side, she and her father behind them, some six feet up on a ledge. The day became brighter, the sun piercing the tall pines, raking the hunters, yet providing little warmth. Andy now smelled alder and pine and the slightly rotten odor of rock lichen. She rubbed her hand

over the stone and considered that it must be very old, had probably been here before the giant pines, *before anyone was in these woods at all.* A chipmunk sniffed on a nearby branch. She aimed an imaginary rifle and pressed the trigger. The chipmunk froze, then scurried away. Her legs were cramping on the narrow ledge. Her father seemed to doze, one hand in his parka, the other cupped lightly around the rifle. She could smell his scent of old wool and leather. His cheeks were speckled with gray-black whiskers, and he worked his jaws slightly, as if chewing a small piece of gum.

Please let us get a deer, she prayed.

A branch snapped on the other side of the rock face. Her father's hand stiffened on the rifle, startling her—*He hasn't been sleeping at all,* she marveled—and then his jaw relaxed, as did the lines around his eyes, and she heard Charlie Spoon call, "Yo, don't shoot, it's us." He and Mac appeared from around the rock. They stopped beneath the ledge. Charlie solemnly crossed his arms.

"I don't believe we're gonna get any deer here," he said drily.

Andy's father lowered his rifle to Charlie and jumped down from the ledge. Then he reached up for Andy. She dropped into his arms and he set her gently on the ground.

Mac sidled up to her. "I knew you didn't see no deer," he said.

"Just because they don't come when you want 'em to don't mean she didn't see them," her father said.

Still, she felt bad. Her telling about the deer had caused them to spend the morning there, cold and expectant, with nothing to show for it.

They tramped through the woods for another two hours, not caring much about noise. Mac found some deer tracks, and they argued about how old they were. They split up for a while and then rejoined at an old logging road that deer might use, and followed it. The road crossed a stream, which had mostly frozen over but in a few spots still caught leaves and twigs in an icy swirl. They forded it by jumping from rock to rock. The road narrowed after that, and the woods thickened.

They stopped for lunch, heating up Charlie's wife's corn chowder. Andy's father cut squares of applesauce cake with his hunting knife and handed them to her and Mac, who ate his almost daintily. Andy could faintly taste knife oil on the cake. She was tired. She stretched her leg; the muscle that had cramped on the rock still ached.

"Might as well relax," her father said, as if reading her thoughts. "We won't find deer till suppertime."

Charlie Spoon leaned back against his pack and folded his hands across his stomach. "Well, even if we don't get a deer," he said expansively, "it's still great to be out here, breathe some fresh air, clomp around a bit. Get away from the house and the old lady." He winked at Mac, who looked away.

"That's what the woods are all about, anyway," Charlie said. "It's where the women don't want to go." He bowed his head toward Andy. "With your exception, of course,

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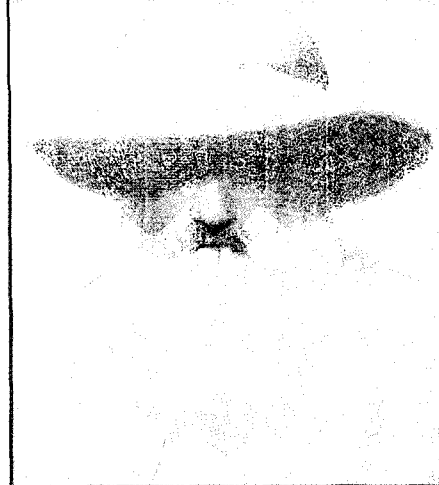
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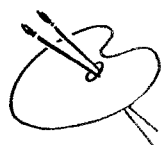
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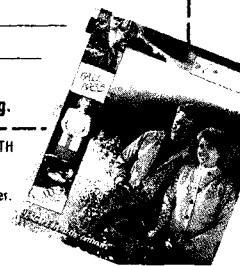
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little lady." He helped himself to another piece of apple-sauce cake.

"She ain't a woman," Mac said.

"Well, she damn well's gonna be," Charlie said. He grinned at her. "Or will you? You're half a boy anyway. You go by a boy's name. What's your real name? Andrea, ain't it?"

"That's right," she said. She hoped that if she didn't look at him, Charlie would stop.

"Well, which do you like? Andy or Andrea?"

"Don't matter," she mumbled. "Either."

"She's always been Andy to me," her father said.

Charlie Spoon was still grinning. "So what are you gonna be, Andrea? A boy or a girl?"

"I'm a girl," she said.

"But you want to go hunting and fishing and everything, huh?"

"She can do whatever she likes," her father said.

"Hell, you might as well have just had a boy and be done with it!" Charlie exclaimed.

"That's funny," her father said, and chuckled. "That's just what her mamma tells me."

They were looking at her, and she wanted to get away from them all, even from her father, who chose to joke with them.

"I'm going to walk a bit," she said.

She heard them laughing as she walked down the log-

ging trail. She flapped her arms; she whistled. *I don't care how much noise I make*, she thought. Two grouse flew from the underbrush, startling her. A little farther down, the trail ended in a clearing that enlarged into a frozen meadow; beyond it the woods began again. A few moldering posts were all that was left of a fence that had once enclosed the field. The low afternoon sunlight reflected brightly off the snow, so that Andy's eyes hurt. She squinted hard. A gust of wind blew across the field, stinging her face. And then, as if it had been waiting for her, the doe emerged from the trees opposite and stepped cautiously into the field. Andy watched: it stopped and stood quietly for what seemed a long time and then ambled across. It stopped again about seventy yards away and began to browse in a patch of sugar grass uncovered by the wind. Carefully, slowly, never taking her eyes from the doe, Andy walked backward, trying to step into the boot prints she'd already made. When she was far enough back into the woods, she turned and walked faster, her heart racing. *Please let it stay*, she prayed.

"There's a doe in the field yonder," she told them.

They got their rifles and hurried down the trail.

"No use," her father said. "We're making too much noise any way you look at it."

"At least we got us the wind in our favor," Charlie Spoon said, breathing heavily.

But the doe was still there, grazing.

THE COUNTRY OF PERFECT WEEKENDS

For months on end we had no rain.
The weekends wheeled by, spokes around
A parching sun that flung off light,
Satellite of drought transmitting
To our state. No one seemed to care—
Terrific day! was the watchword—
And while whole forests burned to ash
We watered our lawns, secretly
Against the Governor's decree
At night, sprinklers drawing their fronds
Like pale girls in prom gowns over
Cool thick grass.

Lake levels slipped low;

We saw the bed for the first time
In years, how filthy it had gone
In the polluted interim.
A pall of muck, the drifted ash,
Clotted tires and matchbooks,
Stopped the mouth of an odd beer can
From gurgling its jingle and fouled
The bottom-springs that fed the lake.

It became a pastime, looking
In: we saw these things through faces,
Ours, spread over them like clear shrouds
Preserving shapes as they decayed.
Three deep along the shore or poling
Out in longboats, our reflections
Vanished into shadow when the sun
Hit high noon and stayed, crackling dry
The lake, and our fair state became
A country of perfect weekends
Where no one traveled or complained—
Standing in shadows, to each his own,
We hunch like water birds above
The hacked lake bed, searching for us.

—George Witte

"Good Lord," Charlie whispered. He looked at her father. "Well, whose shot?"

"Andy spotted it," her father said in a low voice. "Let her shoot it."

"What!" Charlie's eyes widened.

Andy couldn't believe what her father had just said. She'd only shot tin cans and targets; she'd never even fired her father's .30-.30, and she'd never killed anything.

"I can't," she whispered.

"That's right, she can't," Charlie Spoon insisted. "She's not old enough and she don't have a license even if she was!"

"Well, who's to tell?" her father said in a low voice. "Nobody's going to know but us." He looked at her. "Do you want to shoot it, punkin?"

Why doesn't it hear us? she wondered. *Why doesn't it run away?* "I don't know," she said.

"Well, I'm sure as hell gonna shoot it," Charlie said. Her father grasped Charlie's rifle barrel and held it. His voice was steady.

"Andy's a good shot. It's her deer. She found it, not you. You'd still be sitting on your ass back in camp." He turned to her again. "Now—do you want to shoot it, Andy? Yes or no."

He was looking at her; they were all looking at her. Suddenly she was angry at the deer, who refused to hear them, who wouldn't run away even when it could. "I'll shoot it," she said. Charlie turned away in disgust.

She lay on the ground and pressed the rifle stock against her shoulder bone. The snow was cold through her parka; she smelled oil and wax and damp earth. She pulled off one glove with her teeth. "It sights just like the .22," her father said gently. "Cartridge's already chambered." As she had done so many times before, she sighted down the scope; now the doe was in the reticle. She moved the barrel until the cross hairs lined up. Her father was breathing beside her.

"Aim where the chest and legs meet, or a little above, punkin," he was saying calmly. "That's the killing shot."

But now, seeing it in the scope, Andy was hesitant. Her finger weakened on the trigger. Still, she nodded at what her father said and sighted again, the cross hairs lining up in exactly the same spot—the doe had hardly moved, its brownish-gray body outlined starkly against the blue-backed snow. *It doesn't know*, Andy thought. *It just doesn't know*. And as she looked, deer and snow and faraway trees flattened within the circular frame to become like a picture on a calendar, not real, and she felt calm, as if she had been dreaming everything—the day, the deer, the hunt itself. And she, finger on trigger, was only a part of that dream.

"Shoot!" Charlie hissed.

Through the scope she saw the deer look up, ears high and straining.

Charlie groaned, and just as he did, and just at the moment when Andy knew—*knew*—the doe would bound away, as if she could feel its haunches tensing and gathering power, she pulled the trigger. Later she would think, *I*

felt the recoil, I smelled the smoke, but I don't remember pulling the trigger. Through the scope the deer seemed to shrink into itself, and then slowly knelt, hind legs first, head raised as if to cry out. It trembled, still straining to keep its head high, as if that alone would save it; failing, it collapsed, shuddered, and lay still.

"Whoee!" Mac cried.

"One shot! One shot!" her father yelled, clapping her on the back. Charlie Spoon was shaking his head and smiling dumbly.

"I told you she was a great little shot!" her father said. "I told you!" Mac danced and clapped his hands. She was dazed, not quite understanding what had happened. And then they were crossing the field toward the fallen doe, she walking dreamlike, the men laughing and joking, released now from the tension of silence and anticipation. Suddenly Mac pointed and cried out, "Look at that!"

The doe was rising, legs unsteady. They stared at it, unable to comprehend, and in that moment the doe regained its feet and looked at them, as if it too were trying to understand. Her father whistled softly. Charlie Spoon unslung his rifle and raised it to his shoulder, but the doe was already bounding away. His hurried shot missed, and the deer disappeared into the woods.

"Damn, damn, damn," he moaned.

"I don't believe it," her father said. "That deer was dead."

"Dead, hell!" Charlie yelled. "It was gutshot, that's all. Stunned and gutshot. Clean shot, my ass!"

What have I done? Andy thought.

Her father slung his rifle over his shoulder. "Well, let's go. It can't get too far."

"Hell, I've seen deer run ten miles gutshot," Charlie said. He waved his arms. "We may never find her!"

As they crossed the field, Mac came up to her and said in a low voice, "Gutshoot a deer, you'll go to hell."

"Shut up, Mac," she said, her voice cracking. It was a terrible thing she had done, she knew. She couldn't bear to think of the doe in pain and frightened. *Please let it die*, she prayed.

But though they searched all the last hour of daylight, so that they had to recross the field and go up the logging trail in a twilight made even deeper by thick, smoky clouds, they didn't find the doe. They lost its trail almost immediately in the dense stands of alderberry and larch.

"I am cold, and I am tired," Charlie Spoon declared. "And if you ask me, that deer's in another county already."

"No one's asking you, Charlie," her father said.

They had a supper of hard salami and ham, bread, and the rest of the applesauce cake. It seemed a bother to heat the coffee, so they had cold chocolate instead. Everyone turned in early.

"We'll find it in the morning, honeybun," her father said, as she went to her tent.

"I don't like to think of it suffering." She was almost in tears.

"It's dead already, punkin. Don't even think about it."

He kissed her, his breath sour and his beard rough against her cheek.

Andy was sure she wouldn't get to sleep; the image of the doe falling, falling, then rising again, repeated itself whenever she closed her eyes. Then she heard an owl hoot and realized that it had awakened her, so she must have been asleep after all. She hoped the owl would hush, but instead it hooted louder. She wished her father or Charlie Spoon would wake up and do something about it, but no one moved in the other tent, and suddenly she was afraid that they had all decamped, wanting nothing more to do with her. She whispered, "Mac, Mac," to the sleeping bag where he should be, but no one answered. She tried to find the flashlight she always kept by her side, but couldn't, and she cried in panic, "Mac, are you there?" He mumbled something, and immediately she felt foolish and hoped he wouldn't reply.

When she awoke again, everything had changed. The owl was gone, the woods were still, and she sensed light, blue and pale, light where before there had been none. *The moon must have come out*, she thought. And it was warm, too, warmer than it should have been. She got out of her sleeping bag and took off her parka—it was that warm. Mac was asleep, wheezing like an old man. She unzipped the tent and stepped outside.

The woods were more beautiful than she had ever seen them. The moon made everything ice-rimmed glimmer with a crystallized, immanent light, while underneath that ice the branches of trees were as stark as skeletons. She heard a crunching in the snow, the one sound in all that silence, and there, walking down the logging trail into their camp, was the doe. Its body, like everything around her, was silvered with frost and moonlight. It walked past the tent where her father and Charlie Spoon were sleeping and stopped no more than six feet from her. Andy saw that she had shot it, yes, had shot it cleanly, just where she thought she had, the wound a jagged, bloody hole in the doe's chest.

A heart shot, she thought.

The doe stepped closer, so that Andy, if she wished, could have reached out and touched it. It looked at her as if expecting her to do this, and so she did, running her hand, slowly at first, along the rough, matted fur, then down to the edge of the wound, where she stopped. The doe stood still. Hesitantly, Andy felt the edge of the wound. The torn flesh was sticky and warm. The wound parted under her touch. And then, almost without her knowing it, her fingers were within, probing, yet still the doe didn't move. Andy pressed deeper, through flesh and muscle and sinew, until her whole hand and more was inside the wound and she had found the doe's heart, warm and beating. She cupped it gently in her hand. *Alive*, she marveled. *Alive*.

The heart quickened under her touch, becoming warmer and warmer until it was hot enough to burn. In pain, Andy tried to remove her hand, but the wound closed about it and held her fast. Her hand was burning. She

cried out in agony, sure they would all hear and come help, but they didn't. And then her hand pulled free, followed by a steaming rush of blood, more blood than she ever could have imagined—it covered her hand and arm, and she saw to her horror that her hand was steaming. She moaned and fell to her knees and plunged her hand into the snow. The doe looked at her gently and then turned and walked back up the trail.

In the morning, when she woke, Andy could still smell the blood, but she felt no pain. She looked at her hand. Even though it appeared unscathed, it felt weak and withered. She couldn't move it freely and was afraid the others would notice. *I will hide it in my jacket pocket*, she decided, *so nobody can see*. She ate the oatmeal that her father cooked and stayed apart from them all. No one spoke to her, and that suited her. A light snow began to fall. It was the last day of their hunting trip. She wanted to be home.

Her father dumped the dregs of his coffee. "Well, let's go look for her," he said.

Again they crossed the field. Andy lagged behind. She averted her eyes from the spot where the doe had fallen, already filling up with snow. Mac and Charlie entered the woods first, followed by her father. Andy remained in the field and considered the smear of gray sky, the nearby flock of crows pecking at unyielding stubble. *I will stay here*, she thought, *and not move for a long while*. But now someone—Mac—was yelling. Her father appeared at the woods' edge and waved for her to come. She ran and pushed through a brake of alderberry and larch. The thick underbrush scratched her face. For a moment she felt lost and looked wildly about. Then, where the brush thinned, she saw them standing quietly in the falling snow. They were staring down at the dead doe. A film covered its upturned eye, and its body was lightly dusted with snow.

"I told you she wouldn't get too far," Andy's father said triumphantly. "We must've just missed her yesterday. Too blind to see."

"We're just damn lucky no animal got to her last night," Charlie muttered.

Her father lifted the doe's foreleg. The wound was blood-clotted, brown, and caked like frozen mud. "Clean shot," he said to Charlie. He grinned. "My little girl."

Then he pulled out his knife, the blade gray as the morning. Mac whispered to Andy, "Now watch this," while Charlie Spoon lifted the doe from behind by its forelegs so that its head rested between his knees, its underside exposed. Her father's knife sliced thickly from chest to belly to crotch, and Andy was running from them, back to the field and across, scattering the crows who cawed and circled angrily. And now they were all calling to her—Charlie Spoon and Mac and her father—crying *Andy, Andy* (but that wasn't her name, she would no longer be called that); yet louder than any of them was the wind blowing through the treetops, like the ocean where her mother floated in green water, also calling *Come in, come in*, while all around her roared the mocking of the terrible, now inevitable, sea. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD AND EDITH WHARTON

"TO YOUR GENERATION," Edith Wharton wrote from her estate outside Paris to Scott Fitzgerald at his flat near the Place de l'Etoile, "... I must represent the literary equivalent of tufted furniture and gas chandeliers."

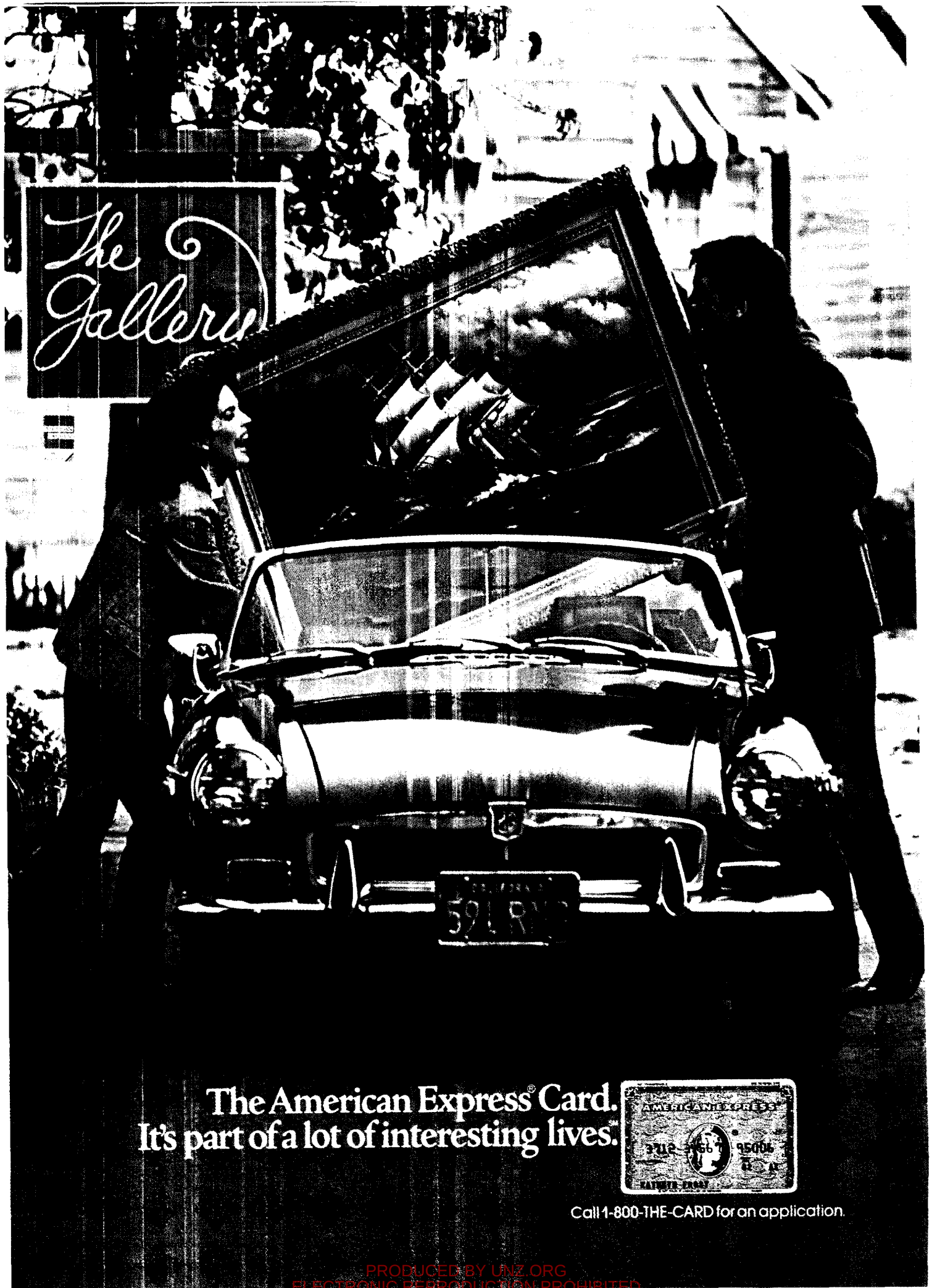
If true, it was only half the story. To Fitzgerald she represented an enviable conjunction of wealth and social connection, prodigious authorship, critical success, and intimate association with the artistic upper crust. It was a persona he much admired. According to him, two years previously when she had been in New York at Scribner's, their common publisher, he had barged into the office and knelt in obeisance at her feet. If such a meeting took place, she made no mention of it when, in that summer of 1925, she wrote to thank Scott for sending *The Great Gatsby*, just out, and to invite him and Zelda to tea.

Zelda refused. She would not go and be made to "feel provincial," so Fitzgerald took along Teddy Chanler, a Wharton family friend. As to what occurred, we have Scott's version, Teddy's version, Teddy's revised version,

and Zelda's version of Scott's version. First Scott warded off his apprehensions with a few (many) drinks on the drive out. The tea party in the elegantly furnished sitting room was rather formal (boring), and to enliven it Scott rose, strolled (weaved) (staggered) across to the fireplace, leaned picturesquely (tipsily) against the mantel, and began a story about a naive American couple who spent three days (two weeks) in a Paris bordello, thinking it was a hotel. End of story. His hostess, whom he had expected to register shock, expressed only irritation. Where was the plot, the detail? "But Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, refilling his cup, "you haven't told us what they *did* in the bordello."

Poor Scott. The visit proved a—well, sobering experience. He had thought to be audacious and he had emerged merely jejune: he had failed his generation. We are left with Edith Wharton's version summed up in her diary: "To tea, Teddy Chanler and Scott Fitzgerald, the novelist (awful)."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



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MUSIC

IN SEARCH OF BORIS

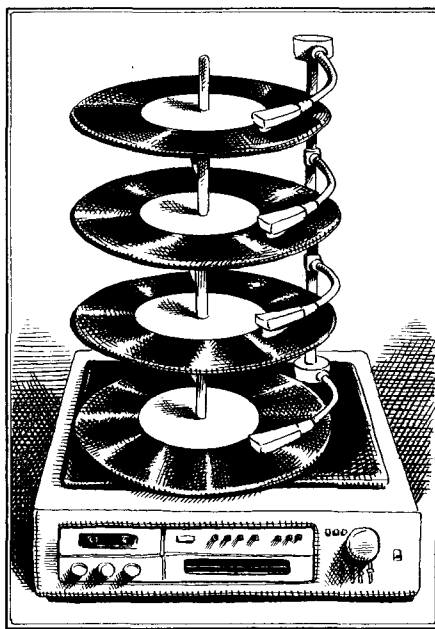
BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

IT IS GENERALLY agreed that Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* is one of the masterpieces of the operatic literature. Yet the person who attends a performance of the work, or buys a recording of it, is never quite certain what he is going to see or hear. Usually he will not get Musorgsky's *Boris* at all, either the initial version of 1869 or the so-called definitive version of 1874, but rather the revision by Rimsky-Korsakov that Serge Diaghilev used in the production he brought to Paris in 1908, with the great Russian basso Feodor Chaliapin in the title role—the production that gave *Boris* to the West. Or he may get the revision (complete with added balalaikas) that Shostakovich prepared in 1939–1940. Or if he is attending a performance at the Metropolitan Opera, in New York, he will probably get a conflation of Musorgsky's two versions, in the discreetly touched-up orchestration prepared by Karol Rathaus in the 1950s. And, though *Boris* is not really a very long opera, there will probably be cuts. Why should such an unprecedentedly chaotic state of affairs obtain in the case of a famous, relatively recent work that has long been admitted to be great?

Musorgsky was born in 1839, and his aesthetic ideals took shape during the 1860s, a decade in which realist and nationalist feeling ran high among young Russian writers, painters, and composers. To composers this meant a contempt for the academic rules and techniques of composition, particularly as embodied in the works of the great German Romantics; to opera composers it meant in addition a contempt for the artificiality of traditional operatic conventions. Operas were no longer to be stylized arrangements of arias, duets, trios, and larger ensembles; rather, they were to be sung plays, set word for word from the texts of great dramatists—preferably great Russian dramatists. No abstract musical consideration was to be allowed to interfere with the direct, natural expression of thought and feeling. It is understandable that this notion of opera should have appealed strongly to Mu-

sorgsky, who was a largely self-taught composer. In June, 1868, he set the first act of Gogol's comedy *The Marriage*, but he abandoned the project a few months later when someone suggested that he try Pushkin's historical tragedy *Boris Godunov*, based on the career of the ill-fated czar who reigned from 1598 to 1605.

Musorgsky's initial version of *Boris* was completed in orchestral score on December 15, 1869 (this date, like the



ones that follow, is given "old style"—that is, according to the Julian calendar in use in pre-revolutionary Russia). It conformed well to the ideals of the time, being made up almost entirely of dialogue and choruses. The action contained the following seven scenes: (1) A crowd is exhorted by a policeman to beg Boris to become czar. (2) Boris is crowned. (3) About five years later Pimen, an old monk who is chronicling Boris's reign, tells his novice, Grigory Otrepiev, the story of how Boris gained power by murdering the czarevich Dmitry, who would today be the same age as Grigory. This gives Grigory the idea of running away and posing as the miraculously resurrected Dmitry. (4) Grigory, now traveling in the company

of two vagabond monks, Varlaam and Misail, is sought by the police at an inn near the Lithuanian border, but he escapes. (5) Boris, with his children in his apartments in the Kremlin, is called on by his enemy Shuisky, who tells him of the Pretender's progress toward Moscow. When Boris, terrified, asks to be reassured that the child who was murdered long ago really was Dmitry, Shuisky plays on his fears by giving a grisly description of the little corpse. This drives Boris into a hallucination. (6) A crowd in front of St. Basil's Cathedral, in Moscow, are discussing the Pretender's advance on the city and joyfully looking forward to the overthrow of Boris, now regarded as a usurper. Boris enters and is confronted by a Simpleton who, when Boris asks for his prayers, denounces Boris as "Czar Herod" and sings a lament for Russia. (7) A group of boyars are in a council chamber in the Kremlin, discussing what steps to take against the Pretender, when Shuisky enters and tells of Boris's hallucination. Boris himself then enters, distraught, and is soon followed by Pimen, who tells of an old blind shepherd who has been miraculously cured by praying at the grave of the murdered czarevich Dmitry. At this point Boris collapses, bids farewell to his son, and dies.

In this form the work was rejected by the directorate of the Maryinsky Theater, in St. Petersburg, on February 10, 1871, the only known reason being that it lacked a female lead. Musorgsky immediately set to work revising it. His second version, completed in June or July of 1872, contained nine scenes grouped into a prologue and four acts. The prologue comprised the first two scenes of the 1869 version, and Act I its third and fourth scenes; its fifth scene, in the Czar's apartments, was enlarged and radically rewritten to become Act II. Act III, set in Poland and intended to remedy the lack of a female lead and a love plot, was made up of material not contained in the 1869 version—though Musorgsky had apparently composed a good deal of it while preparing that version. In the first of its two scenes the Polish princess Marina, with whom the Pretender Grigory/Dmitry has fallen in love, is enjoined by the Jesuit Rangoni to convert the Muscovites to Roman Catholicism. In the second scene the Pretender, waiting for Marina by a palace fountain, is advised by Rangoni that he himself must convert to Rome in order to win her; there is then a colorful Polo-

naise, followed by a love duet. In preparing Act IV of his new version Musorgsky scrapped the St. Basil's scene. He began the act with the final scene of the 1869 version (Boris's death scene) and closed it with a newly composed scene, set in the forest of Kromy, near Moscow. In this scene Varlaam and Misail encourage the crowd to accept the Pretender, who then arrives in triumph; the opera closes with the Simpleton's lament for Russia, transferred from the discarded St. Basil's scene. In preparing his new version Musorgsky also added several passages, cut Pimen's story of the czarevich's murder, and made several other cuts in the opening scene, the coronation scene, and Boris's death scene.

This version was probably accepted for production at the Maryinsky at about the beginning of May, 1872, even before the orchestration was completed, but the premiere did not take place until January 27, 1874. The work was initially a success with the public (though not with the conservative critics), and it continued to be performed, though in increasingly mutilated form and to a very mixed reception, until October, 1882. A month later it was dropped from the Maryinsky repertory. No official reasons were given, and the real reasons, whatever they may have been, are still not known.

In the meantime Musorgsky had died, in March, 1881, and musical tastes in Russia had changed. Composers and educated musical laymen of Musorgsky's and Rimsky-Korsakov's generation had become less proudly parochial and less scornful of musical tradition. Technical expertise was no longer thought of as a bar to expression, and foreign, specifically German, influences were no longer regarded with such suspicion. After Musorgsky's death Rimsky, who in 1871 had been appointed to a professorship at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and was now firmly a member of the Russian musical establishment, generously undertook the preparation for publication of his friend's unfinished scores. In 1888–1889, attempting to regain popularity for *Boris*, he prepared an elaborate "Wagnerian" concert version of the Act III Polonaise, and in 1892 he revised the coronation scene. Gradually he prepared a revision of *Boris* that would be in accord with contemporary taste. This revision was completed and published in 1896 and immediately began to be performed in Russia with great success. Ten years lat-

er Rimsky returned to *Boris*, revising sections of the work omitted from his earlier revision. The resulting score, which was published in 1908, was the one that Diaghilev performed, heavily cut, in Paris.

Rimsky's 1908 *Boris* is often spoken of as merely a "re-orchestration," but it is really much more than that. For Rimsky not only added color and variety to Musorgsky's mostly spare and dark orchestration; he also reversed the order of the final two scenes, omitted and added whole sections while transposing others to different keys, smoothed out Musorgsky's frequently abrupt harmonic progressions, balanced his jagged and asymmetrical phrases, eliminated such "grammatical" mistakes as parallel fifths (which had irritated the work's first critics), and, like a nervous hostess, labored to fill every silence with the musical equivalent of civilized small talk.

These changes immediately provoked objections from critics who saw the Diaghilev production. Jean Marnold, who had access to the piano and vocal score of Musorgsky's definitive version, which had been published in 1874, wrote in the *Mercure de France*: "Rimsky-Korsakov has corrected the score of *Boris Godunov* as a schoolmaster corrects the homework of a bad student. . . . Without a doubt, Musorgsky did not write as one learns in Conservatories, and this was luck for him and for us. . . . An instinct more certain than rules guided his sensibility and his genius." Thus, ironically, while Musorgsky's original *Boris* had come to seem clumsy and rough-hewn and much in need of modernization to newly sophisticated Russian composers like Rimsky, to the still more sophisticated Parisians of 1908 it seemed strikingly modern in its unconventionality, its moment-to-moment, almost improvised way of proceeding, its studied avoidance of "rounded" forms. In 1901 Debussy, who freely admitted the debt that his own *Pelléas et Mélisande* owed to *Boris*, had written of Musorgsky, "He is unique and will remain so because his art is spontaneous and free from arid formulas. Never has a more refined sensibility been conveyed by such simple means; it resembles the art of a curious savage, uncovering music at each step through his emotions."

NONETHELESS IT IS Rimsky's version that has held the stage ever since, and that has until recently been used in

the recordings of *Boris*. Until 1928 there was no published orchestral score of either of Musorgsky's own two versions, and the score that was published then, edited by the great Russian musicologist Pavel Lamm, appeared in a lithographed edition of 200 copies. It was not until 1975, with the publication by the Oxford University Press of David Lloyd-Jones's excellent critical edition of both score and parts, that performance materials for Musorgsky's original texts became readily accessible. The following year the first complete recording of Musorgsky's own *Boris*—actually, a mish-mash of his two scores, including both the St. Basil's and the Kromy scenes—appeared, with Martti Tälvelä as Boris and Jerzy Semkow conducting the Polish Radio Chorus and Orchestra (Angel SX-3844). It was and is a disappointment: stolid, undramatic, far less revealing of the work's true greatness than the best previous recordings of the Rimsky version. But now there is a new and better recording, made in Russia, which bills itself as "based on the 'definitive' version" and which indeed includes all the music of the 1874 version, but which also reinstates passages from the 1869 version that Musorgsky cut. Though the performance is not all it might have been, it is the best we have and thus something to be grateful for.

The *Boris* is Alexander Vedernikov, and the USSR TV and Radio Large Chorus and Large Symphony Orchestra are conducted by Vladimir Fedoseyev; the recording is available on conventional LPs (Philips 412 281-1), on cassettes (Philips 412 281-4), and on compact discs (Philips 412 281-2). The weak link, alas, is Vedernikov's Boris. Though Vedernikov is consistently dignified, and even at times noble, he sings with too little sense of line, and too often he sounds hollow and beaten down, lacking in the vitality and nervous energy that such great past Borises as Chaliapin and Boris Christoff brought to the role of the guilt-ridden czar. But Vladimir Matorin is a sonorous Pimen, Artur Eisen an earthy Varlaam, Andrei Sokolov a ringingly heroic Shuisky, and Vladislav Piavko an effective Grigory (though he has a tendency to bellow). As Marina, Irina Arkhipova sings powerfully and accurately, but without the elegance her role demands. The minor roles are all satisfactorily filled except for that of the little czarevich Feodor, which is taken by the matronly Glafira Koroleva, who would have been more at home as the

Hostess or the Nurse. The singing of the chorus is superb, and the orchestral playing is accurate but often rather flat and uninflected, lacking in forward motion. While the performance is satisfying, there is something a little dutiful and uninvolved about it, as though an impressive national monument were being piously (and somewhat warily) celebrated.

One of the unforeseen benefits of at last having Musorgsky's own *Boris* on records, which can be played and re-played and studied at leisure, is that we are now free to appreciate the virtues of Rimsky's revision and to grant him justice long overdue. Over the years critics have allowed their rage at having been so long denied access to Musorgsky's *Boris* to lead them into absurdly unfair condemnations of Rimsky's revision as a piece of slick commercial trash foisted on an innocent public by a jealous and self-aggrandizing hack who consciously betrayed the memory of his far more gifted friend. B. H. Haggin, for example, has referred to the Rimsky *Boris* as "the equivalent" of "a painting by El Greco or Van Gogh . . . repainted by Norman Rockwell." But if Rimsky was not a great composer, he was no musical Norman Rockwell, either. In Musorgsky's great work he found richer musical substance upon which to exercise his prodigious skills than any he would ever be able to invent for himself. It has often been said that the brilliance of Rimsky's orchestration distorts beyond recognition Musorgsky's grim, somber vision. But the splendor of Rimsky's coronation scene, for example, can equally well be heard as heightening the dramatic irony. At any rate, Rimsky's *Boris* has not only been successful with the public for close to a century but has also had the distinguished support of great musicians as scrupulous as Toscanini, who conducted its American premiere at the Met, in 1913, brought it to La Scala in the 1920s, and was planning to conduct it at Salzburg in 1938 before he decided that he could not conduct in post-*Anschluss* Austria.

The best recorded performance of the Rimsky version is still a severely cut 1952 one (Seraphim 6101), with Christoff as Boris and Issay Dobrowen conducting the French National Radio Orchestra. The uncut Rimsky version, together with an orchestration of the St. Basil's scene prepared for the Bolshoi in 1926 by Rimsky's pupil Ippolitov-Ivanov, is available on London 1439.

with Nicolai Ghiaurov as Boris and Herbert von Karajan conducting the magnificent Vienna Philharmonic. And then there are Chaliapin's many classic recordings. The most famous of these, six 78-rpm sides made during a 1928 Covent Garden performance, are on EMI-Electrola set 1 C 147-01 486/87 M, available from German News Co., Inc., 220 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028. Others, made between 1910 and 1931, are on Pearl GEMM 152, 164, 170, and 232, and (along with the Covent Garden sides) on the ten-disc Melodiya set *Art of Chaliapin*. The Pearl records can be ordered from Qualiton Imports, Ltd., 39-28 Crescent Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

But when justice has been duly done to Rimsky, it must be said emphatically that Musorgsky's own *Boris* is the far greater work. What we need now is an absolutely first-rate recording of the 1874 definitive version, exactly as Musorgsky wrote it: without cuts, without passages from the 1869 version, and with the orchestration left as is. It would also be useful to have a recording of the 1869 version, which can be almost completely reconstructed. But the two should not be conflated. In an excellent two-part article, "Musorgsky vs. Musorgsky," in recent issues of the magazine *19th-Century Music*, Richard Taruskin has argued convincingly that the two versions are two quite different operas, and that Musorgsky, in making the cuts for the 1874 version, knew exactly what he was doing, both musically and dramatically. Both the Lamm and the Lloyd-Jones scores print every scene common to the two versions in its longest possible form, with passages that were cut from the 1869 version in 1874 alongside those added in 1874, thus encouraging such conflation. But this is no excuse for continuing to disrespect Musorgsky's wishes. To judge from two taped performances, one from La Scala in 1979 and the other from Chicago last fall, the conductor most likely to give us the *Boris* we want is Claudio Abbado. Yet even Abbado, though he scrupulously observes the 1874 cuts, feels free to make other cuts of his own, to tamper with the orchestration, and even to throw in a truncated version of the St. Basil's scene. Neither he nor any other self-respecting conductor would dream of mistreating *Tristan* or *Falstaff* or *Figaro* or *Wozzeck* or any other great opera in this way. Why then continue to mistreat *Boris*? □



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FOOD

ROAST CHICKEN

BY CORBY KUMMER

HOW DO YOU roast a chicken? That's like asking how to boil an egg," a French chef once said when I requested advice. Cooking an egg perfectly is no easy trick, and roasting a chicken perfectly poses even more problems. I never sorted through them until I read a provocative recipe for roast chicken in Barbara Kafka's *Food for Friends*, an imaginative and stylish book full of unconventional ideas, which was published last year. After following her recipe, which calls for a short cooking time at 500 degrees, I roasted a dozen chickens in a dozen ways and found that she was right to put a chicken in the oven and leave it alone. But I formulated my own rules for temperature, which puts me squarely in the camp of Kafka-followers, who find that disagreeing with her can be more productive than agreeing with anyone else. My rules also apply to turkey, a bird I don't like nearly as much but can't avoid around this time of year.

I always like to think that the way you cook something makes all the difference in the way it tastes, but finally I had to admit that when it comes to chicken, nothing matters more than the quality of the bird. So that I could judge flavor, I rarely used anything other than salt and pepper for seasoning, and I found that most chickens don't have enough taste to warrant such delicate treatment. Chicken is versatile because it has a mild flavor, but it shouldn't have no flavor.

Mass-produced chickens are raised indoors under twenty-four-hour lighting and are given yellow corn or marigold petals to color them yellow. Their food is supplemented with medications to prevent poultry diseases and with low levels of antibiotics as a precaution against intestinal and other infections that inhibit "feed conversion" of grain to meat. Preventive doses of medicine are virtually mandatory because wood-shaving litter, which harbors protozoa, is usually replaced only once a year, and because of the close proximity not only of the houses themselves (each of which

holds as many as 30,000 chickens) but also in some cases of producers. If a flock becomes ill, it is given higher doses of medicine.

Some fancy butchers are selling "free-range" (or, as I saw on a Philadelphia menu, "range-free") chickens. This is nearly always a misnomer. A true free-range chicken would eat whatever it could forage, which might be a lot of bubble gum. Ideally what is sold as a free-range chicken will have been fed



grain without medicine and allowed to roam outdoors in a fenced area and to sleep indoors at night. Very few farmers follow this uneconomical practice, which requires a great deal of space and hardy breeds that can withstand winters. Wholesalers aren't interested in variable rates of supply or in levels of quality that must by definition be inconsistent.

Instead, "free-range" is most often used to mean chickens raised indoors on high-quality grain (usually corn and soy) and given either no antibiotics or only those that stay in the intestinal tract and thus leave no traces in the eviscerated bird. The reduced number of antibiotics and the breeds used cause the birds to mature more slowly than mass-produced

ones. Most have white skin, because they are not fed colorants.

When roasted, the meat of the free-range chickens I tried was velvety and as moist as if it had been poached; it had the light but identifiable taste of chicken. Free-range chickens are hard to find, but even if you can buy only a frozen one, try it. Defrost it slowly in the refrigerator (it usually takes a day and a half), wrapped, in order to lose as little liquid from the bird as possible. If you have no luck, and feel like spending \$33 on a four-pound chicken (\$12 for the chicken, \$21 for postage), Ariane Daguin, the daughter of a famous French chef, who sells fresh foie gras and game birds, will ship you by next-day UPS a true free-range chicken, raised indoors and out and fed no antibiotics, that is a cross between the American Rock and the legendary *poulet de Bresse*. It is very good, and beautifully proportioned (by the time I received one I had studied perhaps too many chickens), but no better than the best of the other free-range chickens I sampled. Daguin's company, D'Artagnan, is at 399 St. Paul Avenue in Jersey City, N.J. 07306; the telephone number is (201) 792-0748.

When buying fresh chickens in the supermarket, avoid ones with reddish-brown marks, which are often bruises, and skin that looks dried out. If you don't like the taste of the chickens your supermarket carries, ask the meat manager to stock more brands. Some relatively small growers and packagers with good reputations include Bell & Evans and Paramount in the East, Foodworks in Chicago, Shelton in southern and America Poultry in northern California, and Marshall Durbin in Texas and the South.

Don't worry about roasting what is called a broiler or a fryer. These terms refer to weight, and you can successfully roast any size chicken. Cornish game hens or poussins, which weigh two pounds and under, are chickens bred to look and taste good at low weights. Fryers and broilers weigh between two and four pounds; roasters are four pounds and over. Capons—neutered roosters—generally weigh between six and eleven pounds. They are rarely available fresh except during the holidays, because they are expensive to raise and to buy, and because that is when demand is greatest. Capons have the largest and best-tasting breasts. Fresh turkeys are also plentiful at holidays. Don't ever buy a "self-basting"

bird. It has been injected with liquids, which have the effect of steaming the bird, and with fats and stabilizers you wouldn't add yourself. Buy fresh birds now, while they are in abundant supply, and nag your butcher to find a source for them during the rest of the year.

THE ONLY WORK in roasting a chicken comes before you put it in the oven. Bring it to room temperature so that it can start cooking right away. Take out the giblets, usually wrapped in paper, and the liver, usually in a plastic bag. The heart can feed the dog, the liver can feed an unfinicky eater the next day, and the rest of the giblets can flavor stock. Reach into the cavity and pull out whatever is left. Chickens are rarely as clean as they could be; the area of the cavity near what is usually called the pope's nose (although many families use different names—"parson's nose" and the Yiddish *pupik*, or "belly button," are the most common) almost always has extra viscera. Pull out all the pieces of fat you can see, starting with the undersides of the flaps of skin around the cavity and the neck. (To render the fat, which will keep in the refrigerator for several days or in the freezer for several weeks, heat it for a half hour or so at the oven's lowest setting in an uncovered pan with just enough water to cover the bottom. Strain the bits of gristle that remain or lift them out with a slotted spoon. Pour the fat into a jar, chill it, and use it for stir-fried dishes or for bread stuffing.) Wipe the chicken inside and out with paper towels.

Whatever you put into the cavity will flavor the meat more thoroughly than anything you put on the skin. Start with salt and pepper, which is easier to add to the cavity if you put it in a spoon first. "Poultry seasoning" is mostly sage, a brutish herb whose acrid taste drowns out any other flavor. I prefer to season with a lemon cut in quarters, half an onion, and a big bunch of whatever fresh herbs I have (often that means a lot of slightly old parsley). You don't need to close the cavity. In fact, leaving it open will make the flavors scent the air in the oven, so that they can penetrate the chicken from within and without.

French recipes tell you to truss the bird, which involves tying the legs close to the breast and the wings close to the body. This is considered the only acceptable way to bring a bird to table. When I told a classically trained friend that I planned not even to tie the legs to-

gether—the minimal step for decency's sake—she said, "Do you *know* what an untrussed bird looks like? My ninety-year-old grandmother on a club chair after supper." I have several trussing needles (they look like knitting needles but have eyes and sharp points), and I've learned to sew a bird together in no time flat, but I won't do it again to a chicken. Trussing makes a chicken cook unevenly. Protecting the breast meat with the legs is necessary for a small bird that has only a thin layer of breast meat and little fat. American chickens have been bred for thick breasts, and they have copious amounts of fat. For ease in handling I do fold the pinion, the small end of the wing, behind the large end, and can countenance tying the legs, but only enough to keep them from spreading during cooking and tearing the skin—not so that they touch.

Put the chicken breast-side up on a rack in a shallow pan just big enough to hold it. Don't add any liquid—the chicken will soon release enough fat to keep the juices from scorching, and you want to roast it, not steam it. A rack isn't essential, but without one the bottom of the bird will sit in a pool of fat and some of the skin will get soggy. (If you don't use a rack, jerk the pan a few times in the first fifteen minutes to prevent the chicken from sticking.) Instead of using racks the French exploit the hot metal in browning the bird, which they turn from side to side, finishing breast-side up. They say that they want to sear the outside, closing the pores so that liquid won't escape. This appealing theory has been almost completely discredited. Harold McGee reports in his invaluable book *On Food and Cooking*. Browning the outside gives a delicious flavor, but it won't keep in juices. A chicken will brown in a very hot oven without being turned. In any case turning can tear the skin, which should stay intact in order to protect the meat under it. Cooking a chicken breast-side down for a time in order to make juices flow to the breast is another intuitive idea but a mistaken one, according to McGee. He explains that juices are restricted to whatever parts of the chicken they are in; almost all the blood has been drained, and only that could freely circulate.

I RECOMMEND STARTING roast chicken at 450 degrees for fifteen minutes and then turning the oven down to 400. I part company with Kafka not because her 500-degree method isn't closer to

true roasting, which is done over a fire at a temperature of up to 1,000 degrees, and not because it doesn't work—it does, and well. But few kitchens have sufficient ventilation to clear the smoke that fat spraying against 500-degree oven walls produces, and few cooks feel like cleaning the oven afterward. Even starting at 450 degrees can make a dirty oven smoke, so be careful: if you're expecting guests and don't trust your exhaust fan, start roasting at 400.

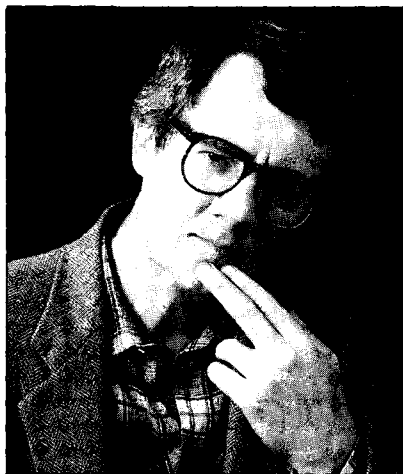
I do go along with Kafka's refusal to baste. Very lean meat benefits from a coating of fat, which prevents some moisture from escaping and keeps the outside from becoming too dry. Chicken skin and the fat deposits under it serve this purpose for breast meat. French recipes call for butter, to supplement lean, truly free-range birds. American chickens don't need any more fat. Basting slows down cooking, because you have to keep opening the oven. It also slows the browning of the skin, which must dry each time it is covered with juice before it can go on crisping. I experimented often with basting, and found that for short cooking times—under two hours, say—it made no difference in texture or flavor. Not taking out the chicken to baste or turn it keeps the oven at an even temperature and also cuts down on arm burns from spattering fat. In my experiments I quickly discovered why you never see a chef in rolled-up sleeves, no matter how hot the kitchen.

My temperature scheme won't work on a bird with a meat or bread stuffing, because the stuffing might not cook through by the time the bird does. The safest temperature is 325 to 350 degrees from start to finish, which makes cooking time much longer and increases the risk of drying out the breast. Toward the end of cooking a stuffed chicken or turkey in this way, you may want to baste the breast, put a cheesecloth soaked in butter over it, or cover it with foil after the skin browns. A mahogany-colored skin often means that the bird is overdone, even if it does look like the color pictures in ads and magazine articles. Many food stylists heat turkeys at the oven's highest temperature for several minutes to make the skin absorbent and then slather on a mixture of Kitchen Bouquet, a gravy enhancer that consists mostly of caramel and salt, and dish-washing liquid.

Roasted vegetables brown with no help and are delicious. The time to put them in is when you turn down the oven

November report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



What do *The Atlantic's* contributing editors talk about? Each other, of course. Tracy Kidder has been talking about **Roy Blount, Jr.**, and his new book, **Not Exactly What I Had in Mind**: "This is a very funny book. I like it a lot." Talk about solidarity. People employed by other magazines also speak well of Blount. *Time* says he's "in the tradition of the great curmudgeons like H.L. Mencken and W.C. Fields," and *Playboy*, not given to overstatement, has announced that Blount is "in a class by himself. . . . Our next Mark Twain."

Sound thinkers, all of them. As is Garrison Keillor, an *Atlantic* contributor, who confesses, "Roy Blount's stuff makes me laugh so hard, sometimes I have to go sit in a room and shut the door." The fact is that Blount writes about twenty articles a year, and he has trouble concentrating, which is why—honesty! candor! confession!—he has titled this new book **Not Exactly What I Had in Mind**.

Blount holds that "no form of convulsion has clearer ideational content than laughter, not even the orgasm." Okay, that's what he says, but what does he mean? Enter the sweepstakes. See if you can guess what Blount has in mind.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND

by Roy Blount, Jr.

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Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 144.

after the initial high heat (or twenty minutes after you put in a stuffed bird). Don't expect whole root vegetables, such as potatoes, parsnips, and carrots, to cook through in the oven. Parboil them first, starting them in cold water and cooking them for five minutes after the water boils or until they are half-done. The English scratch peeled potatoes with a fork so that they will absorb more fat and form more crust. Don't cram the area around the chicken, or the vegetables won't have any crust and they will release so much liquid that the chicken will steam.

The best way to tell if chicken is done is by the temperature of the meat, and I don't think you should roast meat unless you have an instant-reading thermometer, which costs about \$15. It tells you in seconds whether to take meat out or let it cook longer. Insert the thermometer in the thickest part of the thigh, aiming for the middle of the meat and making sure that it doesn't touch a bone. If it reads 160 degrees, the chicken is done. Ignore the instructions in most books, which say that chicken should reach 175 or 180 degrees. Ignore, too, the pop-up thermometers in many commercial roasters, which typically are set to pop at 184 and are in the breast, which cooks fastest.

Another test—the standard one—is to put a skewer, a toothpick, or one prong of a cooking fork into the thigh, keep it there for a second or two, remove it, and examine the juices that flow out. If they are golden, without a trace of red, the chicken is done—or overdone. The red is not from hemoglobin in blood but from myoglobin, an almost identical molecule, which is what muscles use to store oxygen. Many cooks look for juices to be clear at the beginning but then slightly pink just as they stop flowing, knowing that the hot liquids will keep cooking the chicken after it comes out of the oven. Undercooked chicken is revolting—no one considers it fashionable—but overcooked chicken is little better, and that's what most people serve.

I'VE ALWAYS RESENTED the instruction to let a roast sit before carving. It's taken long enough to get done, and I want to eat. But after tasting chicken right out of the oven and at various intervals afterward, I won't even pull at a scrap of meat for twenty minutes. McGee explains that while the chicken rests, the proteins can re-absorb some of the liquid

that they have released during cooking. The length of the rest period should increase with the size of the bird and the oven setting. Meat cooked at 500 degrees is so startled that only after a half hour or so does it stop being chewy and fibrous. A twenty-minute wait is a good rule for a chicken of four pounds or more cooked at 400 degrees or less. Leave it on a platter in the warmest area of the kitchen and it won't get cold.

The rest period will give you time to collect the pan juices. Pour as much as you can into a glass jar. When the juices settle on the bottom and the fat rises to the top, skim the fat. Deglaze what's left in the pan by putting it over low heat and adding a very small amount of hot water or stock—start with two tablespoons. Scrape up the caramelized drippings, which will melt into the liquid. You can add more stock or even make a thickened gravy—both mistaken ideas, to my mind. The bit of juice from the pan and at the bottom of the jar isn't a lot but it's all you get, and it's best unadulterated.

Chickens of four pounds and under should be served in pieces rather than carved. Remove the wings, legs, and thighs, and cut the breast down the middle lengthwise, and then cut each half in two, along a diagonal. Poultry shears make sectioning easy. Carving is more elegant, if more difficult, and it's necessary for larger birds. Use a very sharp knife, so as not to squash the meat while cutting, which encourages loss of liquid. Try to cut off only the skin that comes with each piece, no matter who begs for extra, because skin will help leftover meat stay moist. So will keeping the meat on the bone.

Chicken that has been refrigerated is never as smooth or tender as it was at first serving. The gelatin, which is cooked collagen, or connective tissue, solidifies, and if you melt it by reheating, you dry out the meat. I wrap leftovers tightly in plastic and leave them in the coolest place I can find other than a refrigerator, and eat them the next day. I haven't died yet, or even been sick—but I carry on this foolhardy practice only in cold weather, and I can't seriously recommend it, because unrefrigerated meat does spoil rapidly and I'm not that well insured. I can only say that Europeans have relied for quite a while on cool, dark pantries. After a day or so even my courage fails and I put the chicken in the refrigerator. I never mind cold chicken, no matter how cold it is. □

THEATER

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

BY LLOYD ROSE

IT WAS SAID of Oscar Wilde that the pleasure of sitting in the theater listening to his plays was as nothing compared with the pleasure of sitting at his table listening to his conversation. Wallace Shawn, whose *Aunt Dan and Lemon* had its American premiere at the Public Theatre, in New York, on October 15, brought the art of conversation and the art of playwriting together when he wrote and starred in *My Dinner With Andre*, in which he turned a series of discussions about art and life which he'd had with the avant-garde theater director Andre Gregory into a play, and himself and Gregory into characters. A film of the play, directed by Louis Malle, was released in 1981, and Shawn, for years a character actor in other people's movies, brought himself to the screen as a homesensualist, full of common sense and skepticism. Sancho Panza to Gregory's cloud-borne, theorizing Don Quixote. *My Dinner With Andre* is nothing but talk, but it's deliciously good talk, the kind of thing you imagine as an abstraction when reading the phrase, in novel or biography, "brilliant dinner parties." Watching the film is like being an invisible guest at a particularly brilliant dinner party, with the excellent advantage of not being called on to keep up your end of the conversation.

Though he became well known to

moviegoers by holding up his end of the conversation with Gregory, as a playwright Shawn has traveled mostly along the untrodden ways of Off- and Off-Off-Broadway: the Public Theatre, La Mama Experimental Theater Club, and, in London, the Royal Court. For the audiences who come to see his plays, he is always a conversationalist. He isn't interested in the conventional give and take of stage dialogue or, for that matter, in conventional plotting. His plays for the most part lack a beginning, middle, and end, and also scenes in which "something happens." What happens in Shawn's plays is that people talk, often wildly and shockingly—long discourses on obsession, fear, and fantasy, or minute dissections of seemingly everyday events—while others listen with the minimal reaction common to the rigidly well bred and the mad.

Typically, Shawn will place his characters at a party or in a hotel lobby, confronting them with the hopeless task of achieving polite social intercourse. They may make successful small talk for a few minutes, but then, suddenly, foul things will erupt from their mouths: epithets, forbidden desires, threats. "*The Hospital Play* (1971) has a lot of weeping and vomiting," he has written of his own work. "*Our Late Night* (1972) shows perhaps a rather elegant social evening, but

weeping and vomiting have their place there too." Eating, as well, always has its place in Shawn's plays—some of his best writing is in his sensual descriptions of food—and the civilized ambience of his dinner with Andre represents a comfortable ideal of the good life, food for the body and for the soul. The rank spewings of his characters' most threatening and shameful thoughts are a metaphor for the impossibility of any true civilization or comfort. His people are always sick, either throwing up or feeling ill, because their souls are diseased, and no amount of raging or confession relieves them.

Scientists have postulated that within every human brain lies a "reptilian brain," in which lurk all the primitive, nonhuman impulses we share with the beasts. It's this brain that suddenly snakes its head up through the consciousness of Shawn's characters and drives them to wildness. It seems appropriate when talking of Shawn's work to use this physical analogy rather than the more philosophical "id" of Freud: his characters' misfortunes arise from being trapped in a body, with its endless demands for gratification and release. Their flesh constantly betrays them with its illnesses, aging, mortality, and amoral urgings. And it forces them to face a reality they would rather avoid: when a young man in *The Hospital Play* tells a woman "I love your hand," she replies, "It's just an animal's hand."

WHAT WITH ALL the vomiting and weeping and other unpleasantness, Shawn's plays would be pretty tough going if he weren't such a shrewd, goofy satirist. In spite of the extremities of language and behavior he puts into his



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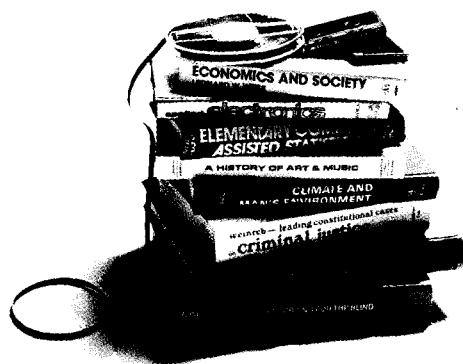
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work, he's basically writing comedies of manners. His characters' biggest quandary isn't dealing with the moral consequences of their ugly urges, it's how to avoid responsibility for them. Mostly they do this by denial, simply refusing to acknowledge that anything unusual, in themselves or anyone else, is going on. In *Our Late Night* a man at a party recites in lurid detail a horrifying sexual encounter he had in the tropics. The story goes on and on, piling up one painful, crazy incident on top of another, excruciating and embarrassing to listen to. When it's finally over, there is "a long pause." It's as difficult for the audience as for the listeners onstage to think of any sane response. Finally, someone says, "My God—and to think that I planned to go to the tropics on my vacation!"

This remark, with its comically inappropriate egotism and its punch-line placement, is typical of Shawn's writing. He extends the technique to the whole of *Marie and Bruce*, his best-known play after *My Dinner With Andre*, which caused some mild scandal even among the free-wheeling audiences at the Public Theatre when it was produced there, in 1980. An account of the twenty-four hours that pass between the time Marie decides to leave her husband, Bruce, and then doesn't, it consists mostly of her haranguing him in the sort of language that used to be characterized as unprintable.

She begins on a relatively mild note, shouting at the sleeping Bruce, "Yes! I'm sick of you! Do you get it? You're driving me insane! I can't stand living with you for one more minute! I'm sick of it! I hate it! I hate my life with you! Do you hear me? I hate it!" To which Bruce replies, "Oh—hello, darling. Is it time to get up?" This is the high comedy of the play, the comedy of denial and inappropriate response. And Bruce's passivity turns out to be a weapon of his own—Marie hurls herself against his imperviousness until she's beaten into exhaustion. The play ends not so much in reconciliation as in a draw. In the battle of the sexes Marie and Bruce fight a war of attrition.

Shawn's plays generally end in a draw. The constant confessions to which no one responds, the violent actions to which no one reacts, lead to a sense of stagnation. Nothing quite connects up; no real action seems possible. There are no climaxes (other than the physical kind) in the plays, no release for the

characters or the audience. Everything seems caught in some eternal, hellish eddy, whirling nowhere to no purpose, and the energy of the plays comes not from action but from the seething frustration of the trapped characters.

This frustration is Shawn's joke on his characters. It's a good joke—funny and nasty—but it can wear thin. The lack of emotional movement in Shawn's work isn't intrinsically dramatic, and in some ways his writings are more impressive as mordant visions of humanity than as plays. Sometimes, too, the continually blocked action seems more like the writer's limitation than his choice. Shawn's good sense, so evident in his rebuttals of Gregory's more baroque flights of fancy in *My Dinner With Andre*, gets in his way. He can't keep from cocking an ironic eyebrow at his characters' messy fantasies and vile acts—what he has called "my interior life as a raging beast." Irony can keep a writer from sinking into the swamps of sentimentality and excess, but it can also leave him high and dry, too smart and detached for his own good. Shawn may be one of the few writers who don't take themselves seriously enough.

WHAT HE DOES take seriously—what bucks him energetically past his flaws—is language. He isn't poetic, and he doesn't strive for big, mythic effects. His attitude toward his dialogue is familiar and companionable; he loves talk as he loves food. His characters don't talk to avoid action, they behave as if talk *were* action. It's as if they believed that just articulating their hidden thoughts *were* enough to make something happen, as if language were in itself magic. And Shawn himself has this belief in the power of words.

In the appendix to the published version of *Aunt Dan and Lemon* he writes, "... thinking has its own pathology," and he elaborates on influence: "I speak with you, and then I turn out the light and I go to sleep, but, while I sleep, you talk on the telephone to a man you met last year in Ohio, and you tell him what I said, and he hangs up and talks to a neighbor of his, and what I said keeps travelling, farther and farther. And just as a fly can quite blithely and indifferently land on the nose of a queen, so the thought which you mentioned to the man in Ohio can make its way with unimaginable speed into the mind of a President."

This idea becomes the center of *Aunt*

Dan and Lemon, which, though it's told in a fragmented way, is simply the story of how Aunt Dan, corrupted by the stories of murder told by, and the whorish acts committed by, her friend Mindy, in turn corrupts Lemon, the child of close friends of hers. At the play's end Lemon calmly tells us, "So you have to say finally, well, fine, if there are all these people like my mother who want to go around talking about compassion all day, well, fine, that's their right. But it's sort of refreshing to admit every once in a while that they're talking about something that possibly doesn't exist."

This conception of the force of words, as if they were a continual stream eroding reality into new shapes, has a certain fabulistic power. And *Aunt Dan and Lemon* is a departure for Shawn, for here, at least, talk really does matter, and one event leads to another. Although Henry Kissinger is used as the symbol of historical wickedness (Aunt Dan's defense of him is proof of her moral vacuity), Hitler, whom Shawn discusses in the appendix, is the evil genius that informs the play. Shawn probably chose to use Kissinger rather than Hitler for the best reasons: to deal with the political crimes of his own country rather than the safer, distant bugaboo of Nazi Germany. This disinclination to let his country and the culture that have shaped him off the hook is courageous and admirable. But honorable choices aren't always the best artistic choices, and as a dramatic symbol Kissinger is hardly a potent substitute for Hitler—not only the most mythical tyrant of this century but also the one who most clearly illustrated the dark magic of words, as he rode the swell of his ranting political speeches to power. Lemon discourses on the crimes of the Nazis at the play's beginning and end, and Hitler haunts *Aunt Dan* like a ghost never allowed to make its entrance.

The conceit of corruption through conversation, when dramatized, is disappointingly thin. You can hardly help wondering why Lemon apparently never talked to anyone else in her life, why her mother, who argues with Dan, has no effect on her. Similarly, Dan appears to have known and been influenced by only Mindy. Their conversions to amorality seem simplistic. They fall too easily; we suspect there was something weak and susceptible in them from childhood, something just waiting to go wrong.

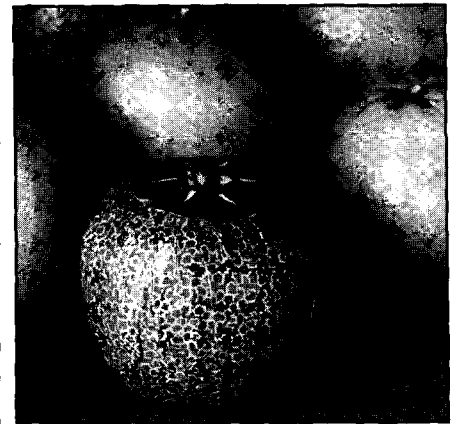
In fact, there *has* been something

wrong with Lemon since childhood—she can't really eat. When we meet her at the beginning of the play, about to tell us her story in flashbacks, she is an invalid, able only to drink fruit and vegetable juices and eat a little bread. In spite of Shawn's establishing that she has always been this way, the dramatic power of the image tells us something different. Shawn writes in the appendix that people who give up morality flower and feel free, but in the play the moralist in him becomes a poet: when Lemon announces to us her disbelief in compassion, we feel instinctively, no matter what we've been told, that this is what is wasting her. Shawn may say that he believes in the satisfactions of renouncing morality, but as an artist he cannot imagine them.

THE MORALIST in Shawn is very strong (as it so often is in satirists); at times he sounds like one of Woody Allen's characters muttering that the knowledge that someone is starving somewhere in the world has put a crimp in his day. But unlike Allen, who is admittedly incapable of happiness, Shawn has his joys. He hymns them with fine self-parody in *My Dinner With Andre*:

I mean, I live my life, I enjoy staying home with Debbie, I'm reading Charlton Heston's autobiography, and that's that. . . . And I mean, I just don't know how anyone could enjoy anything *more* than I enjoy reading Charlton Heston's autobiography and, you know, getting up in the morning and having the cup of cold coffee that's been waiting for me all night *still there* for me to drink in the morning, and no cockroach or fly has died in it overnight—I'm just so *thrilled* when I get up, and I see that coffee there, just the way I want it, I just can't imagine enjoying something else any more than that. I mean, obviously if the cockroach—if there *is* a dead cockroach in it, then I just have a feeling of disappointment, and I'm sad. But I mean, I don't think I feel the need for anything more than all this.

Elsewhere he has written, "I really don't think there is very much honor in a life devoted to writing, unless that writing can do something awfully unusual, awfully necessary. . . . I really do hope I'll stop writing if I ought to." The argument is easily made that there's necessary room in the theater for a playwright at once so judgmental about humanity and yet so appreciative of the small, earthy pleasures of life. □



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MOVIES

MYSTERIOUS HARMONIES

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE SICILIAN landscapes of Paolo and Vittorio Taviani's new film, *Chaos*, are timeless and alienating all at once, like the surface of the moon. Everything in them—the abrupt outcroppings of rock, the ruins of ancient buildings, the walls that seem stacks of jagged stone, the brusque alternation of lush groves and bleak fields—looks as if it once belonged to something else, to a terrain we might recognize if all the broken pieces came back together. It's a movie of pieces too, an anthology of four self-contained narratives based on stories by Luigi Pirandello, made by a pair of brothers who collaborate by directing alternate scenes. The tales are linked only by swooping aerial shots from the point of view of a raven flying over the countryside and by an epilogue that shows Pirandello's return, after many years, to his native Sicily, the source of his stories. But *Chaos* has a remarkable unity of style and vision. By the end of the film, when Pirandello meets the ghost of his mother, who tells him to "learn to see things with the eyes of those who see them no more" and who then recounts a shimmering childhood memory of her own, it feels as if all the broken bits of narrative, of history, of individual experience, had joined up again, had become at last a single story.

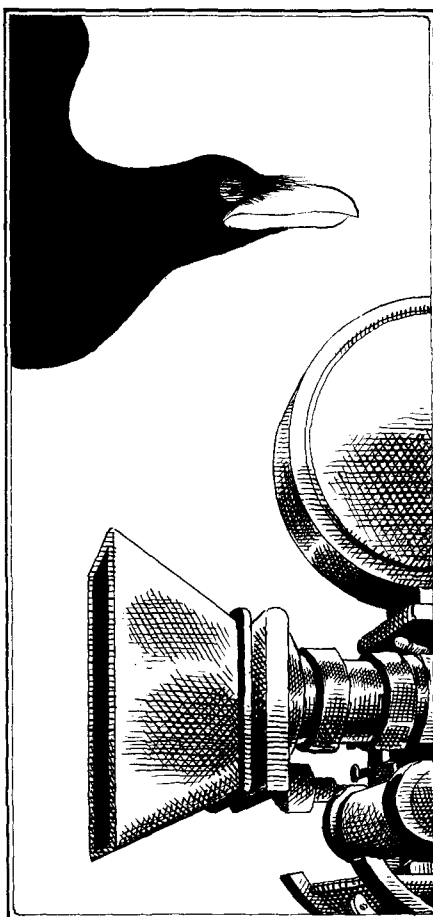
This is a mythic, romantic effect, a feeling that only the most conscious art, or the most innocent, can evoke. The Tavianis, who are both in their fifties, are experienced filmmakers and longtime Marxists. They have arrived at their current simplicity through years of experimenting with styles and ideas: documentaries in the fifties, Godardian political dramas in the sixties and early seventies, and the rich blend of fable and argument that they have been refining since their first international success, *Padre Padrone* (1977). No Taviani film earlier than the 1974 *Allonsanfan* has been distributed in the United States, but that film (released here only this year) provided hints of the more uncompromising aesthetic program that preceded their current manner. *Allonsanfan*,

telling the story of a group of failed nineteenth-century revolutionaries who called themselves the "sublime brothers," consistently sacrificed its historical drama to stark, schematic compositions and long passages of political debate. The 1980 film *The Meadow*, a lugubrious contemporary morality play, seemed a partial regression to that overly cerebral mode, and it didn't find much of an audience. The Tavianis' best movies—*Padre Padrone*, *The Night of the Shooting Stars* (1983), and *Chaos*—don't abandon history or ideas but turn them into vital, even stirring, narratives.

Padre Padrone is based on the autobiography of the Sardinian linguist Gavino Ledda, who was raised among shepherds, illiterate and virtually alone until the age of twenty. It's set in an island landscape as harsh and barren as

Sicily's, and in an even wilder, more primitive society. Sardinia looks like no more than an *idea* of a place to live, a blank slate that is humanized by tremendous efforts of will, or not at all—and the Tavianis, like their protagonist, make the effort. We can feel their determination to shake this world to life. The movie is deliberately jarring, both visually and aurally, with human figures isolated in extreme long shots or paired in intimate, claustrophobic compositions, and with a sound track whose long silences are pierced by cries (human or animal), sudden music, sounds whose sources can't always be identified. The Tavianis adapted Ledda's book very freely, adding a variety of distancing techniques and touches of the fantastic (at one point we even hear the thoughts of the sheep) to his straightforward narrative. Ledda's story is about his progress from inarticulateness to communication, and the Tavianis seem to have conceived of the task of adaptation as a vigorous, emphatic conversation with the author.

The difficult beauties of *Padre Padrone* are generated mostly by its intellectual rigor. The Tavianis don't presume to get too close to Ledda or to his frighteningly ignorant father, who is determined to block his son's passage from the isolated sheepfold to the articulate world outside. They schematize the story, but with such precision and force that the movie's argument turns into a kind of poetry. In an early scene, when Gavino is six, his father—who has just torn him out of the classroom and put him to work on his own, tending sheep—shows him how to identify the sounds of his lonely post. It's night, and the boy hears nothing until his father says, "The oak," and the camera pans from a close-up of the child's ear through the darkness to an ancient, rustling tree, and our ears fill with the sound of what we're seeing. Later, when Gavino is miserably alone with his father's sheep, he hears a garish, sprightly music—a full band on the sound track, but really just a young man with an accordion walking down the road. Gavino trades two sheep for the instrument, which sounds bleating and disharmonious until he learns, through trial and error, to arrange the notes in song. When Gavino finally leaves home to join the army, at first he can't interpret the sounds of the town where he's posted; when he returns, knowing Italian as well as his native Sardinian dialect, his father sees him listening to a symphony



on the radio and goes into a murderous rage—his son is being transported, gone for good, and the father would rather see him dead than forever outside the fold.

GAVINO LEDDA'S experience, transformed by the ferocious attack of the Tavianis' style, becomes a kind of myth of the varieties of human articulation, of language and music—the sounds that take us far from home and return us changed, individual, mysteriously complicated. Education in *Padre Padrone* is inseparable from the pain and joy of exile, of being thrust into the world. When the Tavianis, six years later, transformed their own memories into *The Night of the Shooting Stars*, the story of a group of refugees from San Martino, a Tuscan village, at the end of the Second World War, their style had mellowed but the theme remained constant: the villagers, forced by German occupiers and homegrown Fascists to leave their homes, become different people on the road, seeing fantastic things, performing heroic deeds, learning the unfamiliar world. The directors' technique is no less conscious and no less diverse than it was in *Padre Padrone*, but the tone is softer, more lyrical—perhaps because the movie assumes, partially, the innocence of a tale told to a child, and perhaps because the Tuscan countryside, scarred by the war, has the poignance of a landscape only recently ruined, not blasted from the beginning of time like Sardinia's.

The experiences the villagers of San Martino have are large-scale, made larger yet by the epic distortions of the narrator, who was a girl of six at the time and is now a grown woman recounting the fabulous events to her own child. The emotional responses they evoke, both in the characters and in the audience, are extreme: exhilaration and deep sorrow, following one another so swiftly and unpredictably that they seem a single feeling. The Tavianis are by no means innocents, but they do remember the undifferentiated wonder with which children respond to experience, and they respect it enough to acknowledge that even the worst things—the horrors of war—can produce a kind of rapture if we've never seen them before.

The people of San Martino, escaping by night, listen in darkness to the sounds of the village exploding, their way of life disappearing, and throw away

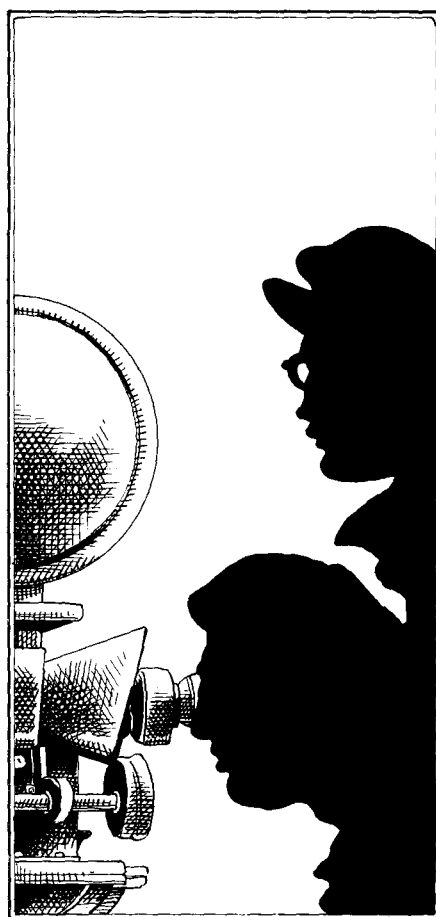
their keys to homes that no longer exist. Along the way several of the men change their names, becoming "Achilles" or "Owl" or "Requiem," to join a resistance group and fight a brutal, almost comically impassioned battle against the Fascists in a wheat field. The grand events seem to give the smaller, more ordinary incidents an extra charge, a fuller resonance. Near the end, after the convulsive struggle in the wheat field, the leader of the expedition, an old man named Galvano, for the first time sleeps with a woman he fell in love with forty years earlier, now a very proper grandmother on the road without her family; it's like a reward after a wearying and anxious odyssey, and we know it's something that wouldn't have happened otherwise, in the steady life of the village. This small miracle occurs in another village on the eve of the feast of San Lorenzo, the night of the shooting stars—the night, the narrator tells us, when all wishes are granted. The old couple wake the morning after to a larger miracle, the arrival of the liberating American troops. Everyone starts, exultantly, the return journey to San Martino, but Galvano, a little dazed, shaken by all that has happened, isn't ready to go—he

wants to sit a while in the square of this other village, in this sunny, refreshing rain, and let all he has seen and heard and felt soak into his skin.

Omero Antonutti, who plays Galvano (and also the terrifying father in *Padre Padrone*), reappears as Pirandello at the end of *Chaos*, coming home to Girgenti, Sicily, after years of seeing his birthplace only in his mind—of reinventing it, from a distance, in the stories we've been watching. The actor's face is the first of many echoes in this great, daring sequence: when Antonutti turns up after four tales told with almost baffling simplicity and elegance, he seems to return us to the complex sensibility of the earlier Taviani films. He's a spirit leading us from the bright, clear, folkloric world back to our home territory of doubt, dim memories, and overburdened consciousness.

Pirandello, exhausted by the rigors of his life in Rome, has slept all the way to Girgenti, and when the train arrives—sounding at first like the wind howling through the peasant graveyard at the end of the last tale—he's rudely awakened and virtually hurled from his compartment, as abruptly as a baby being born. He's disoriented, and so are we. He has to place himself again in the land he came from, and he looks blank, uncomfortable, estranged—just as the real Gavino Ledda looked when the Tavianis brought him on screen for the conclusion of *Padre Padrone*. (Pirandello and Ledda have more than a look and a narrative function in common: each wrote a doctoral thesis on the dialect of his native island.) And we have to place ourselves in a different relation to the stories we've seen, to consider them, perhaps, as not just shapely individual anecdotes about a village madwoman, a moonstruck husband, a greedy landowner, and wily peasants but the dreams of a great modernist writer as he travels through the world.

Once Pirandello appears, the movie begins to transform itself in our minds. The story of the madwoman who is obsessed with her two sons in America, who haven't written her in fourteen years, becomes a parable of distance and memory. The tale of the young husband who goes mad whenever the moon is full seems now to have something to do with alienation, the individual mysteries that abruptly separate us from our surroundings. The landlord's enormous broken jar in the third story suggests an image of a divided world, a classical harmony dis-



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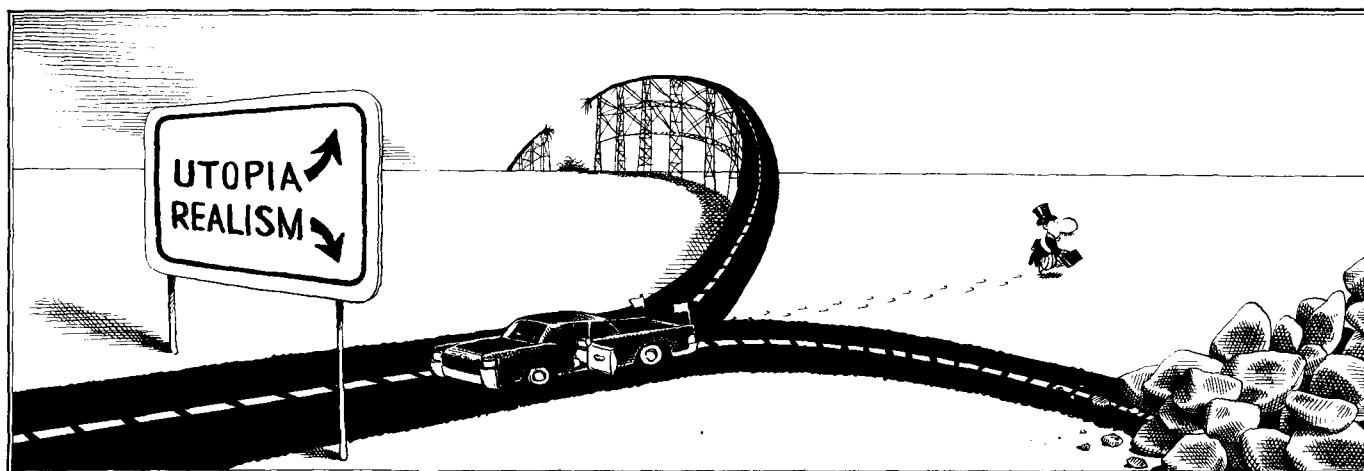
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rupted. The final tale, about an outlaw community fighting to have its own cemetery, appears to propose a bleak remedy for disharmony—a reunion with the earth, the land made home by the presence of the dead. The stories are still, of course, primarily what they seemed at first to be: plain but ingeniously constructed fictions. The Tavianis mean only to estrange us a little from our initial responses, to make us see the stories fresh, through the eyes and the divided consciousness—half traditional, half modern—of their author.

Chaos is a brilliantly structured work, but the beauty of its imagery transcends the conscious sophistication of the Tavianis' design. In Pirandello's conversation with his mother's ghost we can identify the filmmakers' characteristic ideas. The dead woman tells her son the story of a childhood adventure, a journey in a fishing boat with a red sail to visit her father, a political exile on Malta—it's a tale her son has heard a hundred times before but has never succeeded in transforming into one of his own stories. Recalling her feelings on the trip, she speaks of her "uneasiness about so many new things." She says, "That's what exile meant: new things to be gazed at"—and we hear in her voice the vertiginous, disorienting sensation of fresh experience, the distinctive tone of the Tavianis.

This time, though, the voice is unearthly, emanating from some privileged territory outside of time and consciousness, where the world is magically whole again and the moon has rejoined the earth. It's a mythic territory, carved out of the Marxist romance of the return to an original, more integral human state, the healing of the divisions and alienations of modern history. When Pirandello's mother tells of stopping on the way to Malta at a deserted island with massive inclines of gleaming white pumice, when we see her and her brothers and sisters scramble up the soft slopes of volcanic ash and tumble down them, ecstatically, into the sea, the image is so moving and so mysteriously lovely that we believe for a moment that the Tavianis' art has found a truly magical source, a place where the ancient and the modern speak to each other, not as parents and rebellious children but as brothers. In *Chaos*, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani have created one of those rare sequences, and rarer movies, that make film seem a language we've never really understood before. □

BOOKS



REALISM AND ITS DISCONTENTS

BY STANLEY HOFFMANN

POLITICS AMONG NATIONS:
The Struggle for Power and Peace
by Hans J. Morgenthau and
Kenneth W. Thompson.
Alfred A. Knopf, \$37.95.

HANS MORGENTHAU, who died in the summer of 1980, at the age of seventy-six, has justly been called the pope of realism in foreign policy. Morgenthau was a refugee from Nazi Germany. The fact that he had studied, practiced, and taught law in Europe made his influential textbook *Politics Among Nations* (originally published in 1948 and now available in a new edition prepared by his former student Kenneth W. Thompson) even more remarkable. For it was a declaration of war on the legalistic and moralistic tradition that had prevailed in American foreign policy. What Morgenthau offered as an alternative was "realism"—a highly ambitious effort both at theory and at policy advice, summed up in the very first pages of the book, where he listed "six principles of political realism."

The tradition Morgenthau attacked was that of Woodrow Wilson—in a sense, the culmination of the liberal approach to foreign affairs. This tradition brought together two main historical strands: Immanuel Kant, with his plan for perpetual peace through a confederation of states endowed with representative governments, and the British nine-

teenth-century liberals, with their vision of a world of nations linked through trade and ruled by the power of enlightened public opinion. It was a visionary conception insofar as it looked forward to, even predicted, the end of war as a means for resolving conflicts, the subordination of conflict to the common interests of mankind, and the sheathing of naked power in domestic restraints and international agreements for reducing armaments and submitting disputes to impartial third parties. Out of that tradition the modern international organization had emerged—first the League of Nations, then the United Nations—with its ambitious attempt to outlaw aggression and to provide for collective security against it. The goal was nothing less than the drastic curbing of state sovereignty—the legal notion of the state as the only source of law within its territory and, by extension, the political notion of the state's power to act abroad as it pleases, subject only to those legal restraints it has freely accepted. Instead, there would be a strong, comprehensive system of international legal rules, enforced by international agencies—indeed, ideally or ultimately, by a world state.

Not only was this conception visionary, it was also radical, in that it presupposed a drastic change in the behavior of states. It was moralistic, in that the legal rules that it would make supreme embodied either the Kantian ethics of unconditional and universal categorical imperatives (for instance, no aggression and no violation of treaties) or the utilitarian ethics of the greatest good of the greatest number. It was based on an optimistic reading of human nature—or at

least on a belief in its perfectibility and in the power of the "right" institutions to bring out the best in man. It was also based on a distrust not only of unilateral uses of state power but also, to some extent, of power altogether, for although it approved common exercises of power (such as collective security), it reserved them for exceptionally grave cases or submitted them to strict conditions. It clearly preferred persuasion and prevention to sanctions and coercion.

Hans Morgenthau's principles of political realism dismissed this approach and went back to a conception represented by the very writers whom liberals had tried to refute: those writers who argued that human nature does not change, that international politics is a struggle for power, and that the restraints of law, morality, and opinion are fragile and limited. Where the liberals hailed a march to community, the realists saw only a kind of barely tempered anarchy, a contest among sovereign contenders with no allegiance to any power higher than their own. This was the tradition of Thucydides, analyzing the Peloponnesian War, between Athens and Sparta; of Machiavelli, listing rules of survival for the princes of Italian city-states; of Hobbes, starkly describing the state of nature—indeed, of war—in which states live, unlike individuals secure under the power of a state. In such a world international agencies can perform only modest services; they certainly can't enforce peace. The only morality is one of prudence—in Morgenthau's terms, "the weighing of the consequences of alternative political actions," rather than "conformity with the moral law." And change can come "only

through the workmanlike manipulation of the perennial forces that have shaped the past as they will the future": there is, in world affairs, no room for a grand solution like putting an end to war.

THE ENORMOUS INFLUENCE of a doctrine that was anything but original is easy to explain in terms of the place and the moment. The United States, insulated from world politics—except for the very unhappy experience of 1917–1919—and indeed founded in repudiation of European politics, had been the champion par excellence of the liberal, internationalist, radical approach. Even after refusing to join Wilson's brainchild, the League of Nations, isolationist America had continued to deprecate or to depreciate power, as in its toothless policy of "non-recognition" of Japanese conquests in the 1930s and in its neutrality legislation, America's own contribution to the appeasement of the dictators. Even though Franklin D. Roosevelt soon proved to be an enthusiastic player of power politics, the national tradition was so strong that much attention was focused in 1943–1945 on the birth of the United Nations rather than on the ominous power conflicts among the "Big Three"—the United States, Britain, and the USSR. FDR himself, after Yalta, told Congress that the agreements reached there meant the end of traditional power games. By 1948, however, the liberal approach was broke: the UN was paralyzed by the Cold War, no collective-security machinery could be set up, and the world, instead of being ruled by law, was split into two camps. An observer of the behavior of the two superpowers could not fail to be struck by the similarity to Athens and Sparta and *their* conflict, twenty-four centuries earlier.

Morgenthau's text thus provided an explanation and a road map. The liberal dream had gone wrong because it was based on a misreading of the nature of world politics. Understanding this nature required thinking in terms of power. Thinking about power meant that policy ought to seek a balance of power, not a utopia of peace—or, rather, peace had a chance of being preserved by such a balance but no chance of emerging from legalistic schemes or wishful thinking about world opinion or disarmament. This was a tough message. It was just what the elites of a disconcerted yet most powerful nation wanted to hear. Morgenthau's ambition was to be the teacher of realism in the New World,

bringing out Old World wisdom to the continent of Utopia. Thirty years later a man who had (briefly) studied with Morgenthau and become his friend, Henry Kissinger, described in almost the same terms his own ambition as a statesman: to teach "unsentimental" power politics to a nation lacking a "geopolitical" tradition but having an idealistic one, a legalistic one, and a merely pragmatic one ("problem-solving"). Obviously, if in the 1970s another German refugee had to teach "realism" all over again, and if he too did not fully succeed (as the return to idealism under Carter showed), Morgenthau's message must have fallen on deaf ears, despite its early popularity. What had, in fact, happened?

IT IS A STORY full of paradoxes. To begin with, we must separate the two universes that Morgenthau wanted to unite—the world of theory and that of policy. Scholars working on the theory of world politics remain divided into two groups—realists and utopians. The latter continue to seek a drastic transformation of the world—out of anarchy, toward peace. But they are, in the United States, at least, not in the mainstream of political science. In the mainstream we are all "realists" now. However, it is not a realism that Morgenthau would approve, or even recognize. He wrote extensively and vehemently against so-called scientific approaches to the study of politics—the use of quantitative methods, the development of formal models, the search for abstract general laws—arguing that they squeeze the political out of politics. And yet one vast body of theory is now concerned with strategic questions—the study of nuclear deterrence and strategy, in which technological considerations often prevail over political ones, and the quest for certainty and precision often brushes aside all the psychological and bureaucratic irrationalities that make the idea of a "science" of war absurd. Also, Morgenthau paid rather little attention to international economics: he looked at the economy mainly as an ingredient of state power. Today some of the most innovative theoretical work in international politics deals with the ways in which states pool their power and collaborate in order to achieve, jointly, economic goals that they could not meet by unilateral or hostile action. This research rehabilitates those international agencies whose significance Morgenthau deemed dubious. Moreover, "security" realists,

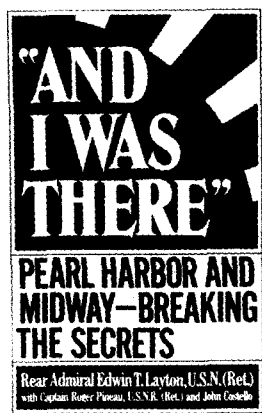
who focus on conflict, and "political economy" realists, intrigued by cooperation, rarely communicate.

In the world of policy we find another paradox. Generations of students were taught by Morgenthau himself, at the University of Chicago and later at the City College of the City University of New York, and by his disciples. Many foreign-service officers acknowledge his intellectual influence. His main message—no foreign policy without power—has been absorbed by every policymaker and every member of the "informed public." Yet on the whole Morgenthau has been misunderstood (just as another realist, George F. Kennan, complains that he, too, has been). Why? We must look at the sum of his (very abundant) writings on foreign affairs. We find three main themes. One—the most misleading—was understood. The other two were not.

WHAT MOST READERS of *Politics Among Nations* remember is "the main signpost" of political realism: "the concept of interest defined in terms of power." States pursue (and ought to pursue) their national interests; in politics, interest is analyzed in terms of power, just as in economics, interest is defined in terms of wealth. Now, this idea was, of course, tremendously appealing to the leaders of a country that had emerged from the biggest war in history with more power—economic and military (the nuclear monopoly)—than any nation had ever had. Postwar America was disturbed about the insecurity that vast power brings, especially in a global contest against an empire seen as mysterious and deeply alien. But it was also exhilarated about the possibilities of power, which its statesmen explored and applied exuberantly: alliances, economic and military aid, bases abroad, weapons development, covert action, interventions, propaganda, and so forth. Morgenthau's celebration of power as the yardstick of foreign policy was thus received as an intellectual blessing. It put the seal of legitimacy on America's global activism. For if power is the substance of the national interest, huge power justifies a very extensive definition of that interest and the commitments entailed by it.

There were, however, two enormous problems with this view. One came from flaws in Morgenthau's theory. Power ought to be seen, above all, as a complex means toward ends. This implies that

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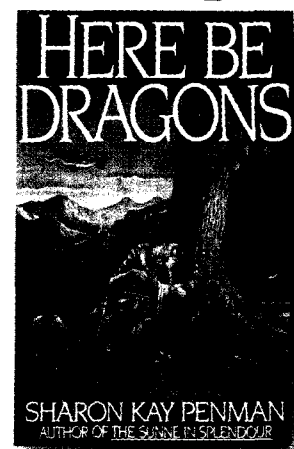
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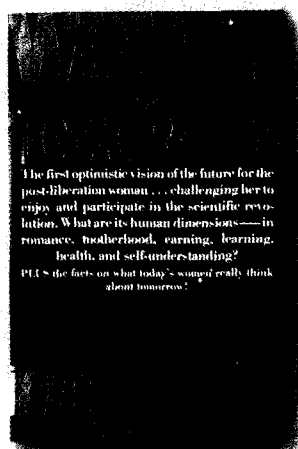
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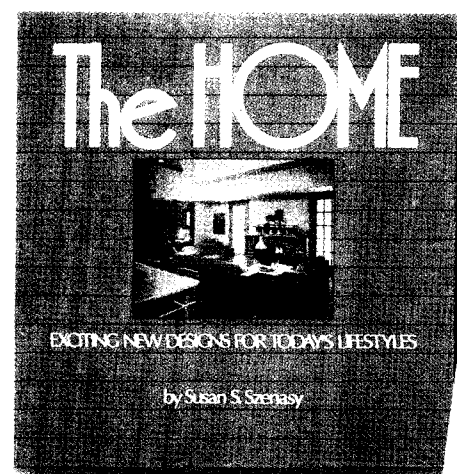
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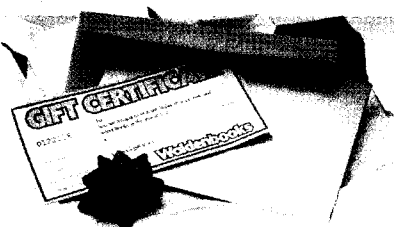
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one ought to start with a definition of those ends and then calculate the amount of power needed to reach them, distinguish among the very different sorts of power appropriate to different ends, and decide, if necessary, how to increase one's power of the kinds required for the absolutely indispensable ends. One must also be prepared to delete those ends for which power is missing, or those ends that simply cannot be reached, either with the power that one is able to produce or with the power at one's disposal that is actually usable—for, in the nuclear age especially, not all power is rationally usable. Morgenthau put the cart (power) before the horse (the selection of goals). And, as many critics immediately pointed out, defining "interest" in terms of power did not succeed in investing the concept of the national interest with the clarity, objectivity, and durability Morgenthau sought and claimed. Especially in a democracy the definition of the national interest is likely to be a matter of debate and to result at least as much from clashing partisan views as from the permanent necessities of geopolitical position or the unavoidable requirements of external conflicts.

The second problem was the failure of so many policy-makers to catch Morgenthau's second theme: the need for moderation and prudence. He was no apostle of conflict; indeed, his textbook ends with chapters on "peace through accommodation" and with a plea for the revival of diplomacy. Readers marked by the searing experience of democratic weakness in the 1930s saw in his book only the condemnation of appeasement as a method for coping with imperialistic powers. They failed to realize that Morgenthau's thought, unlike Dean Acheson's or Harry Truman's, was not obsessed by the "Munich analogy." Something strange happened to Morgenthau's realism on the way to Washington: there the celebration of power blended with, instead of replacing, the old American idealism and crusading spirit. Those in Washington who read Morgenthau used his concept of the national interest to justify a definition of America's interests that was practically limitless and made compromise difficult. That is, they advocated resisting the expansion of communism in all its forms (as Norman Podhoretz often still advocates) or at least the expansion, direct or indirect, of Soviet power anywhere in the world. This definition is

not shaped by American priorities but is driven by fears about Soviet behavior. Like Kennan, Morgenthau pointed to the Soviet challenge, but he never embraced the sort of realism that is found so often on the right—the one according to which we are locked in a struggle to the finish with the Soviet Union, are justified in using, in behalf of our interests, every weapon or trick that the Soviets use in behalf of theirs, and must prevail because there is no room for both philosophies of power and sets of values in this world.

Morgenthau, like another great realist, De Gaulle, analyzed the Soviet Union as an expansionist power rather than as an ideology on the march. He was critical of the sufferings to which any "nationalistic universalism"—that is, any crusading nationalism that claims a universal mandate—dooms humanity: the U.S. as well as the Soviet one, the democratic as well as the Communist one. Nevertheless, American policy-makers put Morgenthau's plea for power at the service of the old ideals of collective security, international law, and resistance to aggression, now interpreted as the cause of the free world against the Soviet Union. The United States would provide the secular arm for this vision, and its national interest was thus described as identical with the interest of the world community (one finds such ideology in the speeches of Dean Rusk and of Eugene Rostow)—a form of nationalistic universalism if ever there was one.

Just as Kennan protested the "militarization of containment," Morgenthau vigorously objected to the policy excesses that resulted from this blend of the old and the new, and particularly to the Vietnam War. He deplored the inflexibility and high risks of the new, bipolar balance of power to which American "pactomania"—covering the world with alliances centered in Washington—contributed. The restraining effects of the old eighteenth- and nineteenth-century balance, he pointed out, had come from flexible alignments among half a dozen major players. At the first national teach-in about the Vietnam War, in Washington in May of 1965, the father of "political realism" was the chief prosecutor against Lyndon Johnson's policy, which was defended by men who had blended realism and universalism, or turned realism into an anti-communism, such as Zbigniew Brzezinski and Walt Rostow. Today Vietnam revision-

ism is popular, and it focuses on the undeniable horrors of the Communist regimes in Vietnam and Cambodia. But it conveniently forgets that the United States lost the war because its goals were simply unreachable at a price that either the world at large or the American conscience and political system could tolerate. Morgenthau, who never had any illusions about communism, never lost sight of the essentials: the limits on the effectiveness and usability of America's huge power, and the distortion of the national interest imposed for so many years by the obsession with Vietnam.

MORGENTHAU'S preoccupation with America's most disastrous war reflected not only his concern for restraint and accommodation but also the third theme of his work—one that, unlike the second, he never fully succeeded in integrating with the first. National power in a world of competing states was compatible with a quest for moderation or *détente*. But the realist view of the world as a system of sovereign contenders was being undermined by two forces, as Morgenthau was perceptive enough to recognize fully. On the one hand there was the force of revolutionary movements: those that had destroyed the colonial empires and those in many countries, especially the developing nations, that challenged the often unjust and repressive status quo. Attempts to deal with these movements by such traditional methods of statecraft as military interventions, or forcibly to preserve the status quo out of fear of communism or in order to support local leaders allied with the United States, he deemed futile and dangerous. This meant, in effect, that states were no longer the only competitors in the arena and that the national interest could not be defined without taking into account sweeping movements operating across borders and the domestic realities within many shaky states. This kind of realism was, in fact, far more fluid, less dogmatic, than his state-centered principles suggested, and it led him to be very critical of Kissinger's statecraft in Vietnam, Chile, and Bangladesh.

On the other hand there was the nuclear revolution. Along with Bernard Brodie and Raymond Aron, Morgenthau grasped almost at once the radical potential of the new weapons. Nuclear war could not be an instrument of politics. No power was capable of ensuring its security anymore—for there is no ade-

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quate defense, and deterrence rests on a suicidal threat. Sovereignty could no longer aspire to invulnerability. Dying for one's country had lost its meaning if it also meant the end of mankind. Morgenthau was at his best when he analyzed the many dilemmas of deterrence with which statesmen have been struggling for forty years. He was among the first to denounce the meaninglessness of nuclear superiority (once each side has the means to devastate the other even after being attacked) and to criticize those strategists who try to negate the nuclear revolution by thinking of ways to use nuclear weapons as if they were conventional ones—for the purpose of fighting or winning wars. Thus he saw clearly the contradiction between the organization of humanity into states claiming sovereignty and the imperative of preventing nuclear weapons from destroying the world. To cope with such a peril, ordinary diplomatic processes risked being too slow, arms control too limited, international agencies too weak, prudence too fragile, in crises requiring instant decisions about military moves that could all too easily get out of control. And yet the very structure of the world, its division into states, the superpowers' contest, continued to relegate to the realm of utopia disarmament and world government—the idealists' fantasies he had so scathingly denounced but whose intellectual appeal rests on their case against state sovereignty, a case whose strength he himself recognized.

It is this contradiction that has kept utopianism alive, not only among a faction of the academic writers on world affairs (the pioneers of "peace research," for instance) but also in parts of the public—the members of peace movements, here and abroad. To these men and women even Morgenthau's moderate brand of realism is far too complacent: if the game of states is to be saved from its own bent toward self-destruction, it will have to be not merely played wisely but superseded altogether. Instead American statesmen have usually opted for the kind of Cold War realism that Morgenthau deplored (both in its idealistic disguises, as in the fifties and sixties and in some of the rhetoric of the Reagan Administration, and in its cool but manipulative and conservative variety, as under Kissinger). Occasionally, as under Carter, American statesmen have reverted to the kinds of utopianism Morgenthau wrote against. The golden

mean—a limited definition of interests, a sophisticated approach to power—has eluded them.

Today utopianism remains the twin of wishful thinking. But realism, even of the kind Morgenthau advocated, remains unsatisfactory in a world where, in Churchill's unforgettable words, safety is the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation. What is needed, both among intellectuals and in statecraft, is a quest for a new realism, one that acknowledges the stark realities of a divided world, yet tries—through cooperation and collective action in a variety of fields—to change the game sufficiently to prevent revolutionary hurricanes and nuclear explosions from destroying it, and us, altogether. A realism of "the struggle for power" is not enough. A realism of struggle *and* world order has yet to emerge. □

ALL THE WORLD'S A TUBE

BY DAVID DENBY

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Show Business
by Neil Postman. Viking, \$15.95.

NEIL POSTMAN'S new work is not really a book but an extended pamphlet—a diatribe, a jeremiad even, written in a violently assertive, humorless, not always coherent style, bristling with prophecy, accusation, and lament. Fatigued, perhaps, by the task of warning us against television's effect on children, the author of *Teaching as a Subversive Activity* (with Charles Weingartner), *Teaching as a Conserving Activity*, and *The Disappearance of Childhood* has now gone for broke. TV, he says, has swallowed the culture whole:

We have reached, I believe, a critical mass in that electronic media have decisively and irreversibly changed the character of our symbolic environment. We are now a culture whose information, ideas, and epistemology are given form by television, not by the printed word. . . . Twenty years ago, the question, *Does television shape culture or merely reflect it?* held considerable interest for many scholars and social critics. The question has largely disappeared as television has gradually *become* our culture.

Behind these assertions lies despair. Professor Postman (he teaches at New York University, at something called the Center for Media Ecology) fears that television has achieved the status of myth, in Roland Barthes's sense of the word—that is, television is so pervasive that it is simply accepted as natural, its fundamental being, quality, and effects never seriously questioned. Television has won, America has lost. Television now provides the model for all behavior, and Americans have ceased talking to one another; instead they *entertain* one another, and they do so in all sorts of places where entertainment is beside the point or corrupting. Under this tyranny of affability and simplicity, public discourse—politics, religion, education—has quickly collapsed into smiling drivel. Orwell's prophecies in 1984, it turns out, were accurate only for the Soviet Union and the "people's democracies" of Eastern Europe; the true prophet of America's future was Aldous Huxley, whose *Brave New World* offered a society controlled not by coercion but by pleasure.

All of this has been said before, but that doesn't matter very much: important things need to be said more than once. Certainly Postman points to changes in the American tone we all have felt. American public speech—and maybe much private speech, too—lacks toughness and dignity; a sense of the fitness of things has been lost. Primary and secondary-school teachers regularly insist that their bored, unruly pupils loathe not only the substance but the social form of education; college teachers complain that their students possess a fabulous knowledge of popular culture and a genuine and all-but-unshakable indifference to art, literature, and history. We can't dismiss these complaints on the ground that the people making them often sound whiny and defensive; teaching in our time has become a problematic occupation, and television clearly has something to do with that. Yet what's enraging about Postman's blast is that those of us who would like to agree with it will be deterred by the tone and the slovenly way of arguing. Putting it brutally, Postman isn't sufficiently brilliant to pull off a style of sheer assertion. Too much of what he says goes unproved, and too much of the prose has a bearishly huffy sound—the sound of a teacher nailing an uppity student.

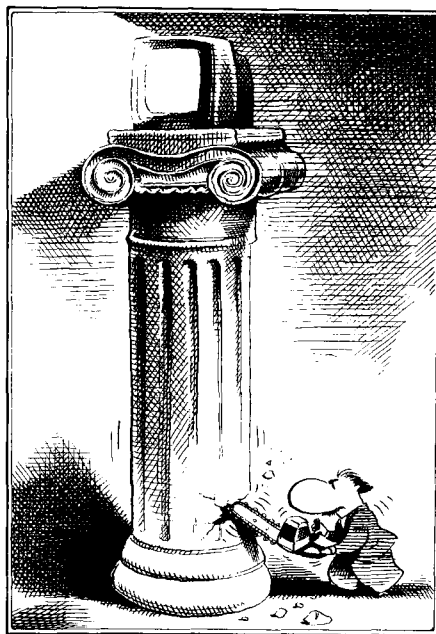
Though Postman has given the oracular pronouncements of Marshall McLu-

han an angry twist—the euphoric “global village” now apparently consisting of village idiots—he is unmistakably a disciple. For good and for ill, he can’t match the master’s mischievous, gnomic style—his extraordinary and baffling erudition; his habit of sidestepping logical objections to his theories with references to, say, Mesopotamian drainage systems and the mating habits of the Flemish pin oak; his way of converting an observable fact into a metaphor and then treating his own metaphor as an axiom.

No, Postman is an earnest and homely writer—though, like McLuhan, he aspires to the aphoristic, the definitive, the unanswerable. Unfortunately, too many of his sallies are both heavy and insubstantial, a disastrous combination. He perceives a sign of our disintegration in Meryl Streep’s receiving louder applause than Mother Teresa received at the 1983 Yale commencement exercises. He states, “The Gettysburg Address would probably have been largely incomprehensible to a 1985 audience.” (True, but after all, idioms change, and, in any case, the G. A. was received with notorious coldness by the crowd on hand. Maybe some of them found it “incomprehensible” too.) Commenting on the proliferation of magazines and TV shows devoted to celebrities, Postman begins with well-turned sarcasm. “Whereas television taught the magazines that news is nothing but entertainment, the magazines have taught television that nothing but entertainment is news.” Then he proceeds to destroy his point: “Television programs, such as ‘Entertainment Tonight,’ turn information about entertainers and celebrities into ‘serious’ cultural content. . . .” But no one takes *Entertainment Tonight* seriously; except for Neil Postman, no one takes it for anything but what it is—a glossy, fluffball promo for what’s happening in movies and TV.

We’re given a McLuhanite reading of recent history—but history as moral and intellectual disaster. The invention of typography and the development of mass literacy created habits of mind marked by linear thinking, rationality, objectivity. Information, for the most part presented in books, was absorbed in a logical and coherent manner. This is what Postman means by “the Age of Exposition.” Two later inventions—the telegraph and the photograph—joined to create modern newspapers and, by extension, the TV news report; now in-

formation is absorbed in a fragmentary, unsatisfactory way as a series of events without relation to one another, without context, implication, or meaning. In other words, as entertainment. This is Postman’s “Age of Show Business.” So far, no argument. That television has trivialized disaster and corrupted the discourse of politics is irrefutable. And Postman makes a point of considerable subtlety when he remarks that President Reagan’s frequent self-contradictions have ceased to bother many people because TV news has accustomed Americans to ideas without context; no longer expecting coherence and consistency, we have lost the ability to become outraged by or even to recognize contradiction.



IF POSTMAN HAD confined himself to modest observations like this, he might have written a stunning book. But he didn’t. He keeps slamming his fists into walls, insisting over and over, without qualification, that we are now getting *all* our information from television. Unaccompanied by distinctions of class and profession, this assertion is meaningless. Perhaps some people get most of their knowledge and their “epistemology” from TV, but they might not have read many books a hundred years ago either (and at least they aren’t bored). Business and professional people, in contrast, don’t fit under Postman’s umbrella. A businessman preparing to make a decision might receive some information from television, but he would probably also read *The Wall Street Journal*, one of the business week-

lies, and a trade publication; he would talk to colleagues and look at what rivals were doing. How important is television in all this? It would have been more convincing, though less dramatic, to say something like this: The older version of the well-informed American—the nineteenth-century citizen reading books and then exchanging ideas as, say, he warmed his back at the general-store stove—has been replaced by a member of a technocratic or professional caste, a citizen very well informed in some specialty and indifferently informed about everything else. That at least is a supportable assertion.

I don’t mean to imply that speculation should be banned from diatribes (Jeremiah didn’t always stick to the facts either), only that the speculations Postman makes are of low value. And they’re quickly abandoned. When he gets to the ways in which television has destroyed the discourse of religion, he fuzzes the point by mainly describing how religion appears *on* television. Televised religious shows, he says, lack spirituality, the aura of the sacramental; Oral Roberts and Billy Graham can’t compare to Jonathan Edwards. No, I don’t suppose they can. But shouldn’t they be linked not with the fiercely intellectual Edwards but with their obvious predecessors, the tent-show evangelists of the nineteenth century and their descendants in the twentieth century? Are they any less inspired than the divines that H. L. Mencken ridiculed sixty years ago, well before the invention of TV?

On his native ground of pedagogy Postman plants his feet with greater conviction. He is bitterly funny describing the way *Sesame Street* prepares children not for school but simply for watching more television. He eloquently denounces a “twenty-six-unit television series,” complete with book and computer-game tie-ins, called *The Voyage of the Mimi*, which is being floated as a test curriculum by the U.S. Department of Education—an example of the way “the content of the school curriculum is being determined by the character of television.” As a classroom “tool,” *The Voyage of the Mimi* has the effect of reducing the book to a mere ancillary. It wildly accelerates the process by which teachers, faced with the hostility of their students, have begun turning their classrooms into second-class TV shows.

Neil Postman is a teacher, and the trials and disappointments of his profes-

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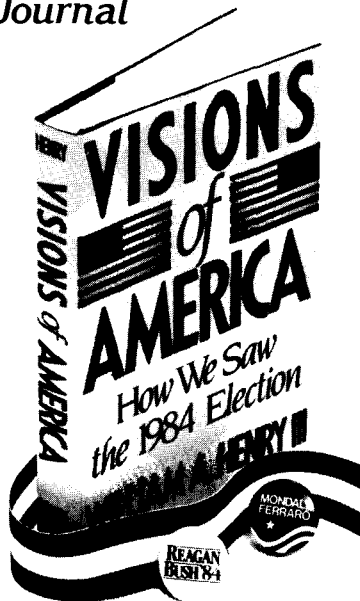
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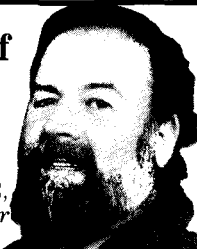


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sion dominate his responses to our culture. Behind his scorn of TV as curriculum—really, behind the woeful tone of his entire argument—one hears the dismay of all teachers who cannot bring their classes to order, the anguish, the familiar and unappeasable anguish, of teachers whose students regard them as jailers and as bores. The misery of teachers—their low pay and status, the sheer impossibility of their jobs—is one of the unspeakable tragedies of American life. Inferior as argument, *Amusing Ourselves to Death* nevertheless has an unmistakable authenticity as complaint. If Neil Postman, trying to understand the collapse of a profession's morale, has become both peevish and reckless, then what must his colleagues feel as they face a roomful of belligerent or sleepy kids dreaming of *The A-Team*? □

THE RADICAL TRADITION

BY SHELDON S. WOLIN

SOCIALISM AND AMERICA

by Irving Howe.

Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, \$17.95.

OF THE HALF-DOZEN essays in this volume three deal with the past, from the bright promise of the Debs era (1912–1920) to the disaster of 1936, when the Socialist Party broke with organized labor and opposed FDR's reelection, and ending with the formation of the popular front with the Communist Party in the late thirties. The remaining essays reflect on why socialism failed and what its future should be.

In the course of the volume Irving Howe—literary critic, editor for thirty-one years of *Dissent* magazine, and winner of a National Book Award for his history of the Jewish emigration to America, *World of Our Fathers*—manages to disavow virtually all the distinguishing tenets of socialism and to settle into a comfortable working relationship with neo-liberalism. The impression of alienation conveyed by Howe's title is in the end not dispelled, only transferred. Howe emerges as firmly in America but alienated from socialism. Nonetheless, these essays are worth attention. Their author suggests that they are written from a radical and democratic position; I will argue that Howe's views are neither

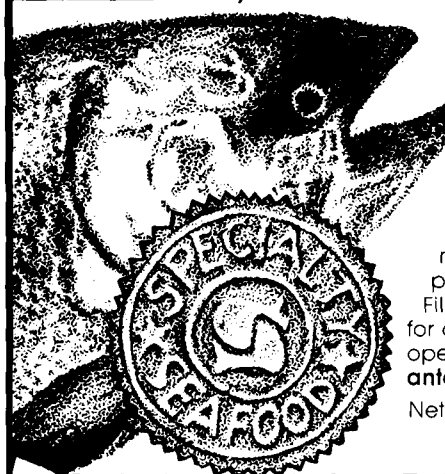
radical nor democratic and that the moribund state of socialism is a consequence of its inability to connect with the democratic tradition in America. The failure of socialism has confirmed Louis Hartz's insight of thirty years ago, that America makes it easy to be a Lockean liberal, loving the politics of consensus and compromise, rediscovering the Bill of Rights and the value of private property, acutely sensitive to the first sign of "extremism," and genuinely regretful of the widespread inequalities that seem to be the cost of progress.

According to Howe, socialism has been defeated by "the distinctiveness of American culture." Howe's emphasis on culture and his silence about class conflict hint at the true nature of the unacknowledged struggle in his political world. Two cultures implicitly confront each other in this book. One is immigrant in origin, urban (or, more precisely, New Yorker), literary in its discourse, and academic in its values. The other is native, not in the ethnic sense—except for Indians there are no native Americans—but in the sense of political traditions, populist in its values, and local or regional in its base. Howe professes to be analyzing how the "American myth," especially as represented by "Emersonian" individualism, defeated socialism. But his real enemy is the native radicalism that was fed by covenantal theology. Protestant fundamentalist fervor, agrarian populism, and militant trade unionism. Academic socialists and liberals have typically felt uncomfortable with this amalgam and what they perceive as its hyper-emotionalism, xenophobia, intolerance, and anti-intellectualism. The descendants of immigrant Jews, especially, view American populism as a species of nativism not far removed from the socio-political mix that encouraged Nazism. Howe's distrust of moralism, fundamentalist fervor, and communitarianism puts his socialism at odds with the American radical tradition, which stretches from early New England Separatism to contemporary grass-roots politics, and denies it grounding in some of the historical elements that have differentiated American political experience from European.

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scale and complexity, distrust of centralized power, support for equal rights, respect for law but skepticism about the exercise of legal authority, and suspicion concerning claims that convert unequal possessions (whether of wealth, skill, or intellect) into claims of political authority. Despite the strains of racism, anti-Semitism, and anti-intellectualism in this tradition, these elements constituted a democratic tradition that was not deradicalized by America's extraordinary economic growth and social opportunity, because it was not about the pursuit of wealth but about shared power and equal dignity. It is the true jewel in the crown of American "exceptionalism."

Howe seems a stranger to this tradition. The present task of socialism, according to him, is to humanize capitalism by defending "the social reforms we associate with the welfare state." The welfare state is the cornerstone of contemporary liberalism, and in merging socialism with it Howe is so intent upon retaining custodial rights as keeper of the New Deal flame that he is prepared to surrender the basic strength of American radicalism and to accept the fundamental contradiction that renders liberalism an incoherent political doctrine. The "lasting contribution" of the New Deal, Howe asserts, was "*the socialization of concern*, society seen as a community." These words are crucial, for the idea of community has been the nourishing element in virtually all forms of American radicalism, including, of course, the radicalism of the sixties. However, the "yearning for community," Howe warns, leads to "the total state." In his nostalgia for the New Deal, when society was "seen as a community," Howe is confessing a preference for the appearance or image of community over its reality, but, what is worse, he is endorsing the very object the abhorrence of which had led him ostensibly to condemn the "yearning for community." For "the socialization of concern" is simply a euphemism for the welfare state ushered in by the New Deal. It is the interventionist, omniscient, competent state, centralized, bureaucratic, and unresponsive except to powerful organizations that are equally centralized and bureaucratic. It, and not the voluntary association of free persons who choose to join in common endeavors, is the blood-relative of the "total state."

The misalliance of democracy with

the welfare state is crucially revealing. For welfare brings dependency, and it serves as a means of social pacification. It is an essential instrument if the dominant groups are to cope with the consequences of a superfluous population created by technological change and also are to ensure a docile and mobile work force. What the welfare state most fears is the radicalization of the casualties and the supernumeraries, which is why it rejects fervor and embraces the bargaining style of politics conducted within the framework set by "the rules of the game." The welfare state is symbolic of a politics that is ultimately more apprehensive of the losers in the political and economic system than it is critical of the power elites that dominate the state.



ONCE UPON A TIME, even in capitalist, opportunity-laden America, socialism was, in Durkheim's phrase, "a cry of pain," an angry protest against the humiliating lot of working people, indignation over the economic and political arrogance of capitalists, and dismay at the degradation of democracy. In Howe's socialism there is no indignation over what Marx called a system of "unqualified wrong." Instead, there is a no-fault society with "problems." For Howe the absence of passion is a virtue, for socialism no longer needs "fervor." The distrust of passion colors his critical portrait of Debs, who in 1920 led Socialists to their strongest showing ever in a presidential election. Debs stands for the political incarnation of "American Protestantism." His "intransigent" and "defiant" leadership in opposing Ameri-

can involvement in the First World War and his criticism of the American Federation of Labor for choosing pragmatic rather than revolutionary unionism were wrong in Howe's eyes, because they left the party vulnerable to Wilsonian repression. "A nonrevolutionary movement," Howe maintains, "cannot afford the indulgence of revolutionary postures."

Howe's criticisms faithfully echo those made by Daniel Bell in his *Marxian Socialism in the United States*. Socialism failed, according to Bell, because of the inability of Socialists to relate themselves "to the specific problems of social action in the here-and-now, give-and-take political world." Bell attributed this weakness to being "*in*, but not *of*, the world. . . . Every socialist . . . is in the beginning something of a chiliast" who rejects the "basic consensus among contending groups about the rules of the game."

Bell's characterizations of socialism seem esoteric, but they have been influential in setting the terms of discussion and debate. To grasp why, we must consider the political meaning of a typical reference in Bell's book, to "the fantastic contradictions inherent in the history of the socialist movement—its deep emotional visions, its quixotic, self-numbing, political behavior, its sulky, pettish outbursts . . ." The clear message is, socialists are psychologically unstable, politically extreme, and intellectually bizarre. When these characteristics are contrasted with a politics that is sober, an ethic that is "responsible," and an intellectual style that is both sober and responsible, we have a recipe for orthodoxy designed to compel radicals to come in out of the cold. All that is then required is a band of handsomely subsidized enforcers, contras of a neo-conservative ex-Trotskyist persuasion, who demand an inverted rabies test of loyalty by which those political writers who fail to froth at the mouth when "communism" is uttered will be certified as soft on communism and hard on America. The political left tends to become more fearful of failing the test and less resolute about remaining constant to its radical principles. Radicals then regard it as their duty first to demonstrate unswerving opposition to communism and second to renounce all revolutionary thinking and swear allegiance to piecemeal politics. Accordingly, Howe commends a politics of "inching forward."

Ever since Werner Sombart's 1906 essay "Why Is There No Socialism in the

United States?" scholars have tried to account for the fact that while Western European societies responded to the growth of capitalism with strong worker-based socialist movements, America did not. Explanations of American exceptionalism have varied, but most of them have emphasized the deradicalizing effects of certain peculiarly American conditions, such as ample land in the nineteenth century, unusual social mobility, higher material rewards, the absorption of bourgeois norms by the working class, and the easy access to political rights that deflected worker discontent into bread-and-butter issues that an expanding capitalism could handle, by timely concessions.

Although Sombart's question has busied a number of social scientists with attempts to answer it, the original question now seems beside the point. If the presence of socialism is to be measured by the activities of the welfare state, the differences between the United States and Western Europe seem negligible. If one wants to give Socialists some portion of the credit for the social policies enacted during the era extending from the New Deal to the Great Society, then one can even argue that socialism was not a failure. But this line of argument only accentuates the harsh fact that the goals of socialism are more remote than ever. The foundations of corporate power are more solidly laid than before; inequalities of wealth, status, opportunity, and access to education and culture have not narrowed in fifteen years; as capitalist influence over politics grows, trade-union power declines; and American imperialism is on the mend.

The reason that socialism has failed is embodied in what appears, speciously, to be its success. Beginning with Marx, Socialists have accepted "the economy" as the central consideration of their theoretical analyses and public rhetoric. They have also accepted material performance as the test of the good society, but later Socialists, especially in the academy, forgot what Marx had tirelessly preached, that capitalism was not simply an economic phenomenon but a system of social and political power. It followed that capitalism should not be analyzed according to purely economic categories—that it *could* be analyzed in that way was what classical economics and neo-classical or Keynesian economics were about. The theoretical task of Socialists was to develop not an economic theory as such but a political theory of

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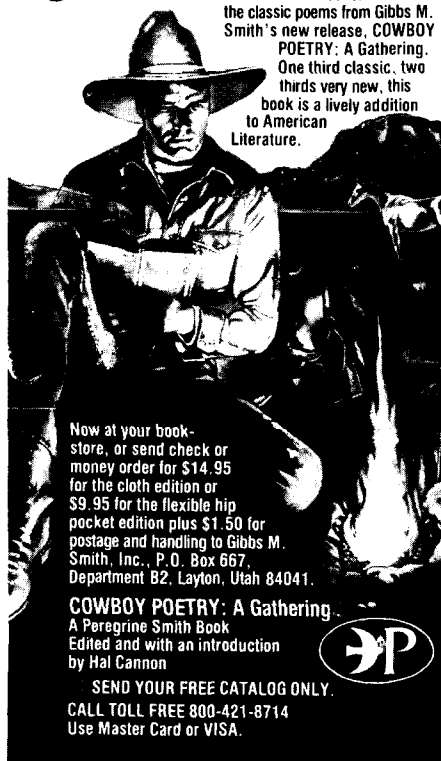
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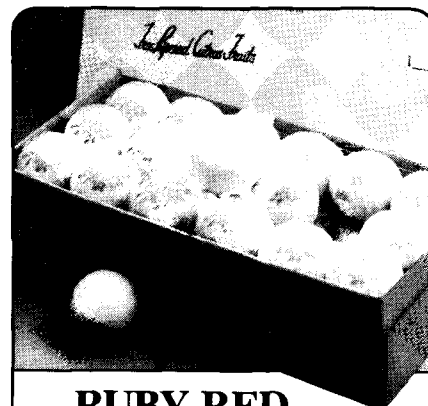
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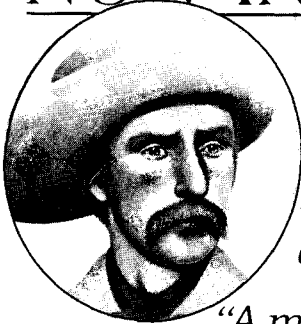
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social and economic power. They not only have failed in this but with increasing enthusiasm have adopted liberal or neo-Keynesian economics, which is precisely the apolitical form of theory that Marx was attempting to explode. Capitalism has to be understood not simply as a system for the production of goods but as a system for exercising power which requires deliberate political decisions in order to ensure that both the material conditions and the particular types of human beings essential for its perpetuation will be reproduced.

Marx did not, however, grasp the full implications of his own analysis, and Socialists have tended to repeat his mistake. This was to conceive of socialism as akin to a caboose that hooks on to the moving economic train being pulled by capitalism and then by the magic of revolution is catapulted to the front of the same train to become the engine. Socialism then pulls the train, which capitalism has developed to near perfection, to its appointed destination. In other words, socialism saw itself *inside* capitalism, defined by it, and committed to completing the historical task begun by capitalism—the task of realizing the full potential of the processes of production made possible by modern science and technology. Socialism has failed because it cannot envision itself as having a future radically different from the material dreams immanent in capitalism. And this is where it becomes crucial that Howe accepts the myth of what Daniel Bell once called “the blackish reactionary dye in populism.” In America democratic radicalism can have a future different from the one being laid down by capitalism, because it has had a past different from capitalism’s and hence a different relationship to capitalism from that of socialism. It has not been opposed to private property, to economic risk-taking, to profits, or to the idea of material progress. Instead, it has distrusted the concentrations of power and decision, the hierarchical modes of organization, and, above all, the corrupting influence exercised over public authorities by those representing forms of power that were not publicly accountable. But the essential point is that democracy is a different story with no preconceived ending. Its purpose is not to “complete” capitalism but to constitute power in ways that enable ordinary citizens to decide how their lives will be lived and how and for what ends natural and human resources will be used. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



STANLEY AND THE WOMEN by *Kingsley Amis*. *Summit*, \$14.95. Mr. Amis's latest novel is a very acid, very British comedy about Stanley's troubles with two exasperating wives and an abusive female psychiatrist, its flagrant misogyny mitigated by the fact that Stanley himself is no bargain. He has a wandering eye, a permanent thirst, and a combination of egocentricity and lower-drawer grudge that keeps him permanently alert for offenses against his rights and dignity. Stanley and his associates are all people whom one would not wish to meet in the flesh, but they are wickedly amusing in print.

UNCOMMON CLAY by *Burke Wilkinson*. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$22.95. Augustus St. Gaudens was not inclined to talk or write about the ideas underlying his sculpture, and his biographer is therefore dependent on quotations from observers. Fortunately, these were a lively lot and Mr. Wilkinson is an adroit user of their remarks, a thorough researcher, and a frequently witty writer. His life of the great nineteenth-century sculptor is good reading and also a revelation in regard to the "old-boy net" of artists and architects who controlled public taste and construction in the United States before art dealers took over. Despite St. Gaudens's taciturnity, Mr. Wilkinson has found one statement of principle from the artist, who was obliged to defend his perfectionist delay in finishing Boston's Shaw monument. "There is something extraordinarily irritating, when it is not ludicrous, in a bad statue. It is plastered up before the world to stick and stick for centuries . . . A poor picture goes into the garret, books are forgotten, but the bronze remains. . . ."

SEA DANGERS by *Philip McFarland*. *Schocken*, \$19.95. "Send the bastard off to sea" was advice all too often followed by early-nineteenth-century parents, at least in the opinion of Commodore Matthew Perry, who sought to relieve the pre-Annapolis Navy of incorrigibles and unsuitables on the quarterdeck. To that end

he commissioned, in 1842, a training vessel on which aspiring officers were to learn seamanship and proper conduct. She was the man-o'-war brig *Somers*, a new, fast, elegant small ship ("badly over-rigged," though, according to Samuel Eliot Morison) designed to carry a complement of ninety. She sailed with 120 people crammed aboard, most of them well under the age of nineteen and "with hayseed in their ears." This floating prep school was commanded by Perry's old shipmate and brother-in-law, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, an officer who had an excellent service record, some reputation as a writer of travel books, and friendships with Washington Irving and Henry W. Longfellow. He was one of the numerous bêtes noirs of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist and naval historian, who had fallen out with the whole Perry clan over the Battle of Lake Erie. The cruise of the *Somers* became a monstrous scandal. Mackenzie found it necessary to hang three men for plotting mutiny, and one of them was Midshipman Philip Spencer, son of the secretary of war. There was, naturally, a tremendous uproar, with an inquiry and a court-martial and published opinions from qualified observers (the sympathetic Richard Henry Dana and the savagely hostile Cooper) and from busybodies who hardly knew a keel from a bowsprit. The *Somers* affair has been overhauled before, by historians who regularly disagree about Mackenzie and his conduct, although there is consensus that Spencer was, as Morison put it, "a 'young punk.'" Mr. McFarland's account is unusual for the richness of contemporary detail that he provides and for the skill with which he delays revealing his own opinion. It would be unfair to spoil the reader's pleasure in an exciting historical reconstruction by tipping the author's hand.

THE GRASSHOPPER TRAP by *Patrick F. McManus*. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston*, \$13.95. Perhaps only hunters, anglers, and their spouses can truly appreciate Mr. McManus's ability to convert the usual contretemps of field and stream into epics of comic catastrophe, but for anyone able to comprehend the significance of "the old logging road you can't miss," the man is a treasure.

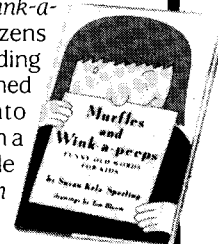
THE WAR OF THE TWO EMPERORS by *Curtis Cate*. *Random House*, \$24.95. Mr. Cate's account of Napoleon's Russian campaign is enormously detailed, enlivened by sharp character sketches, and exceptionally well written. It is clearly in-

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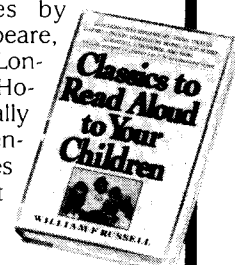
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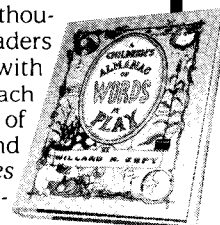
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S	O	R	E	S	T	T	E	N	S	E	S

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—M(arshall) McLuhan, *Understanding Media*

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tended for history buffs, but even a reader with little preliminary interest in the French debacle will, once hooked, find the story a fascinating seesaw of misjudgments and animosities on both sides.

LIGHT YEAR '86 edited by Robert Wallace. *Bits Press, \$13.95.* An anthology of light verse should be read in skips and dips, and taken in that fashion, this collection of amusing trifles by poets well and less well known is thoroughly satisfactory.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY by David M. Wilson. *Knopf, \$75.00.* Mr. Wilson provides the excellent descriptive and explanatory text that accompanies color photographs of the entire Bayeux Tapestry—all 230 feet of it, presented at considerably better than half scale. Of course, the thing is not a tapestry and never was. It is an embroidery on an open background against which the expressive figures, from kings to kitchen boys, hustle about their business on the way to the Battle of Hastings, and the photographs are so clear that different types of stitch can be discerned. Short of going to Bayeux, one cannot hope for a better view of this remarkable relic—at once work of art and historical document.

FAMILY AND FRIENDS by Anita Brookner. *Pantheon, \$13.95.* Ms. Brookner's latest novel has very little of the sly comedy that distinguishes *Hotel du Lac*. It describes, as if from a considerable distance, the affairs of a family (resident in England but of European origin) from the 1920s to the late 1940s. During that time, and despite a widowed mother's attempts at restraint, the four siblings diverge in four directions, a process likely to strike the reader as neither surprising nor deplorable. It is hard to take seriously a novel, even a resolutely domestic novel, in which the Second World War occurs, in effect, offstage. (Please do not bring up Jane Austen; Napoleon was not bombing Bath.)

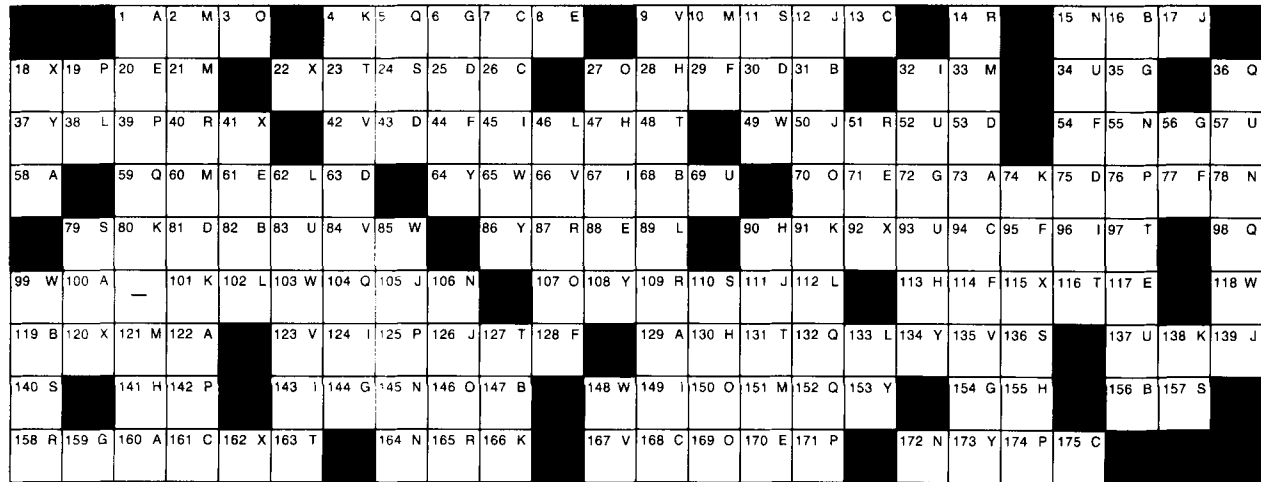
COMMON COURTESY by Judith Martin. *Atheneum, \$10.95.* With her usual combination of tart humor and adamant common sense, Miss Manners discusses the uses of etiquette, which she defines as a generally recognized code designed to avert "social chaos and the end of civilization, or about what we have now." She has a great deal of fun with the history of etiquette as well as with its current malfunctions, as will her readers—of whom there cannot be too many.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 4

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 3 appears on page 144.

- A. Black Forest goblin 160 73 58 122 1 100 129
- B. Fugitive from the law 147 16 156 82 31 68 119
- C. Composer of *La Mer* 13 7 94 168 36 175 161
- D. Lake Winnebago city 75 53 63 25 43 81 30
- E. Part lion, part goat, part dragon 170 117 61 88 1 8 20
- F. Chinese puzzle 54 95 77 29 128 114 44
- G. With H., a Harburg-Arlen song (3 wds.) 154 6 35 56 144 159 72
- H. See G. 47 130 28 155 90 141 113
- I. Cleopatra's Needle, e.g. 32 45 149 96 124 143 67
- J. Miscellany 50 126 111 17 12 105 139
- K. TV comedy show from 1968 to 1973 (hyph.) 166 91 80 101 14 138 4
- L. Founder of an Arab nation (2 wds.) 133 89 112 62 102 46 38

- M. Home of Mount Mansfield 2 121 60 151 10 33 21
- N. Tasmanian termite-eater 145 172 15 55 78 106 164
- O. Bumpkin in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* 107 150 3 169 70 146 27
- P. Calliope's musical child 39 142 174 19 171 76 125
- Q. Prolific 36 152 132 98 59 104 5
- R. Mercury's winged sandals 158 109 165 14 40 51 87
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- U. Covenant 137 69 57 34 83 52 93
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- W. Language of Kiribati 99 85 118 103 65 49 148
- X. Kin to Echo and Earlybird 18 120 22 92 115 41 162
- Y. Seahawks' home city 134 108 173 64 153 86 37

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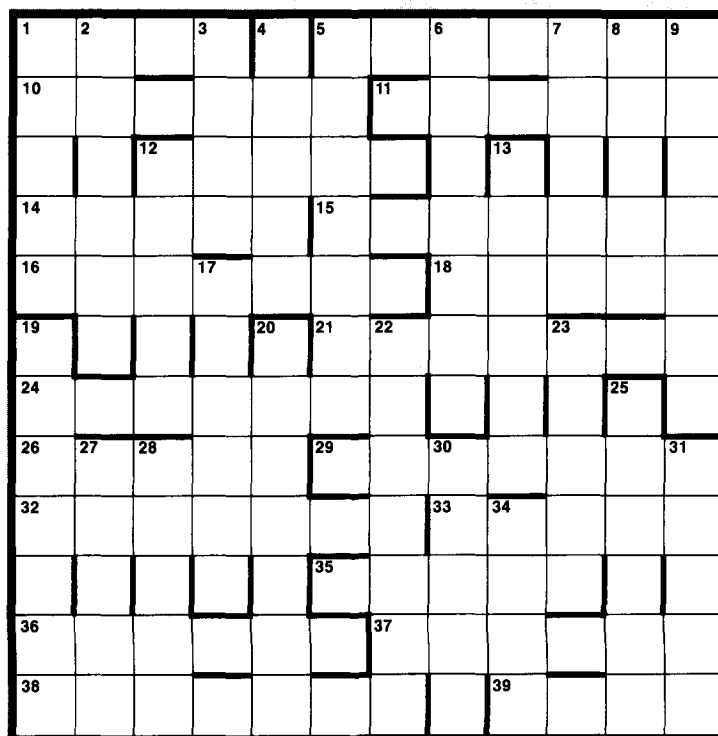
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

MISSING LINKS

(Acknowledgments to Mike Shenk)

Sixteen clue answers are one letter too short for their places in the diagram. In entering each such answer, solvers must leave one diagram square empty; the location of the empty square will be made clear by the answer's inability to intersect with a crossing word (which will also be one letter too short for its space). When the diagram is otherwise completed, there will be eight empty squares. Each of these can be filled with a letter that will make new words across and down. For example, if **WORLD** crossed with **SLEEK**, you would fill in an L, making **WORLD** and **SLEEK**. The eight missing letters, when filled in and read column by column from left to right, will spell out the missing-links word. Clue answers include two proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 144.*



ACROSS

1. Slight pastry turned about
5. Heaping portion's beginning with one fish
10. Well-traveled dog eating mother's fruit
11. Gathering about a nickel for a cap
12. Keep quiet after *Bachelor Party*
14. Diggers of tunnels in dark spots
15. Joined rudest riots around University
16. Someone who can see the future has a pronounced advantage
18. Sprang for a kind of wine
21. Secures gin aboard ship
24. Artist caricatured singer
26. Small stolen picture
29. Loaded into vehicle, farm animal looked unhappy
32. Turn over information of interest to a phrenologist?

33. The last piece of pie is for you
35. Workers for a queen in topless clothing
36. Star is grave-sounding
37. True/False: a poet should be a help in the kitchen
38. Sources of starch in cooked treats
39. Computer input retrieved a bit

DOWN

1. Confound campaign
2. Departed from city, having alternative (*two words*)
3. New arrival in brambles, oddly
4. Hide thimble initially in part of window
5. Sits around front of saloon with lawmen
6. Rich spread set out and consumed

7. Rex interrupts penetrating prelude
8. Congress, in turning over vetoes
9. Great English poetry club making study of the planet
12. Tall pine
13. Donkey standing over wide hole
17. Intrinsically blue (*two words*)
19. Olympic event in field is customary
20. Following up Eastern merger?
22. Detects the existence of Palmetto State cuckoo nest
23. Tools for hewing about fifty shafts
25. In station, drank booze up
27. Routine religious garb
28. Love each American work of art
30. Head off angrier river mammal
31. In speech, apportioned a triangle
34. Laugh over Democrat getting conned

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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